

THE LEATHERNECK

May, 1933

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Impressions of Quantico

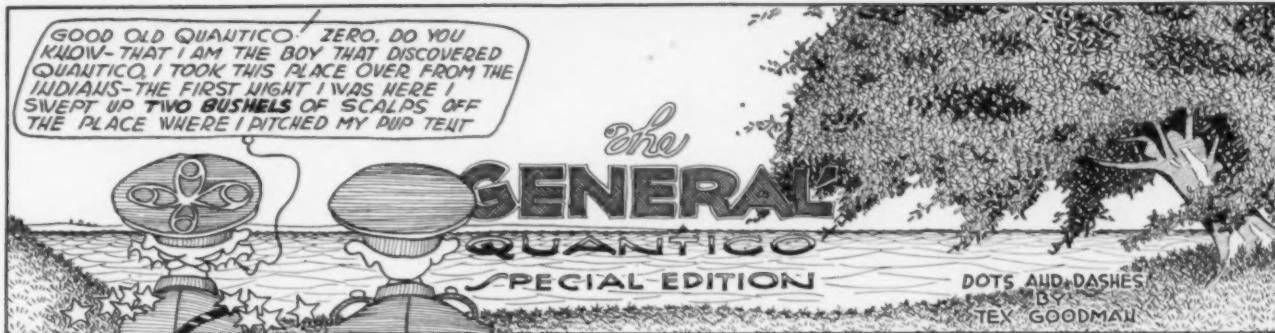
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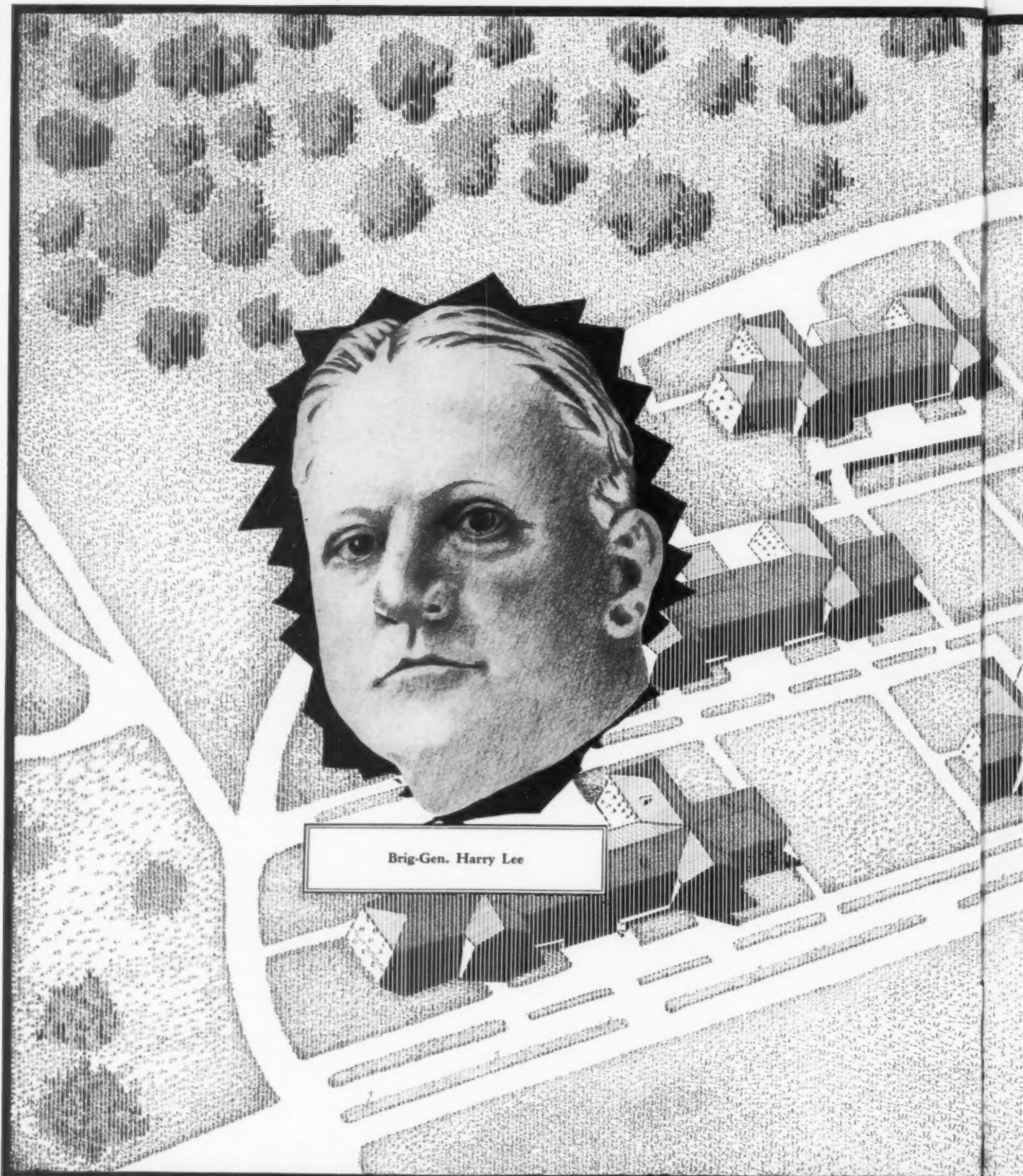


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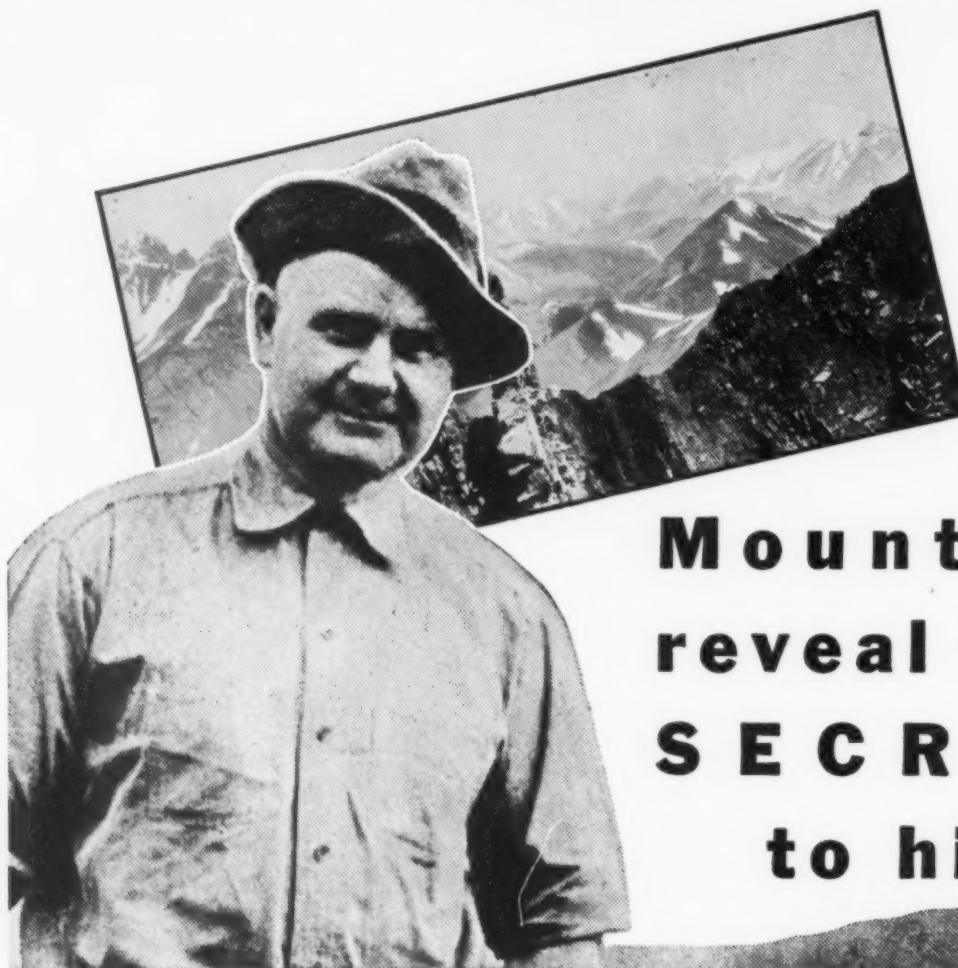
THE LEATHERNECK

Three



Brig-Gen. John H. Russell

USSEI S THE COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VA.



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The LEATHERNECK

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Contents

	Page
"The General"	1
Cartoon by "TEX" GOODMAN	
Marine Barracks, Quantico	7
By FIRST SGT. EARL B. HARDY	
Marine Corps Schools, Quantico	9
What's at Brown Field?	10
By LT-COL. R. E. ROWELL	
Marine Corps Aviation	11
The Glory of Fredericksburg	12
"E" Battalion Activities at Quantico	14
Artillery at Quantico	15
Mike Flannery, Detective	16
Short Story by ELLIS PARKER BUTLER	
Briefing the News	18
Skinned From the Scuttle-Butt	19
Books—Passing in Review	20
Gyngles of a Gyrene	21
Broadcast	22
Marine Corps League	42
Marine Corps Reserve	46
Sports Section	49
Gazette	65
Marine Oddities	72
Sketched by D. L. DICKSON	
Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON	

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Mothers' Day

Sunday, May 14, will mark the twenty-fifth year since the idea of setting aside one day on which to pay homage to mothers was instituted.

Mothers' Day was first observed at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1908, by Miss Ann Jarvis, of Philadelphia. But it was not until 1914 that her efforts bore full fruit and it was officially decreed by Congress that the second Sunday in May each year would be observed as Mothers' Day.

Those of you who are fortunate enough to still have your mothers are going to write her a letter on Mothers' Day, we know. Where it is possible you are going to take a furlough and visit her. But the mothers of some of us are with us no longer; we can but pay tribute to their memory. Then, again, there are some mothers whose sons have been lost to them. If you know such a one, why don't you write her a letter on Mothers' Day? It would assuage to some degree the sorrow of her loss, and lessen some of the poignancy of your own.

Marine Hymn Pictures

Most of our readers remember THE LEATHERNECK covers picturing certain episodes of Marine Corps history. This series was popularly called "The Marine Corps Hymn" pictures, for each represented a phrase of that song. Beginning with "From the Halls of Montezuma," and going entirely through the lyrics, the paintings vividly recall the glorious traditions of our Service.

Many subscribers have written in, each requesting that this or that picture be furnished to complete his collection. In most cases the supply had long been exhausted. So insistent have these demands been, that we have decided to reproduce the entire series for the benefit of those who were unable to procure the full collection.

Beginning next month we shall republish in sequence these pictures on our covers. There are nineteen of them, suitable for framing, and they would make a very decorative frieze for your recreation room.

Donald L. Dickson, the artist, has received many comments and letters of congratulation for his work on this series, and for his infinite research in gathering material. The editors take this opportunity to again express their appreciation.

"Discipline Perfect"

*"But to stand an' be still to the Birken'ead drill
is a damn' tough bullet to chew."*

—KIPLING.

"Discipline in control car perfect." So reported Lieutenant Commander Wiley, Executive Officer of the *Akron*, in the message he sent ashore from the tanker *Phoebeus*. Later, after he had landed, he amplified the statement. The men at the controls of the sinking ship knew what they faced. They knew how small would be their chances of survival when the great fabric struck the angry seas beneath it. But the operations in the control room went on undisturbed. There was no evidence of excitement. In ordinary tones the decreasing distances to the water and destruction were reported. With death riding by their side, the plight of the craft was treated as an incident in the day's routine. When the order was given which called all the others on the ship to their crash stations the men in the control car carried on. They were at their posts when the waters overwhelmed them.

Such is the stuff of which heroes are made. There was discipline on the *Akron* comparable to that on the *Birkenhead*, which has been recalled in written story and famous picture. The *Birkenhead*, British troopship, struck a reef off the South African shore. The 500 soldiers on board formed ranks on the deck, and stood there as the vessel went to pieces beneath them. They so acted that there might be no overcrowding of the boats in which women and children left the wreck. The soldiers of the Queen did their duty to the last in a marine disaster. So men of the *Akron* were at their posts in the moment of a disaster of a kind undreamed of when the *Birkenhead* gave the world its tale of heroism 80 years ago.

There will be extended inquiries into the causes of the loss of the *Akron*. No inquiry is needed to establish the courage and devotion of the officers and men who did their duty as usual while facing almost certain death.

—Boston Evening Transcript.



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MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

By First Sergeant Earl B. Hardy

CHE MISSION of the Marine Barracks at Quantico, Virginia, might well be stated as: (a) to provide the nucleus of an expeditionary force from the personnel there; and (b) to provide the necessary services of supply and administration for the barracks at that place.

At the helm, in carrying out this mission, we find our new Commanding General, Brigadier General Harry Lee, a veteran of many a campaign, who has, in his over thirty years in the Corps, done everything that a Marine is supposed to do. He has had experience in handling all kinds of situations which face an officer in the Marine Corps and all who serve under his command pledge him undying loyalty and undivided confidence because of his spirit, his understanding of human nature, and his ability as a leader, which have been demonstrated time and again during his career. Assisting General Lee in carrying out the mission of the Post at Quantico, we find Lieutenant Colonel Phillip H. Torrey as Chief of Staff; Lieutenant Colonel Tom D. Barber as Post Paymaster; Major Karl I. Buse as Operations and Training Officer; Major Clarence E. Nutting as Post Inspector; Major Thomas P. Cheatham as Post Law Officer; Captain C. G. Hicks as Post Adjutant; Captain Leland S. Swindler, as Post Quartermaster; Captain Eugene F. C. Collier, as Intelligence and Public Relations Officer, and First Lieutenant William J. Scheyer, as Personnel Officer.

Under the guidance of these and many other capable officers of the

Staff and line we may be sure that, as far as Quantico is concerned, the old Marine Corps spirit and efficiency will continue to be the same as that which carried our banners from "The Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli."

The organization of the Marine Post at Quantico is very interesting and worthy of study. It is composed of: the Post Service Battalion, the Signal Battalion, Troops,

Aircraft Squadrons, the Naval Hospital, and the Marine Corps Schools. The Post Service Battalion (commanded by Colonel Edward B. Mawar) consists of the Barracks Detachment, composed of men on administrative duty; and the Service Detachment, composed of men engaged in maintenance and supply of the Post. At the present time the Signal Battalion is not organized and consists only of the 1st Signal Company, but with a nucleus for expansion into a battalion with training units at short notice. Commanding Officer of Troops (Colonel C. H. Lyman) is the title given to the officer in command of such line organizations as may exist at the Marine Barracks, Quantico. At present Troops consist of a skeleton First Battalion of the Tenth Marines (Artillery), Aircraft Squadrons and the First Signal Company. The Marine Corps Schools (with Brigadier General Breckenridge as Commandant) consist of the School Detachment (personnel on duty with the Schools) and the Field Officers' School, Company Officers' School and Correspondence Schools. The famous Aircraft Squadrons, East Coast Expe-

TO THE COMMAND AT QUANTICO

It was with the greatest honor and pride that, in accordance with the orders of the Major General Commandant, United States Marine Corps, I assumed command of the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, on March 1, 1933.

It was a real pleasure to observe so many familiar faces and renew so many old acquaintances upon my arrival at Quantico.

I was greatly impressed with the wonderful appearance of this fine station and its splendid personnel and you are most fortunate in being able to enjoy the many comforts which are provided for you.

It is my earnest desire and hope that through mutual hearty cooperation and sincere effort, you will continue to be happy, comfortable and efficient.

I pledge to you my whole-hearted support in the furtherance of the best interests of the Command and feel assured that I may expect the same of you so that together we may carry on, as regular Marines, our heritage—Semper Fidelis.

(Signed) HARRY LEE,
Brigadier General, U. S. Marines.

dinary Force, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Ross E. Rowell, can be found at Brown Field. Here we meet Marine aviators who have made air history in every part of the globe where Marines have served, training and studying to be fully prepared to make more air history when called upon.

In addition to the above there is a unique organization at Quantico—the famous "E" Battalion. This is a composite organization of four rifle companies composed of personnel of other and permanent administrative units of the Post. This battalion, and these companies composed therein, are completely organized for any duty on sudden notice. This organization could be made into an administrative unit without delay. "E" Battalion is being trained in those duties which any emergency might demand of such an organization.

In the training at Quantico, advantage is being taken of the experiences of many officers and non-commissioned officers who have had first hand encounters with bush warfare during the late occupation of Nicaragua which saw many of these officers and non-coms as officers leading Nicaraguan troops in action. This training also includes all types of infantry weapons for it has been found essential for every Marine to thoroughly understand all types of weapons used by infantrymen to secure the desired results against the enemy.

From the above it can be seen that the Marine Barracks

at Quantico is, in spite of the shortage of personnel, keeping in sight the fact that one of the most important phases of its mission is to provide the nucleus of an expeditionary force from the personnel here. It can also be seen that the organization of the Marine Barracks Quantico as outlined above,

is readily adapted for sudden expansion in case of an emergency requiring the induction of a great number of men into the service. The skeleton organizations are there and suitable personnel is always present to whip them into shape for any duty which our nation might require of the Marine Corps. In addition to "Semper Fidelis" (ever faithful) we find another motto at Quantico—"ever ready and prepared" to meet, as efficiently and expeditiously as personnel and equipment will permit, any emergency in which our country requires the service of the Marines.

Quantico is the crossroad of the Marine Corps—where friend meets friend—the personnel constantly changing. Today we meet those who have returned from Nicaragua, those returning from China, Guam, Pearl Harbor, Haiti, the Philippines, and the West Coast. Tomorrow we bid adieu to others leaving for every point where Marines are stationed, near and far. A short time at Quantico will convince anyone of the truthfulness of a statement credited to Will Rogers: "The United States Marines are the most travelled people in the world. They only pass through the United States enroute to some other part of the world."

Those of you who have not been at Quantico since the days of the mail guard of 1926, and rush orders for expeditions to Nicaragua and China in 1927, will find a new Quantico. Gone are those old wooden temporary barracks—no more do we find those muddy streets. Today at Quantico we find many new things such as: the best barracks for quartering the personnel that I have ever seen in any military organization; excellently designed, modern and comfortable.

When evening comes you can find the Marines of Quantico witnessing and hearing a good sound movie. Due credit is due to Major R. W. Peard, the Athletic and Amusement Officer, for his selection of programs for this entertainment which is a source of relaxation and enjoyment for the entire command. An excellent band under the direction of Marine Gunner Talbot and First Sergeant Thomas furnishes diversion by band concerts every week.

Even in this cold weather there can be found things that we know we can enjoy this summer. For instance, a wonderful concrete bathing pool, a source of joy and pride to all Marines who have served (*Continued on page 63*)



WHEN GENERAL BRECKENRIDGE TOOK COMMAND AT QUANTICO

Specially befitting is the setting of this picture as the eternal memorial purchased by the Quantico Marines in 1920 at a price of 75,000 francs from the French sculptor who thought he was making a soldier and placed the Marine Corps emblem on the helmet stands at the ready while the ceremonies of General Russell and his Staff turning over the command to General Breckenridge are carried on.

THE MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO

CHE Marine Corps Schools are composed of the following activities:

(a) Field Officers' Course. (b) Company Officers' Course. (c) Correspondence Courses. (d) Special Class in Topography and Reproduction. (e) Basic Course (located at Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.). (f) Department of Reproduction. (g) Marine Corps Schools Detachment.

The first Marine Officers' School at Quantico was assembled in July, 1917, and then for three years gave Second Lieutenants a short course in the Basic duties of a Marine Officer. In January, 1920, the course was enlarged, subjects added, and the time extended from a bare three months to twenty-two weeks.

In the summer of 1920, a reorganization of the schools was made and the first Field Officers' Class was assembled; and on October 1st commenced a nine months' course modeled somewhat on the lines of Leavenworth, but based principally on the instruction that had been so successful in the Marine Officers' Infantry School. This course was only a beginning, and was adapted to meet the needs of the Field Officers of the Marine Corps, as well as these needs could be organized and formed at that time. The Schools Staff also prepared a Company Officers' Course, which started in the fall of 1921 after the results of the Selection Board had been published. In addition, a Basic School for newly commissioned Second Lieutenants was organized and functioned at Quantico until the fall of 1924, when lack of accommodations forced its transfer to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia. In the present school year, another class has been opened. This is a class in Topography and Reproduction, in which a small number of First Lieutenants are given a course of instruction and practical demonstration in all forms of reproduction, with a view towards preparing them for theoretical and practical field work.

The first Field Officers' Class was assembled in the fall of 1920, and completed its instruction on June 30, 1921. Since that time the assembly date has been moved up into the first week of September, and the course is completed about June first. Starting with the Infantry School and Leavenworth largely as a basis, the course has changed from year to year until now it differs widely from all Army Schools and develops the naval side of military activities, with special emphasis on Landing Operations and Small Wars. There are many other subjects but these two are rapidly developing into the most important to Marine Officers and therefore are given much more time and effort than the others. Since the assembly of the first Field

Officers' Class in the fall of 1920, 233 Marine Officers, 10 Naval Officers, and three Army Officers have attended the full Field Officers' Course, and there are 20 Marine Officers and three Naval Officers attending the class this year. Having students from the other branches of the service is a great benefit to all as it gives officers in every service a chance to exchange views and appreciate the opinions and situations of others.

The Company Officers' Course is designed to be a continuation of the Basic Course. Due to the fact that many officers have not attended the Basic Course, there is a certain amount of duplication in the two courses, but this duplication is gradually being reduced. Officers attending

the Company Officers' Course are prepared to command Battalions or act as staff officers on Brigade staffs in time of war. To meet this requirement, the Company Officers' Course desires the maximum cooperation between staff and student personnel and the most efficient use of the 1,000 hours available during the school year. If the nationally advertised automobile slogan "Ask the man who owns one" is modified to "Ask the Officer who has completed the Company Officers' Course" and is carried out with the 345 officers who have graduated from this course in the time of its existence, it is believed that the aggregate opinions received will indicate that the Company Officers' Course has carried out its assigned mission of preparing junior officers of the Marine Corps for both peace and war time duties.

The Correspondence Courses are a part of the Marine Corps Schools and are located in the Marine Corps Schools Building. While part and parcel of the Marine Corps Schools, their history is intimately linked up with that of the Marine Corps Reserve, for it is through this medium that Reserve Officers are enabled to get theoretical military instruction suitable for Marines. Since the time of their installation, the Correspondence Courses have been of inestimable value, not only to reserves but to regular officers who for one reason or another desire to further their military knowledge along certain lines. There are at present 503 students carried on the rolls, and during the present school year, there have been 4,473 lesson papers submitted. There are approximately thirty courses available at the Correspondence Schools, but the most popular course is "Infantry Course A," in which there are now 239 enrollments.

The Department of Reproduction has grown from one small room, containing a hand operated mimeograph machine, until it now occupies about 8,000 square feet in the brick building formerly used as a motor repair shop. Its present equipment includes automatic casting machines, auto-

(Continued on page 63)



Brigadier General James C.
Breckinridge

WHAT'S AT BROWN FIELD?

By R. E. ROWELL

Lieutenant-Colonel, U.S.M.C.



ITH the return of the Aircraft Squadrons from Nicaragua in January of this year, Brown Field is back to its former operating strength for the first time in more than five years.

There are thirty-five pilots actively flying at the Field with five more present in the Marine Corps Schools. The number of airplanes on hand slightly exceeds fifty. The enlisted strength closely approximates its authorized quota of four hundred forty-two.

This organization comprises six units; four squadrons of aircraft, a Service Company and a Headquarters Company. Fighting Squadron Nine (VF-9M) is composed of twelve F4B-4 Boeing single seater fighting planes led by Lieutenant "Sandy" Sanderson. These speedy, high-powered fighting planes are of the most modern type and have splendid performance characteristics. They are equipped for operating from Navy carriers and have an up to date type of flotation gear. The armament carried is of the latest design. Rumor has it that this Squadron is destined for service with the Fleet.

There are two observation squadrons: VO-6M, under Lt. "Buddy" Chappell, and VO-7M of Nicaraguan fame, led by Lt. "Dave" Cloud. These two units fly Curtiss "Hell Divers." They are two-seaters designated as O2C-1 planes. The combined authorized operating strength of these outfits is eighteen airplanes. Many Marines are familiar with the activities of these planes through association in Nuevo Segovia and other jungle localities in Nicaragua. The morale and physical aids rendered by these ships have made numerous friends among our bush fighting legions who conducted so many "bunyon marathons" in the tropics.

The Utility Squadron, known by its Navy symbol as VJ-6M, contains the various types of planes intended to support the activities of ground troops and the tactical squadrons. In the Naval service these VJ squadrons are sometimes said to be so called because they often contain "Various Junk." However, that interpretation is not applicable to this Squadron. The types of aircraft are, nevertheless, various as it has large and small transports, an ambulance ship, an autogiro, training planes, a bomber

for mosquito dusting, etc. VJ-6M has an enviable record in Nicaragua where it established new precedents in air history in accomplishing a large variety of valuable missions, such as minor troop movements, evacuation of the sick and wounded, reconnaissance of swamp areas, delivery of emergency medicines and supplies to remotely located patrols, etc. Lieutenant Saunders is the VJ "Jefe."

The Service Company, our largest unit, is designated as ASC-1M. In addition to its engineering personnel, the Company contains the mess and police details, and the Motor Transport Section. In turn, the Motor Transport Section includes the crash boat unit and fire truck outfit. Probably the engineering work of this Company comprises more different trades than can be found in any technical unit of equal size in the service. It has engine mechanics, instrument men, welders, electricians, wire workers, propeller men, blacksmiths, "dope" men, fabric workers, painters, carpenters, plumbers, foundry men, machinists, metal smiths, clerks, storeroom keepers, riggers, etc. This unit performs the usual maintenance work on buildings and grounds but it is principally concerned with the overhaul and repair of airplanes. The Engineering Officer, Lieutenant Cowie, commands the Service Company. A visit to

the shops of this unit amounts to an education in more modern industrial methods and mechanic arts.

The Headquarters Company, commanded by the Adjutant, Lieutenant Salzman, has the usual clerical personnel in its HQ Section. In addition, it has sections devoted to the following activities: Operations and Training, Armament, Parachute, Aerological Photographic, QM and Supply, and Communications. The head of each section is ex-officio a member of the Staff of the C. O. The Executive Officer, Major Evans, is the head of this Staff, which also includes the Engineering Officer, the MTO and the Flight Surgeon. The various sections are highly specialized and equally as technical as the engineering activities.

From the above it can be readily appreciated that Aviation is technical in every sense of the term and every man is either a specialist or a (Continued on page 62)



Brown Field, Quantico, Virginia

MARINE CORPS AVIATION

GHE DAY of Evacuation of Nicaragua, January 2, 1933, is set as the termination of the duty of the Second Brigade with the Special Service Squadron, and its detachment as a unit of this organization. It is with profound satisfaction and admiration that the Commander of the Special Service Squadron reviews the services of this organization of Marines as a part of his command. He feels that it has contributed very valuable services to our country in a most efficient manner and has displayed high ability and great courage and determination in the discharge of these duties; and the services so rendered reflect great credit on the Navy and Marine Corps and live up to their best traditions. It has been an honor to have commanded such an organization and the Commander of the Special Service Squadron cherishes this memory with the deepest satisfaction. **THE AVIATION SECTION OF THIS UNIT HAS MADE PARTICULARLY BRILLIANT CONTRIBUTIONS TO HIS SUCCESS.**

The above dispatch was sent to the Commanding General of the Marine Forces in Nicaragua by Admiral Arthur St. Clair Smith—Commander, Special Service Squadron—just prior to the evacuation, and once more was the seal of approval placed upon a duty well performed. The praise accorded the Aircraft Squadrons was well merited as they had proved, time after time, that aviation is a most valuable element of an expeditionary force, and that the Marine flyers are imbued with the spirit that has won renown for our Corps ever since its organization.

The squadrons completed their duties in Nicaragua with the crowning achievement of evacuating that country by air. Twenty-two airplanes, of various types, were flown by Marine Corps pilots a distance of approximately 2,200 miles from Managua to Anacostia, D. C., where they were greeted by the Secretary of the Navy, the Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, the Major General Commandant, and other high ranking Navy and Marine Corps officials.

The present authorized strength of Marine Corps Avia-

tion is 142 officers and 950 enlisted men, including 109 officer and 32 enlisted pilots. The efficiency of the aviation training being maintained by the small organization is evidenced by the fact that the squadron in Haiti has won the gunnery trophy in the observation and scouting plane class for three consecutive years; the observation squadron attached to the West Coast Expeditionary Force attained the highest merit, last year, in free machine guns and dive bombing in the observation plane class; the fighting plane squadron attached to this same organization attained the highest merit in dive bombs in the fighting plane class; and this same squadron won the Schiff Trophy, which is awarded annually to the unit flying the greatest number of hours without serious accident to personnel or material. The competing squadrons included all those attached to the Aeronautic Organization of the Navy and Marine Corps, and in the award of the Schiff Trophy also included the Naval and Marine Corps Reserve Squadrons.

Our two squadrons aboard the aircraft carriers *Saratoga* and *Lexington* are receiving valuable training in carrier work, and in support of landing operations with advanced base forces. This will prove invaluable in the event of hostilities where an advanced base has to be established and held. Tentative plans are being made to place a Marine eighteen-plane squadron aboard the new aircraft carrier, U.S.S. *Ranger*, when she is fully commissioned. In the event these plans are accomplished, the two squadrons aboard the *Sara-* (Continued on page 62)



Courtesy United Aircraft and Transportation Corporation.



Business Section of Fredericksburg

THE GLORY OF FREDERICKSBURG

GHE beauties of the southland have ever been an endless source of inspiration for the poets and song writers of our country. Virginia, the cradle of American aristocracy, with its eternal romantic legends of grandeur and its infectious spirit of chivalry, has always played a leading part in the folk songs of this nation. Such songs endure, for they are founded on glory and tradition. Not without reason have poets sung her praise, for no state in the union has a greater historic background. Virginia's record in all our wars proves the spirit and courage of her people. During the World War, of the 1,127 various honors awarded to American soldiers, Virginians received 763. And today some five per cent of the commissioned personnel of the Marine Corps proudly acclaim Virginia as their home. Each of the cities of Virginia has contributed its share to the glorious entirety.

Not the least important of these is Fredericksburg, a beautiful little city of more than seven thousand population. Its seven hundred and eighty acres nestle among the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Midway between the capital cities of Washington and Richmond, a short, beautiful drive from Quantico, Fredericksburg lies like the hub of a wheel, with spoke-like roads radiating in all directions. It is linked to the capitals by the national highway and the main trunk line of the R. F. & P. Railroad.

The steel talons of modernism have ruthlessly clawed aside most of the traces of antiquity. Perhaps it is progress to pay this penalty, to fashion a thriving city on honored soil. But not all of old Fredericksburg is lost, it had taken root too deeply for that. And today one still discovers traces of the older city.

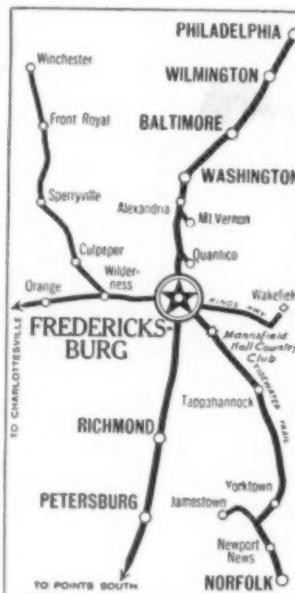
In 1608, one year after the founding of the first permanent English colony in

America, Captain John Smith sailed to the site now occupied by Fredericksburg. He records his trip up the Rappahannock River, and speaks of having landed against hostile Indians just below the falls of Fredericksburg. Legend records how Pocahontas quarreled with old Powhatan, her father, and went to live near the falls with a tribe of friendly Indians.

Legends, all, and romance; but the actual history of Fredericksburg extends back into the early colonial period, boasting of more than two hundred and fifty years of honored existence. The first official recognition is dated May 2, 1671, when Governor Berkeley granted to Thomas Royston and John Buckner a section that now comprises the heart of the town. During this time the community was known as *Leaslands*; but in 1727 it was officially laid out and named in honor of Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II of England. The streets were named in honor of the Royal Family. There still exists such names as Princess Anne, Prince Edward, Princess Elizabeth, George, William, Caroline, Sophia, and Amelia.

Five years after the incorporation of Fredericksburg, St. George's Church, Church of England, was erected. Patrick Henry, uncle of the great orator, was rector.

In 1739 Augustine Washington, father of George, bought "the place where Mr. William Strother lived" which was described as "as about two miles below the falls of Rappahannock, close on the river side and with a ferry belonging to it." This place, opposite the lower end of Fredericksburg, was for thirty-seven years afterward the Washington family's home. It was here, if anywhere, that the youthful George cut down the famous cherry tree, broke the neck of his mother's favorite colt, and tossed the Spanish dollar



across the river. Although Westmoreland County was the birthplace of George, he was reared and educated in Fredericksburg, where his mother lived for many years. She was buried there in 1789, and her old home is preserved as one of the treasured shrines.

By 1742 the community was a thriving little metropolis, with an eye toward fire protection. The council passed an act forbidding the erection of wooden chimneys and required all existing wooden chimneys to be torn down within three years.

In the same year, when George was a lad of ten, his father was elected a trustee of the town of Fredericksburg. The original commission certifying this election is now in the clerk's office of the Corporation Court of Fredericksburg.

Fredericksburg contributed many national heroes during the dark days of the Revolution. John Paul Jones, that intrepid naval hero, who figured so greatly in the success and fame of the Continental Navy, spent the major portion of his time, when not at sea, at the home and store of his brother, William Paul, of Fredericksburg.

General Hugh Mercer, who fell mortally wounded at the Battle of Princeton, N. J., was an apothecary before he entered the Continental army. General Mercer commanded the Third Virginia Regiment, recruited largely from the patriots of Fredericksburg and the immediate vicinity. The general is buried in Philadelphia, but the United States Government has erected a monument to his honor in Fredericksburg. General Mercer's apothecary shop is still standing at Main and Amelia Streets, and is maintained as a shrine. Washington is said to have kept a desk in the shop for the transaction of his business when he came to Fredericksburg.

General George Weedon, who served on Washington's staff, was the proprietor of the famous *Rising Sun Tavern*, known more familiarly to the pre-Revolutionary groups as *Weedon's*. It was here that leaders of thought and action met to discuss the political destinies of the Colonies. Of the place an English traveller wrote: "I put up at the tavern of one Weedon who is ever zealous in fanning the flames of sedition." Five of those who gathered about the broad open fireplace of the old tap room rose to become generals in the Continental army. These were Washington, Weedon, Mercer, Gustavus B. Wallace of Stafford, and William Woodford of Caroline; while young James Monroe attained the rank of captain.

After the war, in which he had been wounded at Brandywine, General Weedon returned to Fredericksburg, where he again kept the inn. Once more the leaders of the Colonies foregathered, and now another great name

was added: General Lafayette. Weedon was elected Mayor of Fredericksburg in 1785. The tavern still stands, preserved as a memorial.

Colonel Fielding Lewis, who married Washington's only sister, Elizabeth, was a patriot in the highest sense of the word. He gave freely of his great fortune, impoverishing himself to carry on the manufacture of small arms and ammunition at Fredericksburg, where the first guns for the Revolutionary War were made. Colonel Lewis died on October 19, 1781, while the Battle of Yorktown was being fought with his guns. He never knew how much his sacrifices helped the Colonies win their freedom. His home, Kenmore, a two-storied brick house, was later sold to pay for debts contracted in the colonel's effort to assist the Colonies. It passed through many hands in the years following. Not long ago, when the

last owner decided to tear down the house and subdivide the property, the patriotic women of Fredericksburg acted promptly and succeeded in raising funds to purchase the property. It stands today as a monument to the name of Colonel Frederick Lewis.

The son of the Colonel and Elizabeth, Robert, was one of Washington's secretaries, and was later Mayor of Fredericksburg.

Fredericksburg was a producer of Presidents as well as patriots, in addition to the immortal George Washington, two other Presidents were not only reared and educated hereabout, but received the inspiration which made them and their country famous.

These were James Madison, our fourth President, the father of the American Constitution, and James Monroe, our fifth President, the father of the Monroe Doctrine. Prior to his entering national politics, Monroe practiced law in Fredericksburg, and was a member of the City Council. His original law office is still standing.

LaFayette, that great Frenchman who contributed more than all others toward promoting the binding friendship of France and our Country, was a frequent and welcome visitor in Fredericksburg. He was an Honorary member of the Masonic Lodge, in which Washington had been previously initiated and made a Mason in 1752; as also had General Mercer and Weedon. This lodge still has in its possession the Bible on which Washington took his solemn obligation as a Mason, and the original record book in which are recorded three degrees conferred on him.

Fredericksburg during the Civil War, as during the Revolutionary War, contributed liberally by the brilliant achievements of its patriots. In Fredericksburg and in sections nearby were fought some of the most stubborn and celebrated battles of the war. Fredericksburg endured two severe battles during this (*Continued on page 62*)



Virginia Chamber of Commerce.
Monument to Mary Washington in Fredericksburg



MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VA., LOOKING SOUTH ON BARNETT AVENUE

"E" BATTALION ACTIVITIES AT QUANTICO

IF YOU happen to be in Quantico at 1300 any Tuesday or Thursday afternoon and see a formation of Marines dressed in winter field uniform and combat packs, do not be alarmed. War has not been declared nor is an expedition about to leave, but "E" Battalion is forming for its bi-weekly drill. "E" Battalion is composed of men from almost every organization in Quantico. Included in its roster are men from the Post Service Battalion; First Battalion, Tenth Marines; Marine Corps Schools Detachment, and Signal Company.

The Battalion is commanded by Lieutenant Colonel A. B. Drum. His staff is composed of Major J. M. Bain, Executive Officer; First Lieutenant K. B. Chappell, Adjutant; First Lieutenant J. C. Burger, Intelligence Officer; Captain A. Galt, Plans and Training; Captain H. Hardy, Battalion Quartermaster; First Lieutenant M. H. Mizell, Communication Officer, and Lieutenant Commander J. Humbert (MC), U. S. Navy, Medical Officer. W. H. Carroll is Battalion Sergeant Major.

The Battalion consists of Headquarters Company and "A," "B," "C," and "D," Companies. First Lieutenant K. B. Chappell is in command of Headquarters Company, with Gunnery Sergeant R. S. Reed acting as First Sergeant. "A" Company is commanded by Captain W. W. Rogers, with First Lieutenants G. F. Good and C. W. Kail, platoon commanders. E. R. Shambough is First Sergeant, with Gunnery Sergeants E. Casper and T. J. McGuire as platoon sergeants. Captain W. N. Best is in command of "B" Company, with First Lieutenants W. E. Burke and J. S. P. Devereaux, platoon commanders. A. Graves is First Sergeant with Gunnery Sergeants G. E. Gardner and W. J. Stone, platoon sergeants. "C" Company is commanded by Captain J. F. McVey with First Lieutenants L. G. Miller and H. D. Palmer, platoon commanders. O. N. Roos is First Sergeant with Gunnery Sergeants I. W. Lancaster and L. R. Priebe, platoon sergeants. "D" Company is under the command of Captain J. Lienhard, and he is assisted by First Lieutenant L. C. Goudeau. Second Lieutenant M. L. Curry and Chief Marine Gunner A. D. Ryan. O. P. Olson is First Sergeant, with Gunnery Sergeant J. A. Gustafson, platoon sergeant.

At the present time, "A" Company is receiving training in Landing Force Operations and "B" Company in Bush Warfare. "C" and "D" Companies are receiving instruction in and firing all infantry weapons, except the rifle and pistol. Headquarters Company is receiving special training in intelligence and communication. At the end of each month the companies rotate and begin a new phase of the Battalion training.

Landing Force Operations includes training in embarking and disembarking in boats, making up tows for platoons, positions of the boats in waves, approach to the beach and combat principles for the rifle section, platoon and company.

Instructions in principles of bush warfare includes training in musketry, extended order, hand signals and combat principles rifle squad, section, and platoon. Practical problems in bush warfare are conducted. Another phase of the training that is very instructive is the conducting of combat problems on the combat range, where the men fire live ammunition and use rifle grenades. During this training the men receive excellent instruction in leadership, fire control, and fire discipline.

The companies detailed for instruction in infantry weapons are taught stripping, assembling, nomenclature and firing of the Browning Machine Gun, Browning Automatic Rifle and Thompson Sub-machine Gun. They also fire rifle grenades.

In addition to the foregoing training, "E" Battalion is called upon to take part in all parades and ceremonies held in Quantico. At the Inauguration of President Roosevelt it was called upon to represent the Marine Corps in the parade and, from all reports, made a creditable showing.

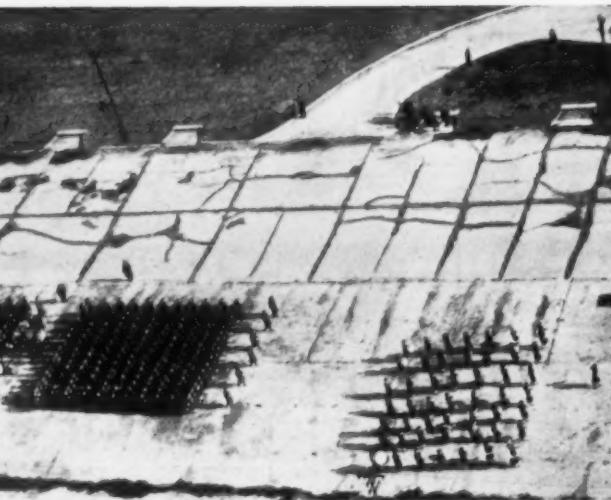
On April 4th, "E" Battalion took part in a formal presentation ceremony when twenty Marines were decorated with the Nicaraguan Cross of Valor and the Nicaraguan Medal of Merit by the Nicaraguan Government. The presentations were made by Doctor Henri De Bayle, the Nicaraguan Charge d'Affairs, on behalf of his government. Many of the men receiving the decorations are included in the ranks of "E" Battalion.

ARTILLERY AT QUANTICO

GHE FIRST Battalion, Tenth Marines, even only a shadow of its former self is constantly striving to maintain the efficient reputation that has always been enjoyed by the Quantico Artillerymen. The Battalion is fortunate in having as its Commanding Officer a veteran of Marine Artillery, Lieutenant Colonel A. B. Drum. Its staff consists of Major Louis E. Fagan, second in command; Captain James D. Waller, Battalion Adjutant and Plans and Training Officer; Captain Eli Savage, Battalion Quartermaster, and Captain Herbert Hardy, Transportation Officer. F. P. Novick is Battalion Sergeant Major.

The Battalion consists of Headquarters Battery, commanded by Captain Waller, with M. T. Ball, first sergeant; Service Battery, commanded by Captain Hardy, with O. P. Olson, first sergeant; and "C" Battery, commanded by Captain A. Galt, with E. Bald, first sergeant.

Captain Galt is assisted in the training of "C" Battery by First Lieutenant P. M. Rixey, Battery Executive Officer, and Second Lieutenant M. L. Curry, Reconnaissance Officer. Sergeants Burke and Van Horn are section leaders. Since reorganization the battery has discarded the French 75's and is now equipped with the new American 75-mm. pack howitzers. Under the expert guidance of its officers and non-commissioned officers the battery shows great improvement and the men have almost completely mastered the art of handling the new guns, and with a



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE PARADE TAKEN WHEN GENERAL BRECKENRIDGE TOOK COMMAND

An unusual shot by Master Sergeant George Morgan, Brown Field's Chief Photographer, when the band and "E" Battalion under steel helmets fell out for General Breckenridge and General Russell when General Russell relinquished the Quantico reins, to go to Washington as Assistant to the Major General Commandant.

little more training will be ready to take the field and compete with the best for shooting honors.

On the first of March an Officers' Artillery School was organized with the following officers as students: Major Louis E. Fagan; Captains W. N. Best, W. W. Rogers, and W. E. Fuller; First Lieutenants W. N. McKelvy, W. E. Burke, C. W. Kail, J. P. Devereux, L. C. Goudeau, J. C. Burger, C. E. Chapel, and Second Lieutenants W. T. Dodge and C. H. Hayes. The class is under the instruction of Captain Waller, who in addition to being a graduate of the Army Artillery School at Fort Sill has had many years' experience in all phases of field artillery. The aim of the school is to prepare the students for the firing of artillery problems and the officers attending hope that at the completion of the course, they will have an opportunity to actually conduct an artillery problem.

While the personnel of the First Battalion, Tenth Marines is being thoroughly trained for artillery, no other phase of Marine training is being neglected. Many of the officers and men are receiving training in landing force operations and bush warfare with "E" Battalion, and all men are receiving the training outlined in Marine Corps Order No. 41.

If any one is interested in artillery he should not fail to visit the gun shed when in Quantico. There he will find sixteen 75-mm. pack howitzers, sixteen 155-mm. guns, twenty-five 75-mm. guns and all accompanying caissons, reels, carts and trailers. When entering the gun shed it looks as if all the pieces are on parade. The guns are in perfect line on each side of the shed and painted green with an occasional touch of red and gold. Each morning Chief Marine Gunner Bentz and Gunnery Sergeant Morningstar may be seen inspecting the (Continued on page 63)



LES BEAUX PETITS 75-MM.

Ask any Frenchman, "Who won the war?" and he'll answer, "Les bons soixante-quinze." These sleek seventy-fives are of the 10th Regiment, Marine artillery.

*"In the storm, in the fight,
Action left and action right,
As those caissons go rolling along!
Limiter front, limber rear,
Perhaps to mount, you cannoneer,
As those caissons go rolling along."*

MIKE FLANNERY, DETECTIVE

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

(Illustrated by D. L. Dickson)

DIKE FLANNERY, the Westcote agent of the Interurban Express Company, bent down and picked up the wicked-looking automatic pistol that lay on the floor by his desk. He shook his head disapprovingly as he looked at the weapon.

"That's a bad wan," he said, wiping his forehead with the freckled back of his left hand. "Twould make a hole in a man big enough for a squirl to go through. Them guys was mean lads, I'm tellin' ye!"

He said this to no one in particular because he was alone in the room. Mr. Flannery had just had his first experience with masked robbers, and while he had been able to preserve the company's money intact he had been wounded in the short but violent battle with the intruders. The four knuckles of his right hand were skinned.

"Bandits! In Westcote! Think of that now!" he said as he laid the deadly weapon on top of his desk. "What will the world be comin' to next, I wonder? Annyhow—"

Hanging from his right wrist by its leather thong was the short butt of a billiard cue with which he had valiantly defended the property of the Interurban Express Company. Mike Flannery seated himself at the desk and hung the club on the nail at the end of the desk where he always kept it. He looked at the abrasions on his knuckles and frowned at them, and reached for a dog-eared and greasy small book in the upper right-hand pigeon-hole of his desk.

"Bandits—hold-up men—robbers—thieves," he said as he ran a finger down the index of the book of rules. "B for bandits—and none of them. H for hold-up—and not a blamed sign of it is there. R for robbers. 'Rates'—'Re-claim-ations' 'Robbery, in case of,' page sivity two. 'In case of robbery or hold-up the agent will tellyphone comp'ny headquarters immejitly.' An' why not?"

He reached for the telephone.

"Hello! Give me sivin-six-four-nine Placid. Sivin-six-four-nine—Hello! Is that—Hello! Give me sivin—Is that the Interurban Ixpriss Company? This is Flannery, the agent, at Westcote—Hello!"

He listened, looking at his knuckles. He put the first knuckle to his mouth. He licked all four knuckles, as a dog licks a wound.

"Hello! This is Mike Flannery, at Westcote," he

said suddenly as a sweet voice greeted him over the telephone wire. "Rule three hundred an' sivin, page sivity two—This is Flannery. At Westcote. On Long Island. On page sivity two, clost to the top of the page—Av coorse I want th' Interurban Ixpriss Companny! I'm tellin' ye the rules, in th' book, on page siv—Listen, you! Tha' was robbers here—well, give me him, then."

Mr. Flannery waited a minute longer with the receiver held to his ear.

"I'm sorry," said the sweet voice of the headquarters operator. "Mr. Biedermann is in conference."

"Listen, darlin'," Mike Flannery said with equal sweetness. "This is Mike Flannery, th' agent of th' Interurban Ixpriss Company, at Westcote, if ye ever heard of it, and there been robbers here. Hold-up gintlimin, so to say. The rules, in th' book, on page sivity two, says 'Robbery, in case of—'"

"Oh! Robbery?" said the sweet voice. "I'll connect you with Mr. Pellick, Legal Department. One minute, please!"

Mr. Flannery leaned his head on his hand and looked sideways up at the ceiling. He waited. He exercised his face by raising and lowering his eyebrows. He licked his knuckles again.

"Hello!" said a male voice over the wire. "Pellick speaking; Law Department—Interurban Express. Who's speaking?"

"The' been robbers," said Mike Flannery. "Mike Flannery, Westcote, is tellin' ye. Two of them—hold-up men and bandits, like, an' by Rule Sivity Two. I'm wrong!"

"Look here! What are you talking about?"

"Tis not Rule Sivity two," said Mike Flannery pleasantly. "'Tis Rule Three Hundred and Sivin. 'Tis th' page that is sivity two."

"What are you talking about? Who is this talking?"

"This is Mike Flannery, ixpriss agent for th' Interurban Ixpriss Company, at Westcote, on Long Island, in th' State of New York," said Mr. Flannery patiently but with an air of resignation. "The' was robbers here. In th' office. Two of them. Wan! Two! A pair. Robbers. An' th' books of rules says—"

"Oh! Robbers!" exclaimed Mr. Pellick. "Why didn't you say so? One minute, now. Westcote, Long Island? You say your name is Flaherty?" "Flannery."



"The agent recko'nized they was bandits," Mr. Kerlong explained to Mr. Dallas, who wrote it down.

"Finnerty? All right, Finnerty; I'll have two of our best men out there in half an hour. Don't touch a thing; don't move anything. Where are you now, Finnerty?"

"In me chair, sir, by me desk; in front of th' desk as ye may say. Holdin' th' tellyphone to me ear, like."



and he hung up. He looked at his knuckles again, touching them gently with his left forefinger. He felt in his coat pocket for his pipe; then, by holding the other coat pocket open with his left hand, he managed to get his package of tobacco without hurting his knuckles. He filled and lighted his pipe and put his feet on his desk, and leaned back in his chair. He had half an hour to wait for Mr. Dallas and Mr. Kerlong, the Interurban's star investigators.

Before the car arrived Mr. Flannery heard the distant and continuous scream of its horn, and the car stopped in front of the office with a shriek of its brakes. Mr. Dallas and Mr. Kerlong leaped from the car and fairly ran across the walk. They bolted into the office and confronted Mr. Flannery.

"You Finnerty?" demanded Mr. Dallas.

"There may be something to that at that," said Mike Flannery, letting his feet drop to the floor and looking into the bowl of his pipe with seeming interest. "Me father pretindid me name was Flannery right along, but them old folks was old in their ways now and again. The county in Ireland was full of Finnerty's in them days befoor me father fetched me from there."

Mr. Dallas and Mr. Kerlong glared at Mike Flannery.

"What you talking about?" Mr. Dallas asked roughly.

"He was a little short man," said Flannery.

"Who was?" asked Mr. Dallas.

"Me old man," said Flannery. "Short he was, but them Finnertys was great large fellys like me. No doubt ye have th' right of it, sir, and it's a Finnerty I am. Adopted-like. Not but what th' Corrigans—av which me mother, God rest her soul, was one—was fine large fellys too. 'Mike,' me old man was always after sayin', 'Ye take after yer mother in size, but 'tis after me ye take in th' head. Thim Corrigans is all dumb,' says he, 'so remember ye are a Flannery.'"

"Dippy," said Mr. Dallas to Mr. Kerlong. "They gave him a bump on the head, I guess."

"And how do I know?" continued Mike Flannery, looking at his skinned knuckles. "that the whole caboodle of us was not Finnertys in the old country, takin' th' name of Flannery when we come hither. There's the Polokowskys runs th' news-stand was Polokowskys in Poland and is Polks now, d'ye see? And was not this felly Chris Columbus that come over th' first of all known as Colon back among th' Dagos where he come from? Belike the name of Flannery was a cammyflooge me old

man was after takin' onto him, so go on an' call me Finnerty, sirs, if it gives ye joy. However—"

"What's the matter with you? Crazy!" asked Mr. Dallas, glaring at Mike.

"And I might be, at that," said Mike Flannery agreeably. "There's many a man goes along, one day after another, thinkin' he's no more crazy than the king of Roosha, and all of a sudden—"

"Say, look here!" said Mr. Kerlong, pushing forward and pushing out his chin at Mr. Flannery. "I know what you are—you're one of these smart guys, ain't you? You're trying to give my friend here the razz because he called you out of your name, ain't you! Well, that don't go with us, see? What is your name, if you're so particular about it?"

"Michael Flannery, with an M for Michael and an F for Flannery, and thank ye kindly fer askin', sir," said Mike Flannery humbly.

"Yeah? Well, Mr. Flannery, was there robbers here or was you just givin' Pellieck one of these smart razzes of yours? What's it all about, hey? We come out to investigate this business, see? And we're here to catch these robbers, if the' is any, and not to go to no Irish vodville show. What's this gun!"

"That is th' gun th' little small fella poked at me," Mike Flannery explained. "It fell on th' floor whin I socked him with me club. There was two of them—"

"Now, hold on there!" said Mr. Kerlong, who seemed to have taken charge of the investigation, Mr. Dallas having taken out a small book and pencil. "We got to get this straight. We got to get these fellas, see? That's our job, see? What we want to know, we'll ask you, and don't you go doin' a lot of useless talk. Time's what counts in nabbin' these guys, my friend. Now, how many of these robber guys was there?"

"Two of them," said Flannery. "I was in th' back room yonder when they come in—"

"Hold on! Hold on!" exclaimed Mr. Kerlong. "One thing at a time, friend. The' was two of them, Dallas."

"Two of them," said Mr. Dallas making a note in his book.

"And where was you when they come in?" asked Mr. Kerlong of Mr. Flannery.

"I was in th' back room yonder, pastin' way bills on th' outgoin' consignments—"

"Wait now! Wait now!" commanded Mr. Kerlong. "He was in the back room when the robbers come in, Joe. The agent was in the back room. Finner—Flannery was in the back room."

"Yeah! I got it," said Mr. Dallas.

"And what was you doing in the back room?" Mr. Kerlong asked Mike Flannery.

"I was pastin' waybill tags on outgoin' consignments in the back room yonder when I seen th' two of them—the big tall one an' th' little small fella—"

"Wait, now! The agent, Michael Flaher—Michael Flannery, was in the back room—

What you call that back room, Flannery?"

"Th' back room. I call it th' back room because 'tis back of th' front room, ye see," Mike explained.

"Yeah! Michael Flannery was in th' back room, pastin' waybill tags on th' outgoin' consignments when th' robbers entered th' premises, Joe," Mr. Kerlong explained to Mr. Dallas carefully, and then he turned to Mr. Flannery. "And what did you see?" he asked.

"I seen the two of them—"

"He seen the two of them," Mr. Kerlong explained to Mr. Dallas. "The two robbers," (Continued on page 60)



**The Akron Tragedy**

So much has been published about the tragic ending of the Akron, that we are unable to chronicle further news of the disaster. We can only extend our heartfelt condolences to those who have been bereft of their loved ones.

Assails Dirigibles

Washington, April 4.—"There won't be any more airships built. We have built three big ones and lost two."

With these words Chairman Vinson of the house naval committee today declared war, as a result of the Akron tragedy, upon construction of further lighter-than-air craft so long as he handles authorizing legislation.

Marines in Crash

Norfolk, Va., March 22.—Second Lt. F. C. Bailey, piloting a Marine transport plane, and 13 passengers escaped serious injury today as the craft was badly damaged in landing at the Virginia Beach National Guard flying field.

Pilot Bailey, who had taken off earlier from the naval air station, hit a bump in landing at the Virginia Beach field and was taking off for a second landing when the left motor cut out and the big machine went over on its right wing.

The only injuries suffered by Lt. Bailey and others in the ship were cuts and bruises. The plane was from Quantico and had accompanied six other planes to this section for gunnery practice. The passengers, who were Marines, included several mechanics.

Naval Construction

Washington, April 4.—A \$230,000,000 naval construction program, designed to create thousands of jobs, will be included in the administration's public works plan soon to be submitted to congress, Chairman Vinson of the house naval affairs committee announced today.

After conferring with President Roosevelt, Vinson said he was "eminently satisfied with the progress being made toward building up the navy."

Big Army-Navy Cuts Urged by Roosevelt
Washington, April 8.—President Roosevelt is understood by Democratic Congressional leaders to have instructed the War and Navy Departments to decrease their expenditures in the next fiscal year by \$200,000,000. The last Congress appropriated a total of \$658,000,000 for the army and navy and the slash is understood to come out of that.

The navy appropriation amounted to \$208,000,000 and Secretary Swanson was understood to have been directed to reduce it by \$56,000,000.

Service Men to Replace Civilians?

Washington, D. C., April 14.—Rumors that naval and Marine Corps personnel will replace the civil service employees at the Navy Department have got the clerks wondering whether or not arsenic is hard to take. It is considered improbable, but not impossible, that the wholesale dismissal will materialize.

Marines Get Red Propaganda

Peiping, March 20.—United States Marines, British Tommies and other legation guards are cooperating with Chinese police here in an attempt to locate a Communist group which tried to provoke a revolt among foreign armed forces in China.

A group signing themselves the "Peiping executive committee" sent the guards a piece of propaganda, suggesting they join the world revolt. The Reds made the mistake of thinking the Marines consider themselves badly treated.

New Navy Pilot Rating

Decision has been made to abolish the ratings of Chief Aviation Pilot and Aviation Pilot first class, the Navy Department announces. In lieu thereof, men who at present hold these ratings, will be required to qualify in a basic aviation rating or radioman rating, and in addition, will be designated as "Naval Aviation Pilot" in accordance with provisions outlined below. The designation of "Naval Aviation Pilot" will entitle individuals holding such designations to extra compensation for flight pay under the same conditions as obtain at present, except that such extra compensation will be computed on the basic rating held.

Doughboys Under Fire

Peiping, China, April 8.—The camp of the 15th United States infantry west of Chinwangtao has been struck by bullets fired by participants in a Sino-Japanese skirmish adjacent to the encampment, the United States Legation was informed today.

Only a few soldiers, comprising a guard, are on duty at the camp at present. They are under command of Capt. Dennis Moore.

Navy Pilots to Circle Globe

A globe encircling flight will be started from the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago, on about June 1, 1933, by Lt. Ross Mabacheck, U. S. Navy Reserve,

and William M. Solberg, Chief Aviation Pilot. The purpose of the flight is to break the Post-Gatty record of 8½ days around the world, and to advertise the Chicago Exposition. They will use a Lockheed Sirius seaplane in their flight, and their plane, christened "Round the World" will carry 200 pounds of mail as cargo.

Houston Rams Gunboat

Recent press despatches inform us that the U. S. S. Houston, flagship of the Asiatic Fleet, rammed the French gunboat *Garnier* while docking in Shanghai harbor. The extent of the damage was not reported.

Captain's Book Successful

Capt. John H. Craig, USMC, has added another name to the list of Marine Corps authors. His recent book on Haiti, "Black Bagdad," has achieved the remarkable success of having the first edition sold out within seven days. Another edition is projected.

Stork Visits

Long Beach, Calif., March 5.—Capt. H. H. Hanneken, USMC, Medal of Honor, is the proud father of a daughter, Marilyn Cecila, born to the Captain and Mrs. Hanneken today.

Cits Want Broadcasts Resumed

To the New York Herald Tribune

Like M. L. C., I, too, ask, "Where are the Marine and Navy Bands?" The Marine Band is said to be one of the finest of its kind in the world and has been thoroughly appreciated by thousands of invalids, homekeepers, elderly people and just plain lovers of good, stirring, high-class music.

We cannot go to Washington to enjoy them. We should like them returned to the air.

Brooklyn, March 22, 1933. C. W. S.

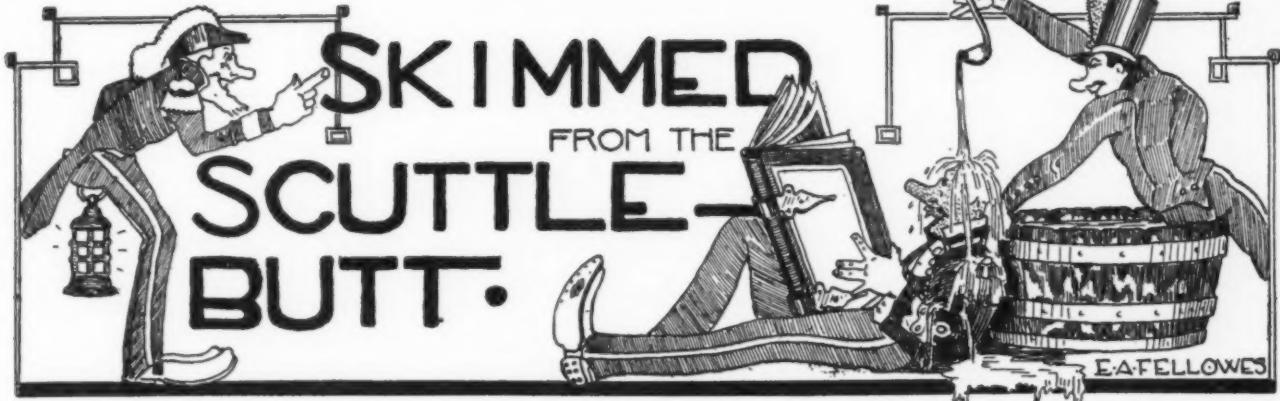
Maj. Leonard Denies He Is Candidate

Washington, D. C., March 31.—Maj. Henry Leonard, United States Marine Corps, retired is not a candidate for the post of District Commissioner despite efforts of some of his friends to obtain his appointment, he has announced:

He said: "I am badly tainted with incurable Republicanism, am actively connected with the party in Colorado, am a legal resident and a voter in that State, and hence am ineligible for the position."

Maj. Leonard is a practicing attorney in Washington. Many years ago he achieved fame for heroism during the Boxer out-

(Continued on page 59)



THAT MESSENGER AGAIN

The probity of messengers' statements has long been the subject of debate. However, we believe the following worthy of editorial notice.

J. O. O. D. to messenger:

"Report to the Staff Duty Officer that the *Tennessee* has just fired a thirteen gun salute to Admiral Lackey on his departure as President of a Board of Survey."

The editorial short interim.

Irate Staff Duty Officer to J. O. O. D.:

"What do you mean by telling your messenger to report to me that the *Tennessee* has just fired a thirteen gun salute to survey Admiral Lackey?"—*Texas Steer*.

And now we hear about the street car motorman who, after clanging his bell irritably behind an obstinate coal truck for two blocks, finally managed to get up alongside the driver, leaned out his window, and just looked. The truck driver brazenly asks, "Well?" Whereupon the motorman says, "I know what you are. I just want to see what you look like."—*American Motorist*.

Sign on rural garage:
"If You Buy Your Tires from a Mail Order House Go to the Postoffice for Your Free Air."—*Jokes*.

Mr. Bigmitt: "You're a henpecked little shrimp!"

Mr. Peejee: "I'll bet you wouldn't dare say that in the presence of my wife."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A patter of tiny feet was heard from the head of the stairs. The Bosun's wife raised her hand, warning the visiting firemen to be silent.

"Hush," she said softly, "the children are going to deliver their good-night message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. Listen."

"Mamma," came the message in a stage whisper. "Willie found a bedbug."—*Coast Guard*.

Uncle Ezra, at theater in Chicago: "George, where do all them actors and actresses live?"

George: "They live here in Chicago."

Uncle Ezra: "Is that so? They do purty good for local talent, don't they?"—*Pathfinder*.

POLITICAL POLITENESS

Judge: "This lady says you tried to speak to her on the dock."

Sailor: "It was a mistake. I was looking for a shipmate's girl, whom I had never seen before, but who'd been described to me as a handsome blonde with classic features, fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed, and —"

Witness: "I don't care to prosecute the gentleman. Anyone might have made the same mistake."—*Shipmate*.



Foolish Questioner—Pat, how did your nose come to be so red?

Pat—It's just blushin' wid modesty fer kapin' itself out of other people's business.

In the smoking room of a club two business men just past middle age were criticizing the young men of today. Said one: "Look how reluctant young men are to marry and settle down."

"That's so," returned the other. "They seem to fear marriage. Why, before I was married I didn't know what fear was."

—*Tit Bits*.

Maid (excitedly)—Oh, Professor, the next room is on fire.

Professor (absorbed)—Why worry me? Am I in the next room?—*Passing Show*.

HE BOUGHT LAST

An inebriated man by the name of Riley boarded a trolley car, and, after paying his fare, made himself comfortable. The conductor, after calling off the streets, was nearing a street which corresponded with the jag's name.

"Riley street next," yelled the conductor.

The souse, who was half asleep, understood him as "Riley's treat next," and yelled out:

"You're a liar. I treated last."—*Jokes*.

Mrs. Thompson (learning to drive): "Henry, that little mirror up there isn't set right."

Thompson: "Isn't it?"

Mrs. Thompson: "No, I can't see anything but the ear behind."

—*Cincinnati Christian Advocate*.

And a white-tied blade, with a New Awlens drawl, told a yarn new to me. A pickaninny rushed into the cabin shouting that an alligator had just swallowed his brother. The mother yelled to an old darky sunning himself under a front yard tree: "Rastus, I done tol' you-all sumpin' was ketchin' our younguns."

—O. O. McIntyre, via A. A. A.

Traffic Cop—Pardon me, lady, but didn't you see me wave at you?

Lady Driver—Of course I did. And didn't I wave back? What did you expect me to do, throw you a kiss?—*Foreign Service*.

Fond Mother (on liner)—I don't like the Captain of this ship at all. I made the simple request just now that he should let Donald have a turn at the wheel, and he was positively snappy about it.—*Times of India*.

"After all," says a politician, "Great Britain and America speak the same language."

"Oh, yeah?"—*Humorist*.

Sign in Brooklyn grocery store: "Notice: Due to the depression credit will hereafter be extended only to persons over the age of 80, accompanied by their grandparents."

—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

MARINE IN HAITI

BLACK BAGDAD. By John H. Craige, Captain, USMC (Minton, Balch) \$3.00.

The Marine occupation of Haiti has been responsible for no few books on the subject of the Black Republic, but it has remained for Capt. John H. Craige to achieve the greatest, at least from the viewpoint and interest of the Marine.

"Black Bagdad" is the title of the captain's book, so selected because Hennessey, "a gun runner by trade," had once said to Captain Craig as they slid into the harbor: "This is Black Bagdad. These people are still living in the days of the Arabian Nights. . . . You may hear tales as amazing as any Scheherezade ever told. You may see wooly-headed cannibals and silk-hatted savants side by side."

That was in 1912. Since then the captain has learned that his friend Hennessey was not only truthful, but downright modest. The captain witnessed about all that Hennessey promised, and a great deal more. And the tale has lost nothing in the telling.

"Black Bagdad" recounts the captain's actual experiences in Haiti, experiences that no Poe or DeQuincey could ever dream. Horror stalks side by side with humor. From the Marine who had been skinned alive to the innocent bombardment of the president with cakes of soap, the tale runs the entire scale of Haitian life.

The captain details his personal participation in various ceremonies, funerals and weddings. He witnessed voodoo rites and he trailed killers through the brush. He received threats, mysterious and deadly; he dispensed justice tempered with mercy, sometimes with more mercy than justice. He witnessed births and many deaths. And through it all one can hear the ancient Congo drums pounding insidiously in the background.

There is no doubt about it, "Black Bagdad" is a remarkable book. Perhaps the greatest testimonial of its worth is the fact that the captain's contemporaries, fellow-officers of the *Gendarmerie d'Haiti*, have acknowledged it without restraint to be a factual and accurate description of the Marine in Haiti.

We recommend this highly, both for its appealing interest and its educational value.

AMATEUR CHAMP

FIGHTING FOR FUN. By Eddie Egan (Macmillan) \$2.50.

It is difficult to associate pugilism with college degrees and erudite scholarships. There is no legitimate reason why a boxer, professional or amateur, should not cultivate a scholastic education; but somehow fight fans hold to the opinion that it can't be done. We have at least two outstanding examples to refute this opinion: Gene Tunney, world's heavyweight professional champion, and Eddie Egan, amateur.

In "Fighting For Fun," champion Egan outlines an interesting and rather remarkable career. Although essentially a story of the amateur ring, Egan is literary craftsman enough to refrain from endlessly recounting blow for blow, one fight after another.

Determined to gain an education, tending furnaces, sweeping snow, herding cattle, laboring in a canning factory, Egan worked his way through high school. He boxed, too, during these full days, but found time to study and win a scholarship to the Denver University. At college he obtained employment as a physical instructor in a Neighborhood House, for which he received board and lodging.

Jack Dempsey visited Denver and Eddie and Jack boxed for charity. Eddie hit a little too hard to be playful, and Jack forgot charity. "Then something fell on my head!" Eddie describes it. "It felt like a rafter from the roof. I never saw it coming." He was out on his feet, but Dempsey carried him through the three round bout.

Eddie landed in Paris during the war and as Lieutenant Egan he won the middleweight championship of the Inter-Allied Matches. Also he witnessed the signing of the Peace Treaty.

Yale was next, then the Harvard Law School. Dividing his time between boxing and books, he won a Rhodes Scholarship.

Egan toured the world and collected about all the amateur belts from the middleweight to the heavy. At times he found education and boxing pulling against each other, and he was frequently beset with the temptation to turn professional.

Eddie winds up his interesting autobiography with a vivid story of the Dempsey-Tunney fight and the famous "Fourteen Count."

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

PORFIRIO DIAZ. By Carleton Beals (Lippincott). The biography of Don Porfirio Diaz, the dictator who ruled turbulent Mexico for a third of a century. A remarkable insight to political intrigue. \$5.00

FOUL WEATHER. By George Gibbs (Appleton). The story of two friends, the captain and the mate of the *Witch*, loving each other for their fighting qualities. Then they picked up a starving girl from a derelict. With the superstition of a seaman, the carpenter foretold the doom of a ship that had a woman aboard. Plenty of thrills, fights, murders, and clever character delineation makes this an interesting novel. \$1.50

THE A. E. F. IN CARTOON. By Wally. Few need introduction to Albian A. Wallgren, former private of Marines and cartoonist on the staff of the A. E. F. newspaper, the *Stars and Stripes*. Wally has gathered into a volume entitled "The A. E. F. in Cartoon," a collection of his humorous cartoons, each one a rib-racking laugh. \$1.50

A COUNT IN THE FO'C'SLE. By Count Jean Louis d'Esque (Brentano's). An old sea rover recounts thirty years of the most unusual yarns ever spun by a sailor. Without reservation the most exciting book we have read in years. \$2.75

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown). A fascinating story based on the mutiny aboard H. M. S. *Bounty*, in 1787. \$2.50

LAND OF CHECKERBOARD FAMILIES. By Arthur J. Burks (Coward-McCann). A former Marine officer presents the best tale of Santo Domingo that has evolved from the occupation. \$2.50

BETWEEN WHITE AND RED. By Erich Dwinger (Scribners). A vivid, blood-curdling story of the retreat of Kolchak's White army through Siberia. A detailed narrative of wild adventure told by a German war prisoner serving as a White officer, one of the few survivors. \$2.75

PEKING PICNIC. By Ann Bridge (Little, Brown). The Atlantic \$10,000 prize novel. The story of social life, romance and plenty of adventure in Peking. \$2.50

AMID THESE STORMS. By Winston S. Churchill (Scribners). Few of the world's great adventures have risen to the heights in literature, politics or romantic adventure as were achieved by Mr. Churchill. The late Richard Harding Davis included Winston Churchill in his list of Soldiers of Fortune for his deeds of daring during the Boer War. Those were days of minor experiences compared with his later adventures. In **AMID THESE STORMS**, Mr. Churchill recounts some of the major events of his life. \$3.50

YONDER LIES ADVENTURE. By E. Alexander Powell (Macmillan). An autobiography of the famous globe trotter, Colonel Powell, writer, editor, war correspondent and traveler. \$3.00

SHEETS IN THE WIND. By Ridge-well Cullum (Lippincott). A tale of the sea, drug smuggling, abduction, and all the romantic adventures that men enjoy. \$2.00

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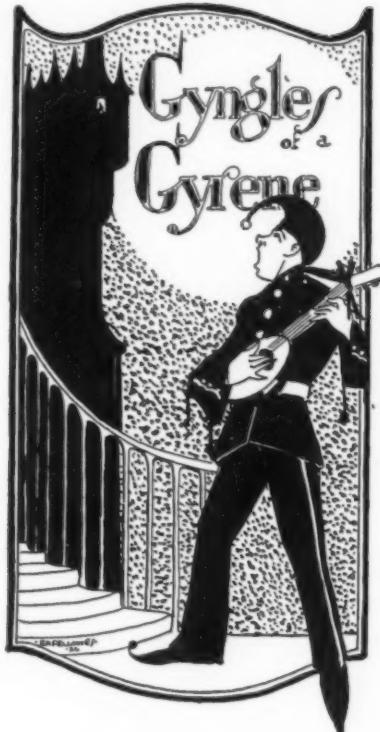
1933

THE LEATHERNECK,
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Enclosed please find for Dollars.
Please forward to the address below the books checked on this sheet.

Address
.....

WRITE ADDRESS
PLAINLY



MEMORIA IN AETERNA

By Sherry Kane

Death passed them by—their lean, brown limbs,
Swing to the rhythm of rolling drums,
And bugles sing as the trim line comes,
Passed weed-gnarled graves sounding battle hymns.

Death is a quiet dream and old,
Here on the hillside under the flowers.
Far and dim run the blood-stained hours,
And cries of men in the dawn's grey cold.

Death is a silence—nothing more—
Under the flags and the cannons' rust.
Trumpets moan for the dreamless dust,
But faint and far sounds the battle's roar.

The marchers pass; the echoes die;
The green wreaths wither beneath the sun.
Now in the town war's tales are spun,
By the lean, brown men whom Death passed by.

THE FADING HOST

By Geo. Sanford Holmes

Roll call again, the beat of drum,
Lips crying "Here" that may be dumb,
Long, long ere yet again the thin,
Blue ranks shall answer to "Fall in!"

The bugle peals, the shrilling fife,
Whips aged arteries to life,
And blood that courses on the run,
Pounds to the pulse of '61.

See, when they march, how few who pass;
How feeble, too, their steps, alas!
How time has torn with mammoth gaps,
This army marching on to "taps!"

Beats there the heart that does not thrill,
Is there an eye that does not fill,
As with bent form but flashing eye,
Slowly the fading host files by!

CRY HAVOC!

By Hair-Trigger Hop

Lines written on the proposed reduction of the United States Marine Corps.
Valhalla rings with loud and mocking mirth
Of ghost Marines, whose far-flung mouldering clay
Fashions a belt that girdles all the earth,
Harken to their counsel, now, I pray:

"Go pull our blood-bought trophies from
the walls,
And plant the olive branch where laurel grew.
Forget the men of Montezuma's Halls;
Discard the Corps, like some old worn-out shoe.

"Aye! Tear those sacred banners from
our hands
And trample them in dust they never
knew—
For Peace now reigns supreme in all the
lands;
You need us not, for war and strife are
through.

"No Boxers now are storming Ch'ien Men
Gate;
Red rust has eaten deep the Malay
creese.
The Canton Forts no longer blaze their
hate;
The world is just a Paradise of peace.

"The snows of Vladivostok blanket white
The scarlet stains where your Marines
have bled;
And only specters march on Soissons' night,
And none are left in Belleau Wood—but dead!

"Aye! Sacrifice!—Destroy!—And then
Cry 'Havoc!' when the stars of Peace
have paled.
How sad that cesspool ink and fetid pen
Could win our Flags—where bayonets
have failed!"

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

By Mary D. Brine

Mother's Day is May 14. Don't forget to write home.

The woman was old, and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school is out,"
Came happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop,
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were young and strong;
Then back again to his friend he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor and slow;
And some one, some time, may lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand?
If ever she's poor, and old and gray,
And her own dear boy so far away."

Somebody's mother bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer
she said,
Was: "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was
heard.

THE OLD ADVENTURER

By Charles G. Wilson

A sonnet sequence written after gazing long upon Rembrandt's portrait of "The Man With the Gold Helmet."

I

He stands now musing back upon the trail,
The steeps of which his dogged feet have
won,
A gray old dog of war in coat of mail
Helmed with the glittering metal of the
sun.
Far in the distant vale he sees a youth,
Straight-backed, slim-hipped, with ruddy
cheek and lip,
Fearless and daring, eager but uncouth,
His fortune but the sword upon his hip.

And as he looks there stirs within his
breast
The clear calm courage of the stripling
heart,
The high adventure of the knightly quest,
And fervent searching for the nobler part,
The hallowed striving for the Holy Grail—
Now stands he at the summit of the trail.

II

He sees again the great ships wheel in line,
The tall taut soldiers in their gleaming
groups,
With gentlemen-at-arms in surcoats fine,
And bearded admirals on the gilded prows,
He sees the pikemen in their bristling
ranks,
The thundering horses dashing o'er the
plain,
Red tide of war that overflows its banks
To ebb away in dismal cries of pain.

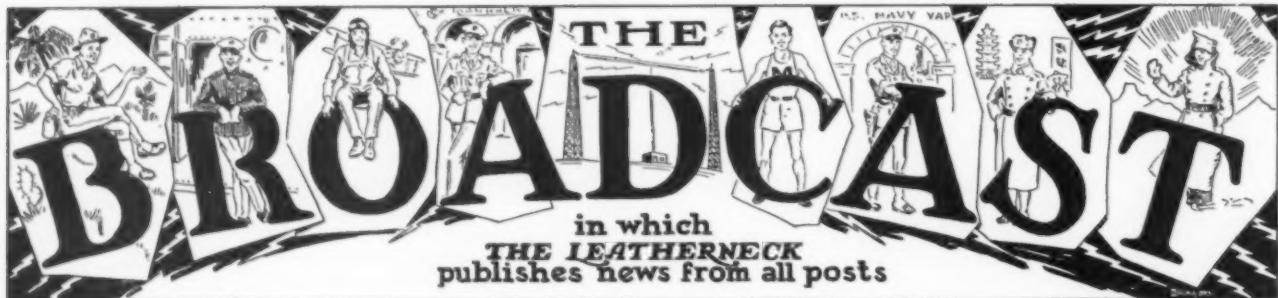
Then victory, and the silken banners bright,
The flower strewn way that leads from ship
to king,
Pale maidens in their garments fine and
white,
The welcoming shouts that everywhere now
ring.
He kneels to take the royal accolade,
The honoring touch from the ennobling
blade.

III

He stands now at the summit of the trail,
Sage in the wisdom of the soldier's life,
Yet questioning—what of the Holy Grail?
What harvest yields, those years of pas-
sionate strife?

Glory he finds is but an empty word,
Fame fickle as a fool in cap and bells,
Life but a dream before the sweeping sword
Leaves but a tale the singing poet tells.

The dim eyes glow again with youthful
light,
He tosses up his golden helm with pride,
Raising his shield he turns to face the
night,
While Honor reins his champing horse
beside.
Proudly he lays unbroken lance at rest
And spurs his eager steed across the crest.



QUANTICO MARINES AWARDED NICARAGUAN MEDALS

On the afternoon of April 4, 1933, nineteen Marines were awarded decorations from the Nicaraguan government. The medals were presented with full ceremony by the Quantico Band and a battalion of Marines commanded by Lt Col Andrew B. Drum. Maj. General Ben H. Fuller was present to witness the honor bestowed upon the men of his Corps.

Nine men were awarded the Cross of Valor for heroism in combat; and ten received Medals of Merit for exceptional ability in service and administration.

At the invitation of Brig-Gen. Harry Lee, Commanding General of Quantico, Doctor Henri DeBayle, the Charge d'Affaires of Nicaragua in Washington, presented the medals and made an address on behalf of his government. After presenting the medals, Doctor DeBayle made the following address:

"It is indeed a great satisfaction for me to be here today on this occasion. Fortunately, in the midst of the turmoil that characterizes our modern civilization, with its surprising inventions and tremendous material advances, there yet can be found in international relations a very human appreciation of spiritual and moral values. Nations, like individuals, are respected and esteemed not so much for their size and material achievements as for their capacity to recognize the duties and obligations that bind them to the other na-

tions of the world, and for the zeal with which they fulfill such obligations. Nations, like individuals, are most admirable when they have developed a sense of justice and gratitude. In this respect, I feel that Nicaragua stands very high indeed, and her national spirit and her high ideals cannot be measured by her size; but rather by her sincerity of purpose.

"Among the bonds that in recent years have united your country so closely to mine, there are at least three instances of cooperation which undoubtedly will be the basis in future of the most sincere friendship between our two nations. I can say, very frankly, that, in each case, the American Marine forces stationed in Nicaragua have been an important factor in their realization and success. I refer, gentlemen, to the services given by you in the training and organization of the Guardia Nacional; to the valuable cooperation given by you to the different electoral missions; and to your generous assistance to the stricken people of Managua during the disaster of March, 1931.

"In recognition of such distinguished services, Nicaragua awards you these decorations that symbolize by the lustre of their metals her sentiments of justice and of gratitude. I consider it a great privilege and honor to represent my Government as I present to you these medals and crosses that you have so gallantly won."

FIRST SIGNAL COMPANY, QUANTICO By B. J. Bailey

Again "Ye Olde Signal" breaks into print and it is with the greatest of pleasures that we say: Old good-byes 'n how de do's. Trusting that all are in the very best of health we will proceed to dish out a bit of misery and hope for the best. After all we know that there are many of the First Signal Company who will read these lines and so we feel that our efforts won't be in vain.

Our commanding officer, Major A. E. Simon, has returned from a few days' leave and the whole company joins in welcoming him back. We hope his leave was pleasant.

Recently many of our old pals and shipmates were transferred to Haiti. While the time and space prevents us from mentioning the names (also the creditors), we take this opportunity of wishing them *bon voyage*.

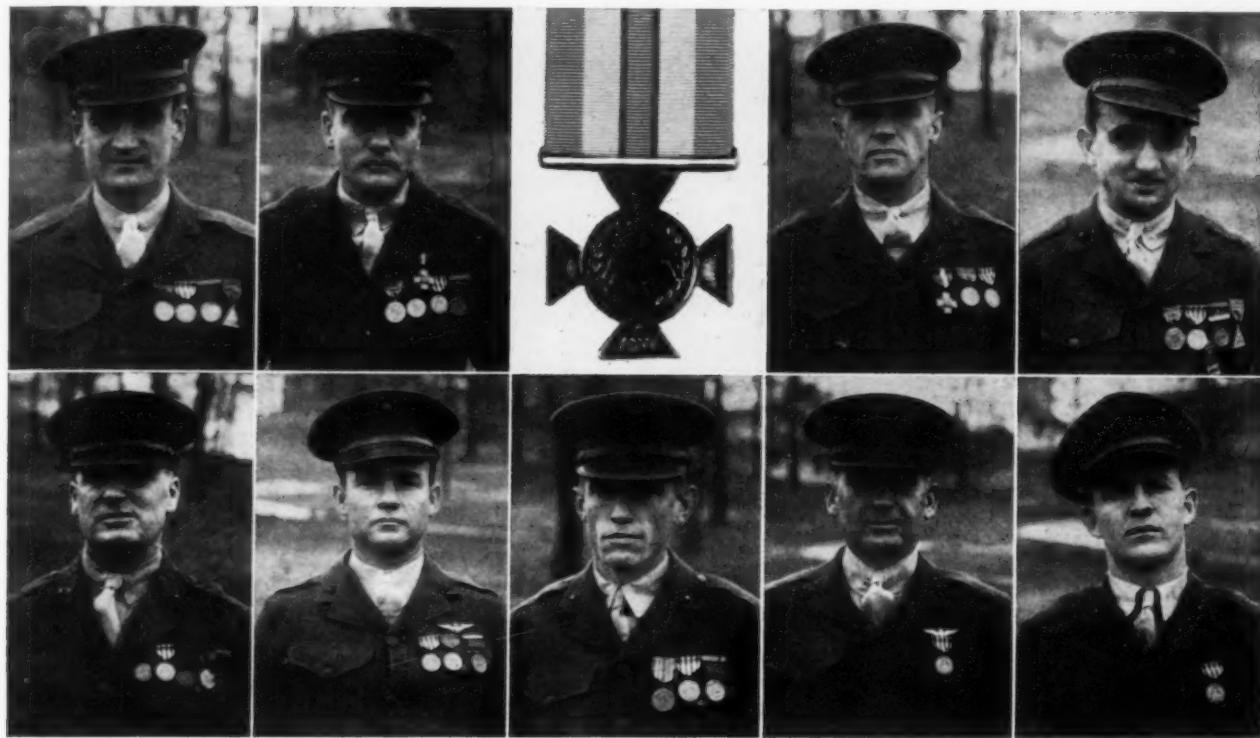
In return of those transferred, we are glad to welcome a couple of confirmed Haitians. Cpl. Carl M. Johnson and Harry C. King, Jr. These boys haven't as yet become accustomed to the regular routine of this place, but we are proud to say that they learn easily. They even speak English. Just to keep you up on what is going on we will mention the fact that both have joined the "E" Battalion, and as they pleased, ask me? However, Johnson just left for a ninety day furlough and will be replaced by James C. Watts, who just returned from a thirty-day leave.

While I am not a confirmed gossip, and it isn't because I haven't tried, as you will see in a moment, there is a lit-



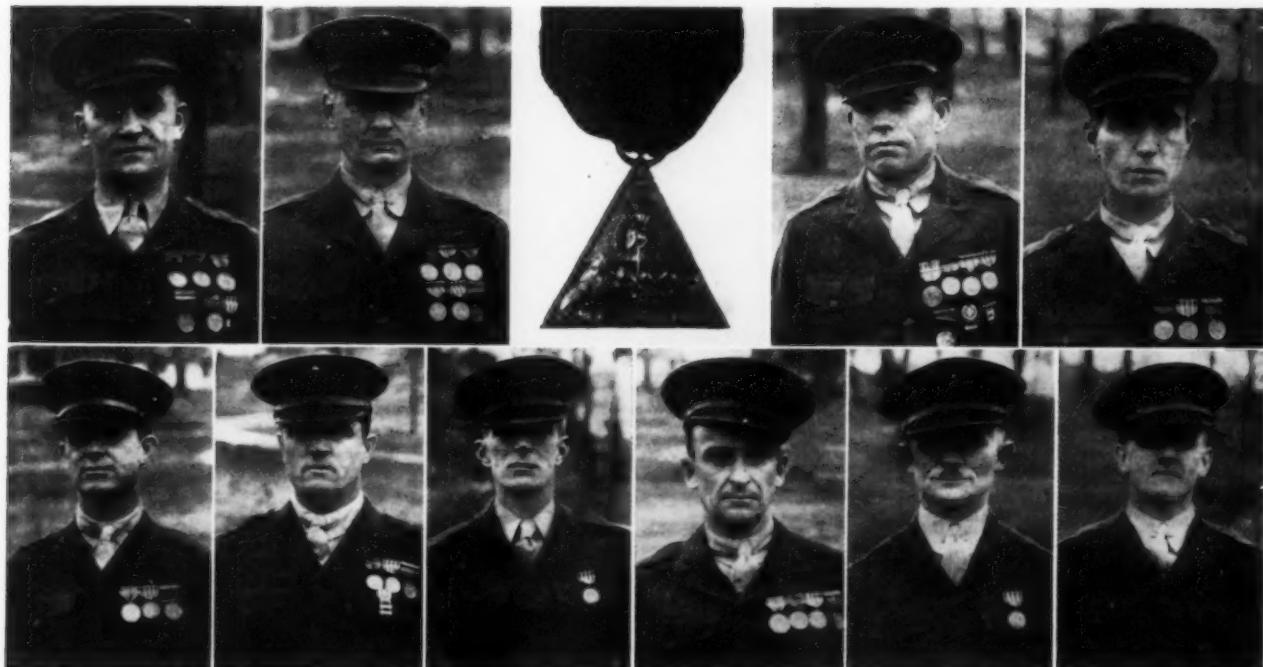
MARINES DECORATED BY THE NICARAGUAN GOVERNMENT

Lined up with the Major General Commandant and Brigadier General Lee just before the "E" Battalion marched in review in their honor at the ceremonies at Quantico on April 4, 1933. Dr. Henri De Bayle, Nicaraguan Charge d'Affairs, is shown making the speech of presentation.



QUANTICO MARINES AWARDED THE NICARAGUAN CROSS OF VALOR

Upper row, left to right: M.T.-Sgt. Morris K. Kurtz; 1st Sgt. Clyde R. Darrah; 1st Sgt. Paul Kerns; Gy-Sgt. James F. Hill. Bottom row: Gy-Sgt. Donald McDonald; Gy-Sgt. Neal G. Williams; Gy-Sgt. Robert V. Burns; Staff Sgt. Irvin V. Masters, and Pvt. Otis R. Shelnutt.



QUANTICO MARINES AWARDED THE NICARAGUAN MEDAL OF MERIT

Upper row, left to right: Sgt.-Maj. Henry F. Kloth; Q.M.-Sgt. August A. Hey; M.T.-Sgt. Ira Babcock, and M.T.-Sgt. Oscar L. George. Bottom row: Gy-Sgt. Joseph Dupuy; Gy-Sgt. George E. Gardner; Gy-Sgt. Jackson B. Hancock; Sgt.Maj. Lee T. Bowen; Pfc. Rudolph H. Schonning, and Pvt. Ezra L. Boswell.

to incident which I think needs mentioning. It seems that two certain fellows of this outfit (one of them lately of Haiti) were on their way to Baltimore. While enroute, they were suddenly halted by the State Police. We know that for a certainty because the description of the hotel they mentioned tells us more than any words could. Now they are back with us, and everything is hunky-dory, but I understand that the pocketbook is just a little thinner than it was before the incident occurred.

The Rifle Range Detachment has again shot forth in all its glory. If you don't mind my saying so, I happened to be out there with some twenty-five others of the First Signal Company, and therefore, I know that I am not the only one with sore and aching bones. Let's hope that all who are on the range make the money scores. I have an idea that they will try as they never tried before. That will help with the 15 per cent pay cut coming up. Personally, I recommend that they should have made 15 per cent beer and a 3.2 per cent pay cut.

Recently the recreation room of the Signal Company was moved. It is popular with the men where it is now situated, and you may rest assured that it is kept in the best running order. Corporal Benham, who has charge, is diligent in this respect.

The Signal Company is contemplating a baseball team in the coming intra-post league. The exact dope has yet to be ascertained. While it is still to be threshed out by the officials, I think it would be a good idea to explain more about that at a later date. Incidentally, we have several good handball and tennis players. They may be seen on the courts most any time after working hours.

This comes to you through the courtesy of the First Signal World-Wide Hookup on the Field Platoon mosquito network, scattered over the frequency of twenty-five delapidated motorcycles. Next month we will be with you again in behalf of the Armenians (they starved to death). As the clock in your tower strikes thirteen the face on the bar room floor will smile as it knows that this program is about to end.



The New Quantico

BLUE NOTES

By Johnson

The following article is an excerpt from the column "Radio Parade" of the *Washington Herald* written by "The Globe Trotter."

"Lieutenant Leon Brusiloff, of the United States Marine Reserves, was conducting a rehearsal at Quantico Barracks recently. His organization of 60 men showed intense interest as the popular conductor put them through their paces, and 'went to town.' But the men are soldiers first and musicians second. So, imagine Leon's embarrassment when right in the middle of a 'hot' number, came an order for twenty men to be detailed immediately to help on a bridge construction job. The bandsmen, of course, did not stand on the order of their going, but went and liked it. Lieutenant Brusiloff stood there waving his baton and one of

the departing Marines turned and waved back at him. Leon chuckles when he tells of the interruption of his rehearsal. He said 'For bridge builders they took away from me, two clarinet players, a bass fiddle, two slide trombones and I forget what else.'

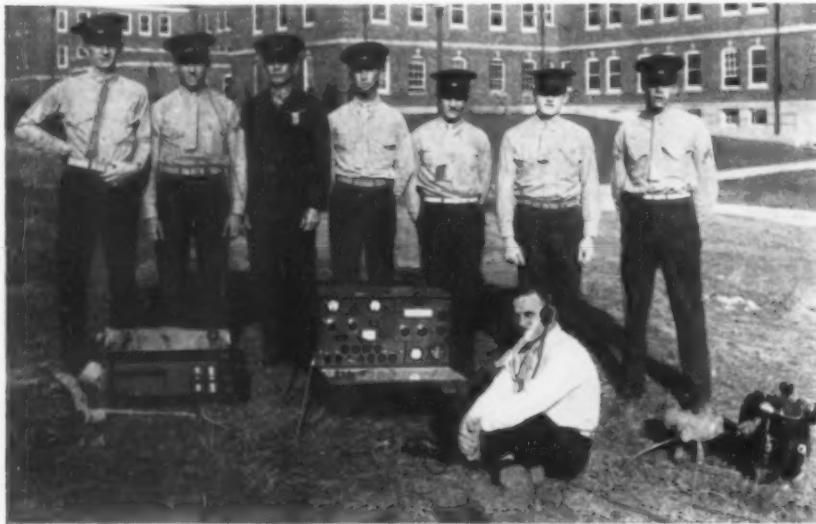
"It must be amusing to see these artists dropping their picelos for rivets and their tenor clarinets for sledge hammers. Most likely they talked about 'diminished thirds' and 'diminuendoes' while finishing the bridge, and of course it was 'built to scale'."

THINGS ABOUT QUANTICO

By A. Bum

So this is Quantico!! Let us look about and see just what we do see. Yes, here are staff non-coms standing "chow" formations and talking of that mess they used to have out in China or down in this or that country. Staff Sergeant Quinn of the Pay Office handling the catsup bottle so often that he unthinkingly put catsup on his hotcakes. A bottle of milk per man each morning for breakfast. A grumbling post exchange man. Now did you ever see one that didn't grumble—and you know the Sergeant Major's office is always filled with applications of exchange men trying to get line duty. Yeah!! Staff Sergeant Slayton still slaying them at the Hostess House. Gunnery Sergeant Dupuy receiving a decoration and blaming First Sergeant Carlton for it all. Then there is "Ollie" Olsen, former Swedish Ambassador to Nicaragua, and two staff sergeants, eating breakfast every morning at the Hostess House. Gunnery Sergeant Wilk worrying about the proposed amendment to the beer bill prohibiting sale to persons under 16 years of age. Gy-Sgt. William A. Lee still receiving Navy crosses. Gunnery Sergeant Brooks with a "shiner" with no explanations offered. A band that is soldierly and, believe it or not, they keep step. Qm-Sgt. Bennie Cryts all married and settled down. Supply Sergeant and Mrs. "Rube" Collins relating the fact that they were promised China last fall but did not get to go.

And can you imagine these things at Quantico: Someone getting in the messhall ahead of First Sergeant Otto Roos? Sergeant Vann of Post Headquarters breaking the speed limits and listed as a reckless



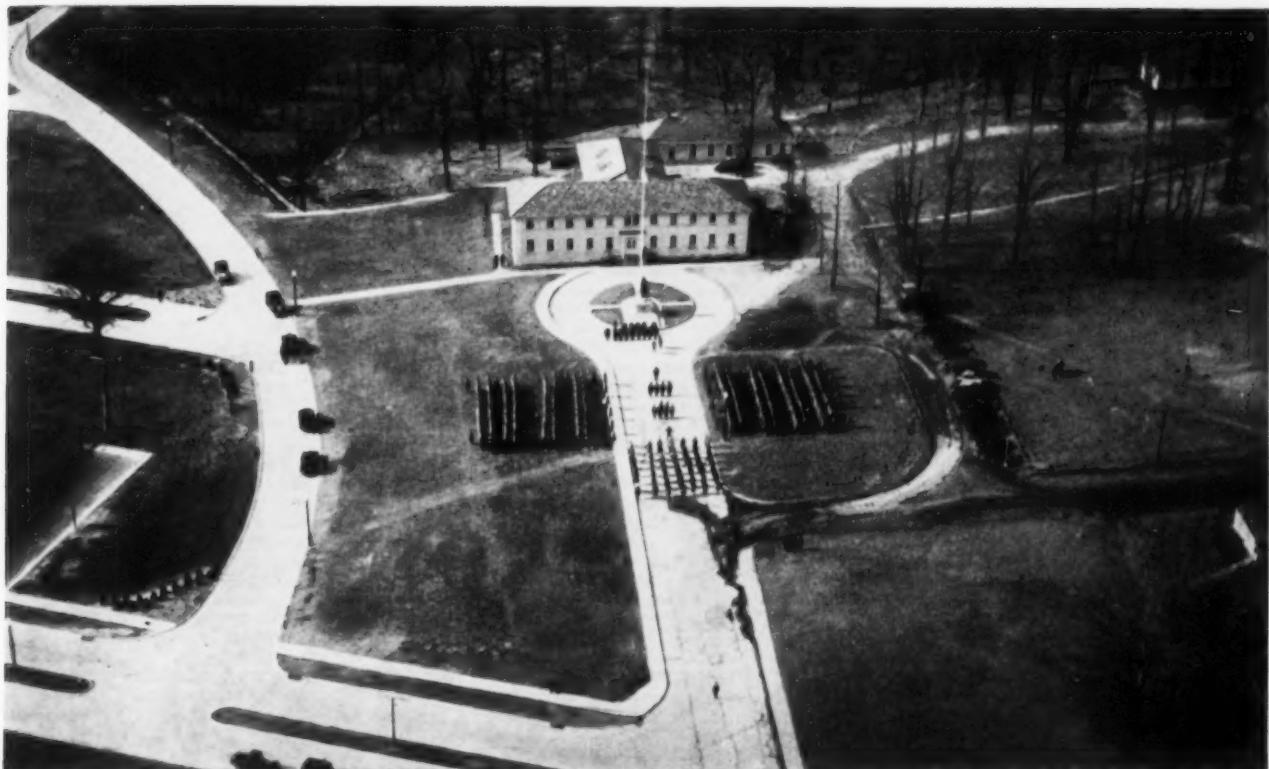
1ST SIGNAL COMPANY, MB., QUANTICO, VA.

Battalion-Regiment Short Wave Radio Set, Type MC-100. Total Weight 206 pounds. Standing, left to right: Pvt. N. S. Ward; Cpl. A. P. Wingo; Gy-Sgt. R. S. Reed; Pvt. D. E. Phillips; Pvt. W. E. Johnson; Pvt. J. P. Williams; Cpl. B. J. Bailey. Sitting: Pvt. E. L. Boswell.

May, 1933

THE LEATHERNECK

Twenty-five



GENERAL RUSSELL TURNS OVER THE COMMAND OF QUANTICO TO GENERAL BRECKENRIDGE
Ceremonies held on January 30, 1933, showing the staffs of the Post and of the Marine Corps Schools, the "E"
Battalion commanded by Lt. Col. Andrew B. Drum, and the Post Band under Chief Marine Gunner Talbot.



MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VA.

Post power plant, Commissary and Quartermaster Depot in foreground. Barracks buildings, each designed to hold one battalion, shown in center. An eighth barracks building is planned for the far end of the front row.

driver. A first sergeant of "E" Battalion having a correct roster of the personnel of his company? That sergeant who asked what Marine Corps Order Forty-One was? Someone enjoying a cigarette with his coffee in the mess hall? A fellow wondering why we have pay movies?

MOTOR EXHAUST OF QUANTICO

By G. C. Heinrich

A known fact about our Miller being a sheik, due to his untimely exile, the women in these parts are still undetermined as to whether they should accept "Windy Willie Wilkins" as a substitute, whose line is just a little too weak in comparison to "Gabby Miller's."

What strange power has this Mervine over women when they call for him by truck loads? It's not because he is good to look at, but he sure can put that fellow Clarke Gable to shame. His friends as well as his enemies call him "POP EYE."

Since Brundage, our Truckmaster, one of the many we have here, had a new top put on his Ford, he has been mooning around for rain to see if it will leak, so he can sell his trusted umbrella, which served him so well in the past. Try and sell it to Trostle, he needs one.

There are some proud Marines in this outfit, they have received their Yangtze Medal.

These men are so weighted down that they look like the Hunchback of Notre Dame. Are they proud, and how!

Who is so bright that his reflection blinds him so he fails to see a truck as large as the one Czerwenski drives? He claims it was the sun, but we know better. He should wear smoked glasses. Save the transportation. Take a hint, Lindley, the mail must go through.

COMMUNITY SINGING

By D. J. B.

Not long ago a community singing fest started at the Quantico post gym. My, oh my! Where will it end? While it started off with a show of timidity, it is a pleasure to report that the people of Quantico certainly can sing. Verification may be had by calling on Ripley.

Two negroes were shooting craps in the middle of the railroad tracks about three miles from Quantico. Toot, toot, screamed the engineer through his whistle. The boys kept right on trying to woo Lady Luck. The engineer climbed out of the cab and walked up where the two ink spots were shooting the spotted cubes, and asked why his whistle had been disregarded. The ebony-hued sons of Africa answered, "White folks, dose people in dat big building in Quantico is singing so loud dat I se can't hear myself talk to dese

here dominoes."

Each company certainly put out their share of singers. Even some in the capacity of leaders. One of the old stand-bys of the cheering section put in his appearance recently. Just the same old Goofy Bailey, and he likes his job. Just sing and sing, and Bailey will be the happiest man in the post. He takes this opportunity to tell you that your efforts are appreciated, and he hopes that you will keep up the good work.

We sing all the old popular songs and some of the new numbers of today and tomorrow. Whoa, not so fast, just the numbers of yesterday and today. The songs are flashed on the screen, and then, it is only a question of reading out loud. If you can't read, whistle. Some are unfortunate enough to think that they are unable to sing. Tush, tush, that is not the idea. If you try, you are doing more than those who just sit and enjoy the singing. They must enjoy it or they wouldn't come.

Let us hope that everyone will give his or her best in trying to make this singing something to be talked of, not only at this post but in every post. Let's make the eskimo put on his ear muffs. Agreed! Well, everyone be sure and be at the gym at seven forty-five every Tuesday and Thursday evening for community singing.



ATM

LEXINGTON MINUTEMEN

By Geo. A. Rennacker

We've come to the conclusion that we were just a bit hasty and over optimistic in predicting the outcome of the All Navy Whaleboat races. We had fun trying, and had the satisfaction of making it a close race if there is any satisfaction in that, but that infernal Wee-Vee outfit seems to have a perpetual jinx on us. Well, as long as we had to lose we are glad it was to the *West Virginia*. Next year will be another year and we may gain another quarter of an inch on them.

1st Sgt. M. C. Richardson finally became tired of seeing nothing but water in his backyard and after nearly four years of sea-going has been transferred to Mare Island. Richardson was well liked by all, and it was with real regret that we saw his departure from this vessel. He has been replaced by 1st Sgt. Robert A Smith from the Base at San Diego. Smith was only at the Base for a few days, however, coming there from the Naval Prison at Mare Island. Incidentally, he was on the outside of the bars.

Other recent additions to our guard are Pvt. R. C. Jones, W. L. Ramsey, G. R. Williams and Pfc. C. Ferguson, all from the Base. Ferguson is a former member of this detachment, so he already feels right at home.

The big question in the detachment now is whether or not there will be an Expeditionary Medal issued for the Campaign of Long Beach. If you read your daily paper at all, you are aware, by this time, that we were recently on the receiving end of one of the best earthquakes passed out by Mother Earth in some time. The entire incident

was quite a novel departure from the usual sea going routine, and from all appearances will be the only topic of conversation for some time.

The first and most serious shock struck us just as the Guard of the Day were falling in for evening colors. As it happened they fell in on the forward elevator due to the presence of so many planes on the flight deck, and with that first jolt they rose almost as one man and came down on a more solid part of the ship. It seems that their first thought was that the elevator was falling. Eye witnesses claim that Corporal Boerke broke the world's broad jumping record.

Down in the living compartments the initial reaction was nearly as bad. We thought at first a magazine had blown up, and Corporal Swenson was half way through an open port before the semi-paralyzed men sitting around recovered sufficiently to drag him back in. We thought at first that all the rivets would be shaken out, but as soon as it became apparent that the ship was not going to sink the boys put their life jackets away and returned to discuss what happened.

We were not left in doubt long on this score, however, for the O. D. called the office and told us to stand by to go ashore under arms, and almost before we had time to assimilate that bit of information we were headed for Pine Avenue Pier. Arriving on the pier Lieutenant Pressley formed us into the usual column of squads and we marched through a litter of fallen bricks and other debris to the City Hall, where other ships' detachments and detachments of sailors were assembling for assignment to different parts of Long Beach and Compton.

Part of our Guard had the detail of re-

moving prisoners from jail in the City Hall to a place of safety across the street, where they were held under guard until about seven the next morning. That that particular bit of guarding was well done was proven conclusively by the remarks of several of the prisoners, who were overheard to state that thereafter they would take the earthquake in preference to a Marine guard.

Several of the men were ashore on liberty at the time and had reported to the Chief of Police for duty wherever they might be needed. Private First Class Radmann and Private Frakes were given a police car and told to drive around looking for injured or dead among the ruins. Private First Class Bullitt was assigned to the Seaside Hospital, and was commended for his efficient work there. Sergeant Hade was made a traffic cop, and he certainly had his hands full trying to unscramble the mess made by hundreds of ears trying to get out of the city. And, to make matters worse, some thoughtful person picked up a young lady who had fainted on the street and handed her to Hade. Being woman shy in the first place, Hade was at a loss as to what to do, so he continued to direct traffic with the girl in his arms. In a short time she recovered consciousness and Hade was able to turn her loose. Some of these Gyrenes claim that she promptly fainted again when she discovered where she was. Something certainly happened to Hade during the time he was holding her, though, because he has started combing his hair, and that was almost as much of a shock to us as the quake. In fact, at first we thought we had received a new Sergeant. At any rate he still bemoans the fact that

he let her get away without learning her name or making a date.

One thing this earthquake served to do was to bring to light an unusual number of homes and wives of members of this guard in the immediate vicinity of Long Beach. This was brought about by an edict of the Executive Officer to the effect that only those men having families or relatives in the immediate vicinity of Long Beach would be allowed liberty during the existing crisis. Corporal Boerke, an ardent booster of the East Coast, who had frequently been heard to announce that all his folks were East and that he'd shoot any who headed for California, suddenly discovered an aged aunt living nearby. Men who ordinarily wouldn't be seen in the company of a woman overnight developed wives and families. (And isn't that something?) The climax to the whole thing came when Private First Class Stuck his head into the office and announced that he had a dog on the beach that he was worried about!

About the only persons in Southern California who didn't know we had an earthquake were Private First Class Robertson and Private Brewer. Those two daring young men had just acquired brand new second hand motorcycles, and their life from then on has been one long repetition of shocks. From the talk going on in the compartments we'll soon have a motorcycle club, too, several more members of the guard having expressed their intentions of jeopardizing their lives with about the only thing more tricky than a woman. Brewer says that if the darn thing could cook he'd marry it.

Four Marines out of this detachment are slated to go to the rifle range at La Jolla as part of the Battle Force Rifle and Pistol Team. They are Sergeant Cathey, Private First Class Johnson, and Private Kurella with the rifle, Private First Class Julius with the pistol. These men are all consistent shots and will certainly make some one look to their laurels. The Battle Force team will leave for the range about the first of April to prepare for the Western Division Matches.

Yes, and come to think of it we'd better leave this right now and start preparing for Captain's inspection tomorrow.

U. S. S. PENSACOLA PENS

By Pvt. Al L. Olmstead

All you old salts cast your blinkers on this column, because really and truly, you are about to be informed of how things are on the good ship *Pensacola*. Perhaps regular readers of these columns think that the *Pensacola* has gone out of commission, but quite the contrary, we are very much alive.

Recently much commotion was created by fourteen of the "old salts" leaving the ship, to be replaced by the same number of recently graduated alumni of the "Oyster College" in Norfolk, Va. These new men took the places of the older members of the detachment in the ranks only—because the majority of the remaining original detachment will soon be going up for promotion.

The older fellows enjoyed quite a laugh from the rookies watching them become contortionist over night trying to become acclimated to sleeping in hammocks.

Much credit for the efficiency of the *Pensacola*'s Marine Detachment is due to the efforts of First Lieutenant LePage Crommiller, Jr. In this role he is ably assisted by 1st Sgt. Eddie M. Gorman and Gunnery Sgt. E. J. Kamiski. This also goes to show why the *Pensacola* produces championship whaleboat and gun crews.

Scuttle-butt news has it that the ship will return to Brooklyn Navy Yard in the latter part of April for an overhauling, although not an official report as yet. It is truly the hope of the Marine Detachment that this is true, because the East Coast seems to be the "stomping grounds" for many of us.

Stand by, for next month, we promise a list of promotions, and, too, by that time perhaps the writer will be a little "saltier" and more acclimated to the news and hopes to provide readers with something of interest.

MARINE DETACHMENT, USS HENDERSON

By V. L. L.

On the sixteenth of December, 1932, a statement was sent out from the Major General Commandant that a Marine Detachment would be formed for duty aboard the U.S.S. *Henderson*, under the supervision of Capt. A. S. Hickey and Lt. Comm. F. K. O'Brien. Captain Hickey, a young skipper but a stern and snappy officer, does a very thorough job of keeping our two million dollar sea-going home well up to standard. His pride in having things done right was made manifest from the beginning.

We could say many nice things about our Executive Officer, Lt. Commander O'Brien, who has what the magazine advertisements would call "A magnetic personality," but the space will not permit, so we'll not go into details here. He has done everything within his power toward securing what we believe to be the best sea-going duty available for Marines. Our bunks, quarters, chow, and privileges are of the best obtainable. Thanks to Commander O'Brien, we received orders that the detachment would be increased to an officer and seventeen enlisted men who will be introduced as of the first order.

First Sgt. William L. Barron and Cpl. Victor L. Logsdon were given the honor of being the first Marines aboard as a part of this new detachment. Our first trip was to Corinto, Nicaragua, to evacuate all the Marines out of that (peaceful) little country. We returned to the states, and stopped at Norfolk and Quantico to disembark these tropical heroes, who, as I understand it, were given a dinner and a dance in honor of their home-coming. We sailed for Philadelphia, where we stayed for two weeks before the detachment embarked for its first trip to the Orient.

Our new detachment commander, 1st Lt. J. H. N. Hudnall, trim and military in appearance, came aboard March first, at San Diego. He appears to be a very able and conscientious leader, and we feel that his and our interests are the same. There is nothing to keep us from working with perfect coordination, and the entire detachment hopes that we are together for a long time.

In 1st Sgt. William L. Barron we have the personification of perfect military efficiency, who says little, but does plenty. He carefully instructed us in our duties and started things off with a bang.

The remainder of the detachment, comprised of a clerk, a police sergeant, six orderlies, six switchboard operators, and two messengers, possesses all the characteristics to be desired or abhorred by human beings. Cpl. V. L. (Cocky) Logsdon, our clerk, a rather serious individual, centers his interest for the most part in our progress and good looking girls. Police Sgt. Victor C. (Nibbs) Brown, our admirable and jolly Corporal from the plains of Texas, must knock off writing and receive so much mail. He checks our discipline but allows himself to wander too far astray where the red-headed fair sex is concerned.

The Captain's orderlies do all the bucking, but Big Bill Tate, a Private First Class from Brooklyn Navy Yard, says he's about through, since he's discovered there's no vacancy for corporal. He is going to make life easy now by using his long line of breeze to good advantage. "Snuffy" Woods, another Private First Class from Brooklyn, is usually good natured until some wise private hides or puts pepper in his snuff—then he shouts, "That's snuff now." We can't get much dope on Pte. "Bedtime" H. M. Shelton. He seldom talks, except in line of duty (we're still waiting for a sound off). Pvt. F. R. (Stern) Sternkopf, an ex-*Antares* Marine, says he like the sea O. K. but it wouldn't faze him at all if the cruise to China were cancelled. Pvt. H. A. Young, "The Hollywood School Boy," formerly of the *Louisville* detachment, has looks that slay the fair sex, but strictly refuses to cheat cause he says his blonde sweetheart is sewing and knitting while he's away. We've heard that before. Pvt. F. A. "Jimmy" Brouillet is also in the detachment, but we'll keep him under close observation for a while yet, as he is an ex-gunner's mate from the good ship *Utah*.

We like our switch board operators but af-



Marines Aboard the U. S. S. *Henderson* at Honolulu and Bound for China



Henderson Marines on an Unofficial Good Will Tour in Old Cathay

ter overhearing conversations in the wardroom and elsewhere, we can't regard their efficiency too highly. If they don't find some logical substitute for arguing over chow reliefs we'll leave them off at Guam and recruit six new men from the ranks of the 19th route army.

Pvt. C. Z. (Touchy) Traynham, another lovebird, is an exponent of all things agricultural. We hear he's trying to persuade First Sergeant Barron to allow him to see the Executive Officer about planting a crop of corn on the forecastle. Pvt. P. K. (Percy) Alford says his pal, Pvt. F. L. "K. O." Jankech is tropical and can't be held responsible, but who should laugh? They were both shipmates in the Banana Fleet. Both of them, however, have our deepest sympathy. Jankech sets in a neutral all day long shining cap visors, and Alford talks in his sleep about school days, and the levees of Mississippi. Here's hoping they stay out of the sun. Pvt. Harold (Swampy) Marsh, although quiet, and unassuming holds his own nicely and is well liked by all. He too is from the Banana Fleet. Pvt. Paul "Octell" Brewington recently from M. B., Washington, D. C. and Nicaragua, would be all right if Spanish were a dead language, but at present he's worse than a spic parrot. We hope American environment changes him. Pvt. E. A. "Chubby" Mills, our loquacious operator, is well suited for his new job. His only fault is his inability to stop out-talking those seeking numbers and phone information.

Last, but not least, our humble detachment has two dashing messengers. Pvt. G. C. "Mercury" Harmon hails from M. B., Washington, D. C., and should be a worthy successor to Flo Ziegfeld, judging from the way he criticizes the damsels. The other messenger, Pvt. R. E. "Chow Hound" Wright, also from M. B., Washington, D. C., and should be remembered there, has brought on his shoulders the wrath of the detachment for grabbing chow. He's always on the verge of starvation between meals. We suggest that he buy his own chow as a remedy.

Although we, like all other people, are subject to making errors, we feel that with time we shall mold ourselves into a very snappy and spirited outfit which we hope and intend will be second to none in the Marine Corps, but to accomplish that we must apply plenty of effort. You'll hear from us soon as we're going places and see things.

ARKANSAS REPORTS

Well, Leathernecks, perhaps we will be able to shake off the appellation of the "Lost Battalion" applied to us by San Francisco papers, the Ship's ARKLITE and as far as I know by Marine Corps Headquarters since we haven't been on the official mailing list since last November. That probably will be corrected as soon as they hear what we did in the stricken earthquake area.

You see as a usual thing, little things like expeditions to Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, Haiti and China are such frequent occurrences that they hardly merit the name of news, that is as far as the Marines are concerned. But take these earthquakes and you have something else again. Earthquakes may be as Van Loon says "Only temporary inconveniences in the great land of California sunshine," but let us be thankful that they aren't more frequent.

At about 1800 on Friday, March 10, a violent shuddering of the ship occurred. Some of us wondered which magazine had blown up, others how many boilers were involved, and still others, more enlightened from previous experiences, made our way to the topside to see what indication there was of damage to the surrounding beach cities. Practically all lights were out on the shore line and the natural supposition was that considerable damage must have been done.

The call that came an hour later wasn't at all surprising and the First Separate Training Battalion was truly "the first to land" since in less than three quarters of an hour, a hundred men and three officers were on Pier Street landing awaiting orders; many minutes before the arrival of the next contingent of relief details from the Fleet. Then for fourteen hours of continuous duty, some acting as stretcher bearers, some searching for victims in the debris of the fallen buildings, some directing traffic out of the torn and twisted downtown area and still others taking the job of preventing pillaging and safeguarding the residential areas. How well the job was done is somewhat indicated by the Los Angeles Writer who said, "It was hard to get into the stricken area, there are Navy Patrols which one sometimes can get by but when you run into a Marine, who says 'Stop!—Well! one stops!'"

The following morning found us somewhat better organized and a detail of sixty men from the Battalion aided by twenty

men from the Ship's Detachment took over and carried on the duties.

At least one question that has been bothering all of us has been answered and that is "Why were we on here anyway?" Perhaps now is the time for those of us who have stuck by the ship (we were credited in these pages sometime ago of being proud of our ability to take it) long enough to see that question answered should get one of those long looked-for breaks and be ordered back East.

It is indicated that we may be required to go ashore on temporary duty for another week to assist the civil authorities in taking care of this emergency since the Fleet is required to be at sea and will be unable to send daily patrols as has been the order since the quake.

LEXINGTON BIRDMEN

By P. J. C.

Since disembarking from the *Lexington*, Scouting FIFTEEN has acquired space for a storeroom and a radio shack and before the rains (Yes, sunny California has its rainy season), we hope to have sufficient space for an honest-to-goodness office. Think of it, gentlemen—organized in November, 1931, in this United States of America, we have finally managed to secure a storeroom and a radio shack and a regular parking space to tie down our planes. Why in a couple more years we might actually get a hangar.

Staff Sgt. Bobby Roberts, who helped Lt. Roberts keep down the requisitions for stationery, cleaning rags, etc., had to leave for Quantico owing to exp. of enl. He said he would have extended for VS-15M, if it were in Quantico. Staff-Sgt. Watson (our one and only Senator) took over Bobby's job.

Pvt. Harold N. Stoflet left us for the MB., Great Lakes, Ill. Stoflet claimed that guard duty at the Lakes will not be a novelty after the numerous 12-4's he did around the Disbursing Office.

Pvt. George H. Farland was promoted to Private First Class, and Kenneth E. Hodo hopped up to Corporal. Our left-handed radio operator, Lester Crawford, was handed Hodo's fourth class specialist, while James G. Eason eased into Crawford's fifth class specialist.

Cpl. Charles W. Chambers, with the Jr. after his name, was discharged and re-enlisted on board. Chambers is the first man to be discharged from this squadron, although many have been transferred to the nearest Marine Barracks for discharge.

We have quite a few men on furlough now—the Leading Chief, Elmblade; three Crew Chiefs, Saleedo, Schaler and Chambers; Staff-Sergeant Hobbs, the Engineering *Jefe* and, last but not least, Private MacDonald, the man-of-all-work.

Corporal Dawdy, our indefatigable parachute rigger, has signified his intention to "air chute" for the new aviation squadron on the *Ranger*, when and if it is organized.

Sgt. Arthur H. Bourne, our pleasant speaking, even tempered ordnance-man, was disappointed the other day, about a transport. Bourne (an East Coast conversationalist) intends to reenlist at Quantico in July and has been ranting about a transfer to Quantico since last July.

Although there is no official dope on the disbandment of VS-15M and the formation of the new squadron for the *Ranger*, rumors here are thicker than chips on a carpenter shop floor.

At present we are in the midst of our gunnery and as usual the sunny (?) California weather is delaying the schedule.

IDAHO SPUDS

By W. C. Edmonson

Greetings! We've been off the air for the past few months due to over-liberty and work, but in the future, we'll try to be on the job.

I see by the papers (and my name isn't Will Rogers) that some of the foreign states like North Carolina are to have beer soon. Well, we won't have far to go. Elizabeth City, here we come.

On the first of the month we had three new additions to the detachment, Trumpeter Wright, Privates Robert E. Waggoner and Elus E. Burke. All seem to be making themselves at home and the salt air seems to agree with some of them more than it usually does with most individuals. We also had three transfers in March. First came the transfer of First Sergeant Turpin to the Marine Barrack, NNY, for further transfer to the Reserves. At present he is on furlough in Georgia, wonder if he'll ever regain that old "Georgia Cracker Accent?" Next the transfer of Pvt. Delmas L. Bryant to S. D., and Pvt. Harry G. Selberg suddenly made up his mind to go along. My gosh, I nearly overlooked the fact that we had a new First Sergeant report aboard on the fifteenth of March. His name is Patrick Corbett and from the looks of things, he certainly knows his business. He is getting acquainted with the routine here on the ship and seems to like his new duties.

We had three promotions on the first of April. Private First Class Gould was elevated to the heights of Corporal; Privates Lawless and Saunders are one stripe to the good now, numerous others who had the stripes sewed on their shirts (mentally), were demoted publicly.

Private Simon finally was paid off and started in on his extension. Thank Heaven, we won't have to hear any more about what he is going to do with his money or how many days he will have to make up. To date he has been talking about getting paid off in his sleep, at his meals, etc., until some of the men were about to take up a collection to get him to quiet down. You've heard that old query, "Which came first the chicken or the egg?" Well, some of the men have been wondering, "Who came first Simon or Moses?"

Private First Class Lawless is about to give birth to an encyclopedia or a dictionary, maybe both, it's hard to tell which as he was heard to say, "Really, I think this is the most gorgeous table service I've seen since I joined the M.C., don't you know?"

Private First Class Salley is busy these days collecting bars, badges and decorations in preparation for his next trip home. He intends to show the native. Private First Class Smith has a new motto all his own, here it is, "You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time, BUT, you can't fool SMITTY at any time. (I love me.)

We didn't have any idea that Pfc Slug Perlick was married until recently someone was heard to remark that it was about time for him to pass around the cigars. Of course, that may mean something.

Corporal Gould has decided to make a long trip via the matrimonial route. He says it has taken him quite some time to make the trip from the porch swing to the altar.

That seems to be about all the dirt I can dish at this sitting, so I'll knock-off for the time being.

THE TENNESSEE TATTLER

By Alfred H. Burtress

From the sound of the chipping hammers I gather we are again in the Navy Yard at Bremerton, Washington. Spring joins hands with us to make a pleasant eight weeks of overhaul. We have all paid a visit to the gas chamber and it was enjoyed by all hands, particularly Cpl. Jimmy Fell, who hasn't wept like this since last camp meeting.

The chance to go to the rifle range at Camp Fort Lewis is anticipated by all, especially by we new comers. It not only gives us a chance to take five dollars of Uncle's money, but to get our feet on terra firma again.

Truluck and Vehorn, a couple of "furniners," joined us as "brass pounders." They are now full fledged members of "R" division; they spend so much time with the "flatfeet," that Vehorn is often seen running around in full dress, minus the shoes. Truluck often musters enough courage to visit us, and his recreation is standing in the corner admiring the Marines. Members of the Guard have completely recovered when they saw one of Auburn's latest, being piloted down Ocean Avenue by none other than "Sluefoot Wilson" in full dress, and Mansfield riding in state, well aft. We always knew Mansfield could put on a champagne front on a beer income, but what spell has he over Wilson? Is that peculiar smell in the vicinity of Malliek's hammock, Goona—Goona love powder? Ye scribe wonders!!!

The new guests to "Daggy's Inn" (otherwise known as the Brig), are "Sir Narbeth," "Count Nieber" and the one and only "Professor John M. McKinney." The food is closely supervised by our noted dietician "Captain" Daggy himself in person. These above named guests advise anyone troubled with the ailment commonly known as "A.O.L." to join them and spend a few days partaking of the "cake and wine." It will not only put you in shape, but cure your wanderlust. (They are not paid for this statement.) The chief complaint is the lack of phones, but the watchfulness of the "sea going bell hops," makes up the difference in service.

The way a certain Corporal instructed a willing student to take sulphur without molasses, was effective, but disastrous. Semons claims he doesn't mind the fact that only Barracks are to get beer, as long as he has the flaming red-head in Seattle to spend the fleeting hours of a forty-eight with. Ex-Private First Class Epstein is on leave in Seattle somewhere for a few days!!! Olson claims he joined the Marine Corps to see the world, but he can't explain the blessed event.

The gang in closing sends their regards to Hendrix, Hall, Brown, Mitchell, Fisher, and Johnson. Here's hoping that these bread lines aren't too long, or the weather too cold.



THE U. S. S. NEW YORK NEWS

By F. E. Candell

Although it is constitutionally legal, it is impossible to put into print every thought that may enter a writer's mind; so I will have to cut such phrases and adjectives that would bring the wrath of my buddies to bear upon me. However, if when reading through this article, you may read between the lines; that you may do and I am innocent of spreading news of scandalous nature.

Our commanding officer is Captain A. A. Gladden. 2nd Lieut. G. W. Cloud takes charge in advent of our Captain's absence. In direct charge we have First Sergeant Huey and Gunnery Sergeant Bennington. It is not for us to pass on the efficiency of these men, they have our every interest at heart.

Recently some new warrants have been issued. Corporal Biffle advanced to Sergeant. The two openings left in the Corporal ranks were filled by Parker and Spleen. Three new private first class rates were given. In these places we have Munikittrick, Jamosky and Paddock, bugler.

Gone from our vision are the card games; a new pastime has taken their places. This new fad is known as jig-saw puzzles. On every side can be seen men, regardless of rank, frantically trying to see if this piece doesn't fit in that or some other place. Of these puzzle-mad Marines, I would list Sergeant Adams, Corporal Lane and Kaczmarek as the most adept in the art of fitting "these things" together.

We have Corporal Parker and Private First Class Cross enrolled in the Academy preparation class which is being conducted aboard this ship.

Cross proved that he knows mathematics by winning a bet on the subject. The bettor was a sailor; the question was concerning radials; the bet, a cigar; the outcome—Cross smoked the cigar and another gob is somewhat wiser.

Many of our men are going around with long faces waiting for that letter from the young lady, who promised to write. When mail comes out these days, it is a wonder that someone doesn't get killed in the rush.

The detachment was given a treat in the gas-chamber. What with the depression, pay cuts and gloomy weather, it would be a good idea to give us laughing gas instead of tear gas.

Sergeant Biffle won a ten dollar purse in a rifle match held while we were at anchor in San Francisco Bay. Biffle and Bingham are our representatives on the ship's rifle and pistol teams.

Credit must be given to Private First Class Jamosky for winning the ship's non-professional heavyweight wrestling championship. Others to make a good showing in the interdivision meets were Privates Glenn and Taylor, boxing; Cross, wrestling.



By William M. Camp

San Diego, Calif., March 31.—Nearaguan episodes, ranging from the Managua earthquake to attacks on bandits in the Central American jungles, were recalled today when eight San Diego Marines were presented with the Nearaguan cross of valor and medals of merit at a dress parade in which the whole command under Brigadier General Bradman passed in review before the heroic Marines.

Following the military decorations and laudatory citations sent to the United States Marines by President Jose M. Monacada of Nicaragua, a squadron of Marine fighting planes swooped down to offer their salute to the first Marines stationed on the Pacific coast to receive these high military honors.

Sgt. John A. Burns, who "distinguished himself extraordinarily as second in command of Guardia Nacional patrols near the Honduras frontier, from April 23 to 26, 1932, defeating bandits led by the famed Carlos Salgado. His conduct and aggressiveness under enemy fire were a source of inspiration to the members of the patrols and contributed greatly to the decisive routing of the bandits," cited President Monacada.

Sgt. Maurice A. Chenoweth, who served meritoriously as chief of patrols in the Department of Jinotega, from November, 1929, to March, 1931.

Sgt. Floyd M. McCorkle, cited for directing patrols in five encounters with superior forces and displaying "bravery and leadership."

Cpl. Earl T. Gray, a radio operator, who assumed command of a guardia patrol, because of the illness of his superior, and repelled an attack by brigands against a valuable mine. He led a "quick offensive which disorganized the outlaws," and so skillfully directed the patrols that they routed a very superior force well armed with Springfield and Kragg rifles.

"The exploits of Teniente Gray," wrote President Monacada, "are so notable that they serve as an example to every officer and enlisted man of the Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua."

These four men were *tenientes* or "Sub-lieutenants," i.e., Marine non-commissioned officers in charge of native patrols and guardia. Their *Cruz de Valor* is equal to the United States medal of honor and looks like the British Victoria Cross.

"For exceptional services," four other Marines were awarded the Nearaguan medal of merit by their commanding general, today; Q.M.-Sgts. Leon E. Matthews and Phillip J. Manning, Sgt. John Bambalere and Pvt. Carl C. Jenkins. Matthews won his medal for supply work during the late Managua earthquake.

In addition to these honors, Thea A. Smith was presented with an officer's sword by General Bradman in behalf of his fellow-non-commissioned officers, emblematic of his recent promotion to the rank of pay clerk.

News cameramen and reporters flooded the scene to catch glimpses of the Marine heroes and much ado was made over their splendid performances.

Brig-Gen. F. L. Bradman, commandant of the Marine Corps base, was temporarily attached to the Department of the Pacific during the week of March 17th, and returned after a brief stay in San Francisco. Lt-Col. L. S. Willis was in command during the General's absence from San Diego.

First Sergeant Fred Siegenthaler, who is on re-enlistment furlough in Visalia, Calif., will be transferred to the detachment aboard the USS *West Virginia* upon his return.

Capt. Alton N. Parker, the first pilot to fly over the South Pole during the Byrd expedition and a member of the Marine Corps Reserve, has just completed extended training with the Marine aviators at North Island.

Gy-Sgt. Anthony J. Sears of the aircraft squadrons has been discharged upon expiration of enlistment and again enlisted for four years.

Sgt. Jack Starr was transferred to the headquarters department in San Francisco, leaving many friends in San Diego.

Word has been received by the Marine Base commander that 952 men will be added to the Marine detachments on board ships in the Pacific, starting July 1. All enlisted men with two or more years to serve will be picked for this duty.

Sgt-Maj. Wilfred E. Bassett, recently on duty aboard the USS *California* has reported to the base for duty and has been assigned to the recruit depot.

A letter from the Chaplain of the 4th Marines, Lt. Joseph H. Brooks, states that many social activities are under way in the Oriental station and that the 4th Marines Church continues to be the popular meeting place of Americans in Shanghai. Many former 4th Marines will remember this outstanding activity of the Marines on Asiatic duty and wishes the Chaplain the best of luck in his man-sized task.

Pvt. George B. Flock of the 2nd Signal Company, having completed a course in "civil service, postoffice," has received his diploma from the Marine Corps Institute, accompanied by the congratulations of the Commanding General.

Sgt. Lloyd Marshall, who has been on duty at the commissary for some time, was promoted to the rank of First Sergeant and comes to the base for duty, being assigned to Casual Company "A". Among other notable promotions was that of John Callahan, remembered as the outstanding football player of 1932, to the rank of Sergeant; "Slim" Holland to Corporal, "Frenchie" Bouchard to Private, first class. Sgt. William H. Stagg of the recruit depot was promoted to the rank of gunnery sergeant.

QM-Sgt. Ivan H. Griffin has been transferred to the detachment in Puget Sound, Washington.

Pictures were taken of Headquarters company by the Marine Corps publicity representative here, during a problem in



NICARAGUA DECORATES SAN DIEGO HEROES

Marines on the Pacific Coast Station were awarded the highest military honors of the Nicaraguan Government at a Dress Parade held in San Diego, Calif., in which four men received the Nicaraguan Cross of Valor and four others, the Medal of Merit. Left to right: Sgt. John A. Burns, Sgt. Maurice K. Chenoweth, Sgt. Floyd M. McCorkle, Cpl. Earl T. Gray, Q.M.-Sgt. Phillip J. Manning, Sgt. John Bambalere, Pvt. Carl C. Jenkins. Thea A. Smith was presented with an officer's sword by his fellow non-coms, upon his promotion to the warrant rank of Pay Clerk. All presentations were made by Brig-Gen. F. L. Bradman.



VF-10M AIRCRAFT SQUADRONS, W. C. E. F., SCHIFF TROPHY WINNERS OF 1931-32

Left to right: Gy-Sgt. K. A. Woolsey; ChM. G. M. Wodarczyk; Lt. S. E. Ridderhof; Capt. V. M. Guymon, commanding; Lt. C. R. Freeman; Lt. C. L. Fike; Lt. T. C. Green; Lt. V. J. McCaul, and Staff Sgt. W. E. Word.

combat principles last week. Capt. William F. Brown commands the Company with 1st Sgt. Albert Borek as non-commissioned officer in charge. Headquarters company set up a model camp and were expected to receive the compliments of Headquarters upon their splendid performances on the drill field.

Twenty-five men, in charge of Sergeant Terwiller, left the base on March 17th, for San Francisco where they were further transferred to the navy yard, Pearl Harbor. Among the most popular men to leave on this detail were Cpl. Budwell Price, recently promoted, and Corporal Babb, a Los Angeles boy. Budwell Price was formerly connected with the Publicity Bureau in Philadelphia and left a host of friends upon his departure from San Diego. No news has been received of their arrival in the South Sea station and it is hoped that when this column is read by the former San Diegans, they will remember their buddies who are expecting "travel talks on the broad Pacific!"

Gy-Sgt. William G. Matthews has been transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps reserve after 16 years naval service and resides at 3318 Mountain View Drive, San Diego.

QM-Sgt. Phillip J. Manning, who recently received the Nicaraguan Medal of Merit, has been discharged upon expiration of enlistment and again re-enlisted.

Sgt. Sidney M. Ragsdale, who was discharged April 4 upon the expiration of a six year enlistment, received a special letter of commendation from Major General Meyers, commanding the department of the Pacific, upon his record. He had perfect markings in military efficiency and conduct, served with the 2nd Brigade of Marines in Nicaragua from January, 1928, to January, 1930, and with the Nicaraguan National Guard from November, 1930, to November, 1932, and participated in nine engagements with bandits. During this, his first enlistment, he has been promoted successively to the ranks of private first class, corporal and sergeant. He recently requested permission to visit Nicaragua on his re-enlistment furlough.

Gy-Sgt. William J. O'Hara, who served

in the Marines about 28 years and who has resided in San Diego for four years, died March 29 and was buried March 31 in Greenwood cemetery, the guard of honor and firing squad being furnished by the Marine Base. The Veterans of Foreign Wars were in charge of the funeral ceremonies.

The Male Quartette, directed by Mr. Louis Bangert, officially made their debut in San Diego at a Rotary club meeting in which Admiral Senn, Commandant of the 11th Naval District was honorary speaker. The Marines were complimented by many upon their rare vocal talent. They are to appear over the local broadcasting station and have scheduled themselves to appear at many social functions in and around San Diego.

2nd Lt. Joe McCaffery will arrive here from the navy yard, Pearl Harbor, with the rifle and pistol team from that post to take part in the Western Divisional matches. Joe McCaffery will be remembered as a prominent member of the local Marine football squad of last year.

The First Battalion of the 25th Reserve Marines from Los Angeles and vicinity will arrive here sometime in June to undergo several weeks of training. The Battalion consists of 11 officers, and 170 enlisted men, commanded by Maj. John J. Flynn.

Gy-Sgt. Carlos Martinez, who was on duty last year in connection with the Nicaraguan electoral mission, has returned from furlough and is on duty in the Casual company as grenade instructor.

Gy-Sgt. John D. Lockburner, mess steward, has been admitted to the Naval hospital here for treatment of a serious attack of appendicitis.

1st Sgt. Walter R. Hoper, formerly Base Warden, is at the La Jolla rifle ranges from the USS Louisville and will participate in the rifle and pistol competitions as a member of the Fleet Marine team.

The report of Capt. Roscoe Arnett, commanding the La Jolla rifle ranges, for the month of March shows that 189 men fired the regulation rifle course for requalification and 164, or 87 per cent qualified, 37 as experts, 58 as sharpshooters and 11 as marksmen. Fifty-seven men fired the Brown-

ing Automatic Rifle Course "A" and 55 qualified, 44 as experts and 10 as sharpshooters. In the Browning Automatic Course "B" 27 men fired and 20, or 74 per cent, qualified, 4 as experts, 9 as sharpshooters and seven as marksmen. High scores with the service rifle were made by Gy-Sgt. Charles B. Hughes 333, Pvt. Wawne E. Whittemore 331, Sgt. Irving N. Kelley 329. With the pistol, 1st Lt. Megee was high man with 95 per cent, followed by Gy-Sgt. Ray A. Trevalyan 94 per cent and 1st Lt. C. J. Eldridge and 2nd Lt. C. C. Roberts 93 per cent each. In the Automatic Rifle Course "A," Corporal Allen Adkinson made a score of 669, followed by 1st Lt. Eldridge 663 and 1st Lt. Samuel K. Bird 645.

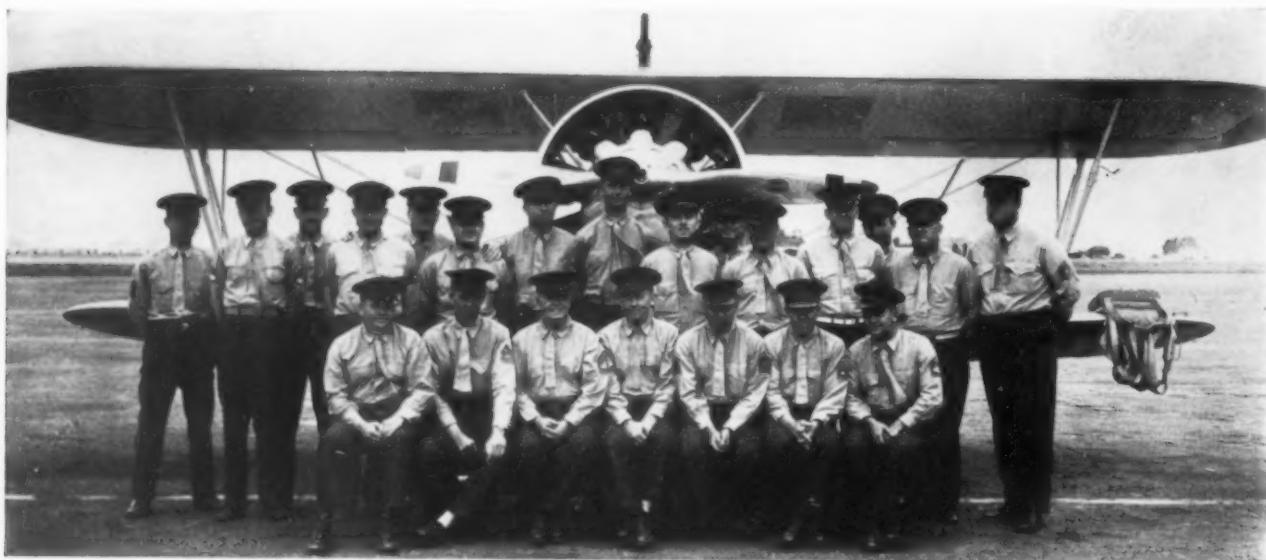
Chief Marine Gunners Silas M. Bankert and John F. Evans are enjoying leave of absence. Chief Gunner Bankert will reach the statutory age of 64 on June 6th and will be retired accordingly on June 30th.

Chief Pay Clerk Oscar F. Gutmann, retired, has made his permanent home in Ocean Beach, Calif., taking the house of Chief QM-Clerk J. C. Brochek who was recently transferred to Shanghai, China. Chief Pay Clerk Gutmann is very well known throughout the Marine Corps and many will be interested in his new address.

VS SQUADRON 15M, FLEET AIR DETACHMENT, NAS.

Coronado, California

Scouting Fifteen is a six-plane squadron with a complement of eight officers and forty enlisted men. Since our organization we have been continuously attached to Aircraft, U. S. Fleet and normally based aboard the U.S.S. Lexington. We spend, nevertheless, a large part of our time at the Naval Air Station, San Diego. This is largely for convenience in matters of repair, upkeep and training. Still our basic tactical position is on the carrier. The squadron is therefore embarked for the Fleet maneuvers each winter and from time to time throughout the year for other problems of major importance. All of our activities revolve about our paramount doctrine. To increase our



AIR SQUADRONS, W. C. E. F., ENLISTED PERSONNEL WITH OVER TEN YEARS' AVIATION

Sitting, left to right: Gy-Sgt. E. Mettetal; MT-Sgt. Ben Belcher; Gy-Sgt. Bert Berry; MT-Sgt. Guy B. Smith; MT-Sgt. Pardee; MT-Sgt. John Primm; Gy-Sgt. Adolph Anderson. Standing, left to right: MT-Sgt. Roscoe Thurman; 1st Sgt. Carl Long; Sgt. Thomas Critz; MT-Sgt. Duke Geer; MT-Sgt. Hubert Dogan; QM-Sgt. Homer Sterling; Gy-Sgt. Herbert Harkey; Cpl. James Pearson; Gy-Sgt. Stanley Davey; Sgt. William Peterson; Gy-Sgt. Walter Schofield; Gy-Sgt. Ensie Abrahams; Gy-Sgt. Jocko Sears; Gy-Sgt. Abe Smith; MT-Sgt. Poppie Gould.

efficiency in operations at sea as an integral part of the air forces of the Fleet.

The decision which made us a scouting squadron was particularly fortunate. We have not only had to indoctrinate and equip ourselves precisely as any carrier outfit but we have also been required to train ourselves along lines common only to the scouts. Overseas work from an aircraft carrier, though not difficult, is a mission which calls for the perfect functioning of all equipment and the closest cooperation between resourceful and trained personnel. On a long hop, possible over a hundred miles from the nearest surface vessel, all hands will know that your engine, your radio and your navigation are your best friends.

For this reason a major portion of our time not occupied by gunnery schedule is taken up by ground school work in navigation, radio and in overland flights simulating as nearly as possible conditions likely to be encountered in operating from the carrier. But although we indoctrinate all hands in every phase, we are nevertheless forced to lay more stress on navigation for the officers

and communication for the observer for these are the particular duties of each in overseas flights.

Our gunnery schedule is in many respects similar to the exercises carried out by other Marine Corps squadrons; except we are required to fire at least one practice from the ship and individual dive bombing is on a movable target.

We are equipped with Vought SU-2 type airplanes capable of cruising at about 110 knots. All planes are provided with the latest radio installation, giving us a dependable daylight communication range of about 100 miles. Construction of an intercockpit telephone system has been started. In addition to the radio we are required to carry certain emergency equipment for use in case of forced landings at sea.

Although fundamentally a scouting outfit the squadron has been called upon to perform other duties. As for example, during the winter exercises of 1931-1932 when we acted as observation unit, furnishing not only battle reconnaissance for our landing forces but also preliminary photographic

reconnaissance. However much remains to be done along this lines. There is a crying need for a carrier based aviation unit to support the Fleet Marine landing force. And again further work must be done to better present day scouting methods. Radio and navigation offer large fields for improvement. The numbers of the squadron hope to be the nucleus of the ideal Marine Corps carrier squadron of the future. The squadron that will act in the dual role of all Marines—a squadron of scouts at sea and a landing force support ashore.

SECOND SIGNAL SOUNDS SINGULAR STATEMENTS

By O. Gee Whizz

"In days of old when men were gold" and Gyrenes were husky, hairy-chested, he-men, a generator, imposed on a tripod with a crank jutting out of two sides of it formed the power for radio communication. Until the present era this means of power was thoroughly reliable, but broken cranks and handles testified to the terrific



SECOND SIGNAL COMPANY, SAN DIEGO

Capt. Oliver T. Francis, commanding, and Lt. William M. Mitchell

force the new Gyrenes subjected them to. The non-plussed members of headquarters finally solved this dilemma by issuing motor-generators.

And then came the new MC-100's, neat and compact sets with 15-watt high-frequency transmitters developed by the Marine Corps for field use. They are capable of furnishing reliable communications for a radius of one hundred miles or over, and have a note to their signals that makes an operator howl in joy.

Recent promotions are as follows: Benjamin L. Connors to Master Technical Sergeant; Fred Davis, Carl Sierk, William McElrath, Johnny Nelson and Raymond Wolfe to Corporals; Wesley Sherman and John Stroud to Privates First Class.

First Sergeant Cameron: "Did you ring, operator?"

Hard-boiled Johnny Ward: "Megawd, no! I was tolling, I thought that you were dead!"

Amateur Radio Station W6FWJ, of the 2nd Signal Company, Capt. O. T. Francis commanding, is out to make some kind of a record for itself. As one ex-Naval operator now working a ham station in Joisey expresses it, "It's a pleasure to work such a bunch of operators and to know that there is a real ham on the other end. If these men are examples of the Marine Corps signal outfit, it would be hard to find a better outfit any place!" . . . We scratch our carrott hair in embarrassment while we search for adequate expressions of thanks.

When rumors concerning the reduction of the Marine Corps were flying rampant, MT-Sgt. Connors misinterpreted it and

immediately went on a diet. He consulted charts, read testimonials, and drew pictures on the walls of "before—after" postures. And you can picture his embarrassment when he found out that the Marine Corps was not to be reduced after all.

The company is represented by three Sound Motion Picture Technicians, (*Editor's question:* Who said motion picture technicians were sound? You got that wrong, Mr. Whizz . . .) at the Auditorium of this post. Sergeant Kiser, Corporal Nelson and Pfc. Stroud, with six qualified technicians for stand-bys. Since these men took over the movies a few months ago, there has not been a single complaint as to the service, but many comments have come in on the increased efficiency in that part of the Marine Base amusement.

News from Parris Island

GENERAL BERKELEY PRESENTS MEDALS

On March 30, 1933, our Commanding General, Randolph C. Berkeley, presented to Gy-Sgt. Walter E. Anderson a Nicaraguan Medal of Merit and to Cpl. Cecil H. Clark, a Nicaraguan Cross of Valor, conferred upon them by the President of the Central American Republic.

The Medal of Merit was awarded to Gunnery Sergeant Anderson for meritorious service performed by him in Managua at the time of the earthquake. He had been placed directly in charge of all Guardia motor vehicles employed in collection of the injured, burial of the dead, distribution of water to a population of about fifty thousand persons, fighting fire, and other miscellaneous duties; and in spite of many handicaps and difficulties, working ceaselessly day and night without rest or complaint, he obtained seemingly impossible results, and was instrumental in avoiding much suffering and pestilence.

The Cross of Valor was conferred upon Corporal Clark for valuable services performed by him while he was District Commander in the Area of the North from November, 1930, until June, 1932. During this period he personally conducted his Guardia patrols in various victorious encounters with forces of armed bandits. In one of these engagements he and his patrol of seventeen men were attacked and completely surrounded by more than two hundred bandits led by the Chief, Umanzor. After a struggle of three hours, in which he displayed extraordinary courage and leadership, regardless of his personal safety, he maneuvered his patrol in such manner that he completely routed the bandits, inflicting on them great loss in dead and wounded, and turning disaster into a most brilliant victory.

PARRIS ISLAND RAMBLINGS

We are sending in our column, typewritten, this month. The man on the Staff of THE LEATHERNECK who has been kindly transcribing our stuff for us seems to have been having trouble in deciphering some of it. For instance, we mentioned the fact that First Sergeant Conn had arrived here from Cape Haitien. His name came out in print as Coon. The Top had only been doing a tour of duty in the Cape, and is one of the whitest of white men in the Marine Corps.

Another time we told how the color scheme at one of our Post Dances presented a picture that only an Angelo (meaning Mike, of course) could paint. In print it presented a picture that only an angel could paint. Which, of course, was giving Mike the benefit of the doubt. We HOPE he is an angel by now.

Speaking of dances, the Enlisted Men's Dances in the Lyceum proved to be so popular that hereafter all such dances will be held in the Lyceum instead of the Post Inn. The members of the permanent Dance Committee recently appointed are M.T.Sgt. J. G. Steinsdorfer, 1st Sgt. Leon Freda, Gy.Sgts. J. P. Drummond and James Bondi, St.Sgts. Alfred Zueren and J. L. Stoops, and Sgts. J. J. Buckley and J. J. Yardwood, with Mrs. L. O. Miller, Mrs. J. F. Oesterle, Mrs. V. A. Wilson and Mrs. J. W. Jamison as Associate Members.

Plans are being considered for an interesting dance to be held in the N.C.O. Club in the near future. It is to be a Fifteen Per Cent Cut Dance. The decorations, trimmings, length of the dances, and every thing will be a burlesque on the popular (?) Government Pay Cut that has recently taken the entire Country by storm.

We have here on Parris Island what we believe is the first Enlisted Men's Golf Team. And, as most of you have probably read the Sports Section before turning to this column, you will have seen that the



Photo by Tom Henry

GENERAL BERKELEY MAKES AWARDS

Left to right: Cpl. Cecil H. Clark; Gy-Sgt. Walter E. Anderson; Brig-Gen. Randolph C. Berkeley, and Maj William C. James.

Team won its first match against a strong team from Walterboro, S. C., on March 19th.

We are very fortunate in having an excellent nine-hole Golf Course which, with the simple expedient of having two tees, readily converts itself into an eighteen-hole course. Considerable time and labor have been spent in perfecting it, under the leadership of the Club President, Lt. Comdr. E. K. Patton (DC) U. S. Navy. And an increasingly larger number of the personnel are taking advantage of the recreation and enjoyment afforded by it.

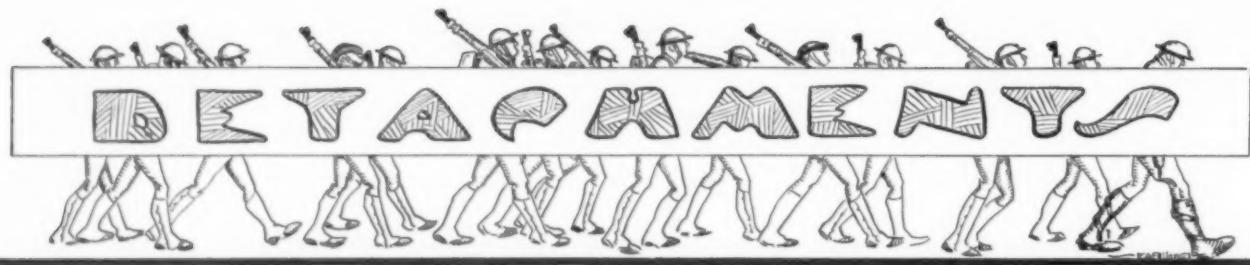
Tuesday and Thursday evenings at the Post Lyceum are enlivened from 7:45 to 8:00 p.m. with singing by the audience, accompanied by the Post Orchestra and led by the well known Corporal Jackson P. Rauhoff. On Sunday evenings we have a Band Concert from 7:15 to 7:40 p.m., old songs and hymns from 7:40 to 7:50, and talks by the

(Continued on page 57)



Photo by Tom Henry

PARRIS ISLAND MARINES PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE GENERAL BERKELEY AND THE TWO MEDAL WINNERS



GREAT LAKES GOSSIP

By Knute

Take it easy, Marines, "the days of miracles has not yet passed." Strange though it seems, Great Lakes is still on the map. We have had a hard time breaking into the lime-light, but we have, and are here to stay.

The up and and coming basketball team ended its strenuous season with a fairly decent record. At times, though, they were handicapped by players of little basketball ability, but managed to overcome that difficulty. Under the capable leadership of Corporal Hartmann the season ended with 18 victories and 6 defeats.

W. K. Benner, 1st Lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps, recently reported here for duty. Previous duty was at Pearl Harbor, T. H. We hope his tour of duty while at the station is a happy and successful one. The best news of the month is that our commanding officer has been awarded the Yangtze Service Medal for service in Shanghai, China, 1927. To Major Hunt may we offer our congratulations.

Private Wileox is receiving so much mail here of late that he is suspected of running a correspondence school. "He can't fool us, though, we know what the score is." Corporal Way is strutting around with a big smile on his face. He recently became the father of an 8½-pound baby girl. To top it off the baby was born on St. Patrick's Day. "Why not name her 'Patricia,' Kenneth?" "Boot" Kersten is going to open a second hand store in Waukegan, from what I hear. Of course, we cannot accuse him of raiding GI cans, but when a man won't say a word in defense something is radically wrong. Someone remarked that "Boot" said he would much rather remain quiet and let everybody think so, then open his mouth and remove all reasonable doubt. "OK, Boot."

Methinks Private Young of the barracks detachment, can no longer take 'em. He has requested a Special Order Discharge. Corporal Hartmann is also going out three months early. What the devil is this man's Marine Corps coming to, is what we would like to know. Pfc. Bryant and Private Roman are laughing up their sleeves at us. The 15 per cent reduction did not affect them for the time being. At the present they are confined in the hospital with a minor ailment. The way the fellows are grunting and groaning about their operations is something to laugh about. What would they do if some sawbones really worked them over. We all had a smallpox vaccination here recently and a few of them are as yet not healed up.

The question before the house this month is this: Where in the Marine Corps do recruits in the Navy rate more than Marines doing straight duty? There are certainly going to be some discouraged gobs leave this station if they do not change their tactics. Baseball ability is not lacking around the station the way the fellows have

turned out for the games recently. "Horse" Arbes started the season right with three circuit blows with men on bases. Ruth, Foxx and Gehrig are going to get a run for their money this season, according to "Horse." Big league scouts should drop around once in a while if they are looking for talent. If they elect me to umpire any more of their games I will be gray headed very shortly.

From all appearances the rifle qualifications at the range are going to be 100 per cent better this year. For several weeks we have been firing the .22 range at the armory for group practice. There have been some very nice looking groups without the proverbial group shrinker. The next thing on the schedule is the .45 pistol range. Everybody seems too anxious to fire, though. It will be ideal practice for the fellows that are going out in the cold cruel world shortly.

Corporal Thornton was paid off recently and reenlisted for duty at this station for four years. Thornton is well liked and we are glad to have him stay with the fold.

The most recent departures from the station are the following: Pvt. Bauer, temporarily attached, left the 16th for Norfolk, Va., to await further transportation to the west coast and duty aboard the U.S.S. Arizona. Privates Millard, Piechota, and Taylor, Corporal Darnell, Corporal Davis in charge, left for Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Va., there to await further transportation to 1st Brigade, Port au Prince, Haiti. Privates Morrisroe and Gilliland left the 28th for New London, Conn. They were sojourned at the station for a few days. The additions include the following: Pfc. Mitchell, Frank joined the detachment from a three month furlough. He hails from New London, Conn. Private Neal, C., joined the detachment from a fifteen-day furlough. Duty previously was at Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. Pvt. Corcoran, Robert G., from Mare Island, Calif., is home on a thirty-day leave. His home is at Onaga, Kansas. Private Worsterholm is also home on leave. He was formerly attached to the Marine Barracks, Portsmouth, Va. Pfc. Emmons, M. M., from Receiving Ship, Boston Navy Yard. Sgt. Krebs, W. F., reported from a 60-day furlough in Bloomington, Ill. He was formerly attached to the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment. To the above mentioned men we offer a hearty welcome and hope their tour of duty while at the station is a happy one.

The most recent promotions are Private Kelly to Private First Class; Private Allen to Corporal. Keep up the good work, fellows. We would like to know where Private Shellabarger, the dashing Admiral's orderly, is spending his Sunday afternoons. Somebody remarked, in Waukegan. But where in Waukegan? We have a general idea, anyway. It is in South Waukegan, one block off the main drag, near the cemetery. We wonder also why Brown, the

up and coming brig sentry, has the far-away look in his eyes. He is longing for his old pal, "Tidymann."

Pfc. O'Bryant went home the other week-end to see his boyhood sweetheart. We would like to know if she will still love him. Our friend, Morgan, can no longer take 'em. He claims he is no longer lucky at love, gambling, or any other form of sport. He is going to get a derby and join the amalgamated order of confirmed bachelors. "That's the spirit, Morg."

At present the detachment is commanded under the capable leadership of Major LeRoy P. Hunt, assisted by 1st Lt. W. K. Benner, Provost Marshal, and 2nd Lt. W. F. Bryson, officer in charge of training. In our estimation they are the best we could ever wish for. Well, we'll be seein' you next month. Till then, Adios.

P. S. "Way" did name his baby girl "Patricia."

MD, USS REINA MERCEDES, USNA.

By Conant

Once again this detachment goes to press with bits of news concerning this, that and the other. Last month's contribution caused quite a stir in our midst and the writer was threatened with numerous kinds of torture with lawsuits for slander as an alternative.

During the month our Commanding Officer, Maj. Charles I. Murray was on leave and paid a visit to friends in Port-au-Prince where he was Chief of Police for a number of years.

Also on the furlough list is our First Sergeant, "Niek" Reitmeyer. He took his re-enlistment furlough the first of February and apparently has greatly enjoyed himself if the postal cards we have received off and on mean anything. During his furlough he traveled to Long Beach, Cal. He is expected back soon.

During March, Privates George D. Ducharme, Harold A. Ledingham and Steve J. Zumerling were transferred to the Motor Transport School in Philadelphia to learn the art of washing down a truck motor with a bucket of gasoline and a dirty rag. The boys were tired of washing paint-work so decided to try their hand at automobile motors. They go to join another buddy of ours, Bernard H. Beard by name, who was an honored graduate of the last class. We hear that he can now wash down an oily motor without getting his face dirty! An accomplishment indeed! Best of luck to 'em.

Private Marvin E. White was also transferred to Philly but for the purpose of doing 'em on and off. Mostly on. White's time here at the Academy was mostly in the hospital. We wish him the best of health at his new post.

Private First Class Powers was discharged on the 17th and shipped over the next day.

He's taking no chances with the cold, cold outside. When this goes to print Powers will be occupying himself enjoying the pursuit of happiness and sweet smiles in the mountains around Roanoke, Va. He says those mountain gals sure is nice gals. We hope so for his sake.

Pvt. Quinten "A" Hayes, who came here from the USS *Wyoming* was discharged on the fourth of March and on the same day started the long trek back to the gloomy swamps of Louisiana. With all the good looking Creole girls and other pastimes of New Orleans he should be able to get along fine without getting too homesick for the Marine Corps.

With the coming of April a new influence was introduced into the lives of the Marines at this station, for during that month they take their places on the firing line to do or die—to make expert and get the five per or just marksmen or maybe "highest unqualified." All our boys have been doing lots of practicing in the small bore gallery here at the Academy so we expect they will ruin all the bulls-eyes this year. Small bore competition was conducted by Lt. J. M. Greer during the months of February and March.

Pfc. Charles L. Dodd wishes to inform all concerned that he will turn over a new leaf in the near future and henceforth will become a model Marine and gentleman.

Our acting first sergeant, Sergeant "Red" O'Neil has made quite a name for himself in recent weeks as manager of the Sweepstakes. He invites all to attend these racing events. The proceeds go toward the upkeep of the unemployed in the city of Annapolis. A very charitable calling, say I.

The "bons mots" of the month were furnished by Cpl. Toeophil J. Klosowski, which are as follows: "Oh, Sergeant; I can't drill this morning, because I've got a shooting blouse to repair." A few moments later, husky snores were heard to mingle with the melodious notes of the radio. These discordant noises continued until noon chow when Corporal Klosowski sleepily crawled from the big arm-chair, discarded "the" shooting blouse and proceeded to claim his hard-earned share of the spoils. We are at a loss in discovering a way to reward such a show of ambition and conscientious application of energy.

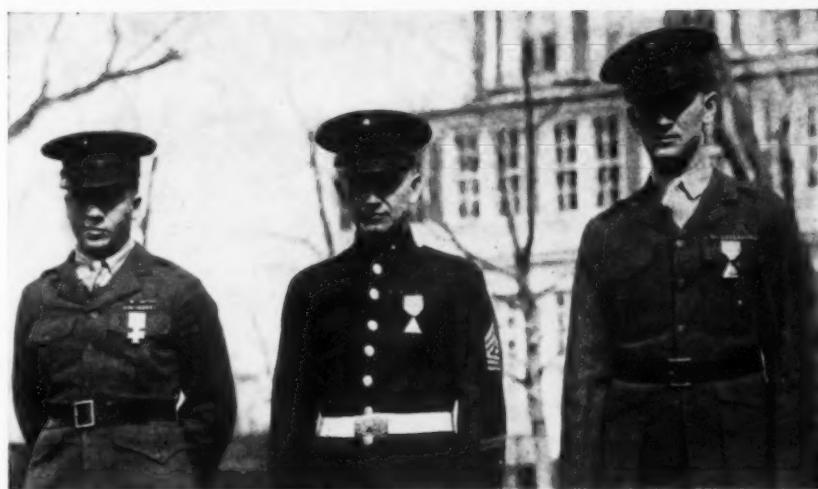
Since the pay-cut has become a certainty, several of the boys have re-doubled their efforts in trying to roundup one of those \$60.00 a week jobs that you always hear the short timers talking about. One Pvt. Edward F. Armstrong from Catonsville, (Glory be) recently acquired an application for the State Police of Maryland, and 'tis said that the detachment clown aspires to the position of a Diplomat. What dreamers, these Marines!

Pvt. Pete P. Di Maggio who recently reported for duty at this detachment from the USS *Antares*, is at the present on furlough and studying to take the entrance examination to the Naval Academy. His home is here in Annapolis which makes it quite convenient for him. Here's hoping he makes the grade.

Pfc. Jack R. Rick from Long Island, New York is also on furlough and his plans include a trip to Tampa, Florida by automobile.

We have a Marine in this detachment who hasn't received any publicity as yet but we earnestly believe that a man of his accomplishments deserve recognition so we are determined to form a united front and see that he gets it or else.

His name is Clarence Wesley Clark, who



AWARDED NICARAGUAN MEDALS AT MARINE BARRACKS, WASH., D. C.

Left to right: Sgt. J. M. Broderick, Cross of Valor; Pm-Sgt. M. I. Schneider, Medal of Merit; Sgt. W. W. Stevens, Medal of Merit.

is of a quiet disposition and energetic nature.

Besides being a first class "pilot," he is an accomplished guitarist and as a hobby writes beautiful songs of flowers in springtime, babbling brooks and old shade trees near old-fashioned wells. He recently composed a beautiful piece of work concerning the curly, burr-ish hair of a certain Marine in this detachment who is now doing mess duty. If I can persuade Clark to send the poem in for publication, I will, and thus the name of said Marine of the curly, burr-ish hair, will be revealed.

This detachment is soon to lose one of the old gang. This man has been with us ever since we came aboard this tub. During his period of service at this station he has been known under numerous nick-names but the most popular ones seem to be, "Scrooge," "The Wolf of Wall Street" and "The Financier." Soon after President Roosevelt's inauguration and during the bank holidays we felt sure that he would be hauled in by the Federal authorities for hoarding, but it seems he recovered his confidence in the country again for he has since taken his vast accounts and holdings back to the bank so as to keep the credit of the United States from total collapse.

Hess is also known for his great information of Stocks, Bonds, Commercial Law and Dry-land Chemistry (the kind you get through the M. C. I.). With the departure of Hess for Philly sometime in the near future, this detachment will certainly be the loser.

All of which seems plenty for this time. If the writer doesn't get shot for this one you can expect more just like it next month. So long.

CHELSEA CHATS

By Oscar

Here are some of the things which have been bothering the professional worriers at Chelsea Naval Hospital Detachment:

Why Private Harrington tried to conquer the U. S. Coast Guard in dear old Chelsea a few nights ago! Whatta battle, whatta battle, sixteen C. G. and one lone Marine. It lasted twenty minutes. Can Harrington take 'em, and how—on de button!

Why Private First Class Tague got the appointment as a Sergeant State Trooper?

Good looks or politics?

Why Corporal Baggaly, our detachment lady killer, buttons his overcoat on the left side for A & I inspection? He claims to have five years in Ye Olde Marine Corps, I just wonder?

Why Private Huchet goes around in a fog all the time, unfit for duty, after receiving his daily quota of two or three letters? Has he got it bad?

Why Private Gray, one of our really handsome boys, is always going out to Roxbury, Mass? Looks mighty bad to us. Love, your magic spell is everywhere.

Unusual Events:

Gray has cigarettes.

Baggaly has a famous stage and film star on the string. I wonder if she knows anything about it???

Now for a few bouquets:

Congratulations to our First Sergeant R. Colsky who is a proud father of an eleven pound baby boy.

Also to Pappy Herman who had the knot tied a few weeks ago to a very charming young lady of Chelsea. Happy days, Pappy, and lots of little Pappys.

Hope there are no hard feelings from any of the boys for being put on the spot, if there are any, just froth at the mouth with the three point two.

THE RECEIVING SHIP AT N. Y.

By The O'le Maestro

Now that the grass is turning green . . . and spring is in the air . . . the Prospect Park Sheiks are sprucing up for another season of grass stains and ant bites. . . . Among the first to answer the call of the wild was Private Langworthy . . . but by the time this reaches the gentle reader . . . Strait and a few more of the regulars will be in complete charge. . . . A few of the boys . . . prominent in Prospect Park circles . . . will be missed this year. . . . Having found their TRUE LOVE they leave the field open to the unsuccessful swains . . . who . . . with a year's experience under their belts . . . should slay the fair maidens of Brooklyn. . . . And if you are interested . . . I know a place where the grass is downy! . . . but bring your own newspaper! . . . Another sure sign of spring . . . the odor from the Wall-about! . . . I know that every one will be interested to hear that Tiger Rose (of the Perth Amboy Roses) received "Excellent" in his

last examination . . . but he's suspicioned of bringing apples to school for the teacher! . . . There must be some reason! . . . By this time Gabby Gould is just a memory . . . but what a memory! . . . The Mayor of Concord, N. C., writes to inquire when the General will pay them another visit . . . and after much investigating . . . we find that the man behind the medals is none other than our ole pal Private Hunsucker! . . . how those suthin gals must have suffered! . . . With the kind permission of the copyright owners . . . Kate Smith will now sing "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain"! . . . Ducky Hartman's 73rd birthday was recently celebrated by a few of the boys. . . . Refreshments were served and served and served! . . . Ducky retired early . . . so-o-o-o-o . . . the celebrating was continued in honor of LaCondi's birthday. . . . A bit early . . . but one must have a reason for celebrating! . . . The N.C.O.'s should make the Privates pay for their ring-side seats. . . . Private Peppers is giving the Roe a lot of competition for the Property-grass championship. . . . Did you know that Tiger Rose . . . of all people . . . sang in the CHOIR while he was in China? . . . Now that beer is back . . . Private Gryetke should put his talent to work painting faces on bar-room floors. . . . After 18 months struggling with the cold outside . . . Ex-Private First Class Intas returned to the fold. . . . Amongst the new arrivals was the dag nabbitest . . . gosh-all-hemlockeant . . . Marine in the Corps . . . none other than Pvt. Dag Nabbit Anderson! . . . All the joosh boys want the joosh holidays . . . but watch them tuck away the HAM on Saturdays! . . . Private Brant finally achieved his life ambition . . . now he can retire on thirty as a P.F.C.! . . . Story of the month . . . Private Strait in one of his weak moments . . . took a Fair Maiden into a Ice Cream Parlor for refreshments. . . . They sat at a table . . . and scanning the menu the Fair Maiden said: "I think I'll have a banana-split." Without batting an eye lash . . . Strait replied: "Go ahead an' have a whole banana. . . . I've got enough money to pay for it!" (Joke). . . . Now that that's over we'll continue. . . . One of my agents (white rats to you) reports that the Brant was seen leaving the TIVOLI . . . but if you ask him . . . it will be the PARAMOUNT! . . . And how about those over-sized chevrons on the Grant's overcoat? . . . Welcome to our midst, Sergeant Taylor! . . . we'll get you next month. . . . The explanation of Private Greeson's tattoo has finally been solved . . . he's an ex-hooligan! . . . Hank Geisler wants to play First Base and stand Corporal of the

Guard Watches! . . . ? . . . Three months leave wasn't enough for the Bell . . . so-o-o-o-o . . . he took a little on his own accord . . . and did he get a BREAK! . . . Sleep fast boys . . . Louis Sehardt and his Band are due back soon! . . . Since the depression hit the Marine Corps . . . the Top has been rolling his own. . . . About one more pay cut and the poor Privates won't even have enough shekels to buy Bull Durham! . . . Congratulations, Harvey! . . . And I'm still waiting for that cigar, Brant? . . . By the time this gets into print the Hollywood Hot-Cake will be back . . . and hide your cigarettes . . . the Bear is back too! . . . hows Pershing Square? . . . And who erased the word "troops" from the sentence on the blackboard: "Range cards are used by troops on the defense" . . . and inserted the word "Jews"? . . . New paragraph . . . Congratulations Abello . . . and don't forget the cigars! . . . (aside to Boston) (Hello Mac! . . . Greetinx Albert! . . . have you got an extra bunk?) . . . So-o-o-o-o thanx for listening!

DOVER DIGEST

By C. C.

A fire of undetermined origin broke out at this post at 7:15 P. M., March 23, and completely destroyed the galley, mess hall, garage, fireroom, and a storeroom. The buildings were of light construction and the flames engulfed them quickly. The damage has been roughly estimated at about \$7,000. Swift action and hard work by the detachment, under the supervision of Commander Bidwell, Lieutenant DuBois (USN), and Captain Bacon, our commanding officer, saved the office building and the sleeping quarters, though the front of the latter was badly scorched and blistered by the intense heat.

Obeying the command "Everything not tied down," the men saved much property from the burning buildings. The smoke-eaters had to do their stuff in the face of a bitter wind, and their hands became blue and numb with cold, their teeth chattered, and it was expected that many would be coughing hoarsely in the morning. But Doctor Garrison and Chief Schneider had anticipated the need of a good stimulant, and when it had been passed around in good-sized snorts, the men forgot the wild March wind, their wet clothing, and the cheerless prospect of spending the remainder of the night in a steamless barracks.

"Nigger," a collie of sorts, another member of the "just plain dog" breed, was the one to give the first alarm. Though he is old and deaf, and almost sightless, Nig has an uncanny sense of the presence of fire, etc. He is a shell-shocked veteran

of the 1926 depot explosion, and is present at almost every fire drill . . . though sometimes the corporal of the guard locks him up during fire drill, and he whimbers for hours at what he thinks is a mean trick.

For years he has been of good service to the sentries of the depot, following them on patrol duty, tactfully directing the new men over the correct trails, barking his alarm when the sergeant of the guard came out visiting sentries . . . the kind of dog sentries appreciate.

Charlie Brown, who was promoted to corporal on the 18th, and his relief, had to stand an eight hour watch. They said they did not mind the long watch so much, but they were sore because they could not find any of the spirits . . . no wonder they couldn't, when Mooney, Sykes, Schroeder, and Plummer had been finding it too regular!!

McKenzie, our motion picture operator, kindled a huge log fire in the recreation room, and all took advantage of it. They crowded close to the fireplace, and many preferred to sleep there.

Joe Grasborg, our mess sergeant, had the sergeant of the guard duty that night, and he seemed to be here, there, and everywhere . . . and rubbing his palms together as he thought of the survey to be made. . . . Just another QM man. His crew of singing cooks and messmen (the tenor sports a lip adornment) put up a field range in the rear of the barracks and had the java pot humming in short order.

Top-kick LaGasse was transferred to the FMCR on March 31st. John had plenty of excitement for his last week in the outfit. First Sergeant Banta says LaGasse is the first twenty year Marine he knows of who has chosen to run a pig farm instead of a chicken farm.

Private Dahlquist joined the post on March 23, ate one meal in the messhall, and two hours later was trying to keep it from burning down . . . but no one could have worked any harder than Sanders to save the galley, considering his reputation for being a chowhound.

Drummer Simmons (Leslie Aden is the name, but call me Bob), was on one of those famous Marine diets, 5 days duration, but he was released to sound fire call, and was right on the job during the whole episode . . . his stamina is probably traceable to the fact that he orders glasses of milk when he goes to beer parlors.

Higdon, the "big money man," has gone south to Pensacola for the rest of the winter. There'll be another re-enlistment when C. B. Smith reaches New Orleans . . . he wants to see if the women of New Orleans are as beautiful as he has heard they are.



WHAT THE FIRE AT DOVER, N. J., DID TO SOME OF THE BUILDINGS

Mess gear is rattling in Dover, but we hope not for long . . . the fifteen per cent cut is a reality, but we hope not for long . . . and beer has come back like a prodigal, and we hope it will stay forever.

SAN FRANCISCO RECEIVING SHIP

By Frank Kupec, Jr.

Ah! Maytime—and again station S. F. R. S. through the facilities of YE LEATHERNECK brings to you the latest news and scandal of these Gyrenes. May is not only a month of flowers, but your "Horace Greeley" first saw the light of day on the fourteenth, in a small Illinois town. (Isn't that just too interesting, aren't you thrilled to tears?)

Ready on the left, ready on the right. Commence firing. Those are the familiar expressions heard on the firing line at the Receiving Ship as Ye Gang prepare themselves for the firing range.

Now for Some Snoopin'

Zeims has taken me into his confidence and tells me he took his "Squaw" to a fashionable squeaky. Inside the joint, he sez, a sign read: "Please pay as you drink your Coco Cola, so if you fall over dead we won't have to look all over hell for you to collect."

Folks the Guard Is Just Crazy About

People who ask each Marine, "How does it feel to be in the service?"

Fellows who call girls "Babes."

Marines who never miss a liberty.

Gyrenes who act like the motion picture version of a Marine.

Men (?) who attend afternoon teas.

Privates Gillis, Bennett, Kern, McKinney and Mello are the latest addition to our guard, and they are most welcome. I'll take this opportunity of exploiting "Kid Mello," who under the guidance of Orazo and McKinney, his manager and trainer respectively, is challenging anyone in the welterweight division in cauliflower circles to his right as the terror of the West Coast.

Palmerlee, our eminent music, who is the circulation manager of this publication at this post, had a few copies left over, tried house-to-house canvassing and here is the conversation which took place with a certain young lady:

"Are you the LEATHERNECK salesman?"
"Check."

"Well, I'm sorry. My husband's home."

And speaking of mags, Sass was heard to carry on this conversation with the femme behind the counter:

"May I get a few magazines?"

Femme: "Yes, you may, but you'd better not try to take any 'Liberties' with me!"

The "Wit-of-the-Month" decoration is presented to Wieland for his snappy retort when having his tresses clipped. The barber asked our Hero, "Shall I cut your hair close?" And R. H. echoes, "No, stand off as far as you can."

That certain party doesn't go with Gray anymore. The lad confessed that his intentions were perfectly honorable.

Imagine the plight of the young man who joined the Navy to see the world and was put in a submarine.

When one of the fair dwellers of the Island entered the ship's service store and asked the clerk if he handled ladies' underwear, he enthusiastically replied: "And how!"

Whatta about the Corporal who "lammed" down to L. A., a day after the earthquake, to pull a grandstand play? You know, "Darling, I was so worried—I had to come as soon as I could to see if you were okay, etc."

It was pathetic to see one Private who was married two months ago spend his "off" days on the Island because he lost all his pay via Black Jack, and was afraid to go home and take the consequences.

Just why Ben Choate wants his bunkie to go with his weakness—I fail to snoop.

Herrod growing larger and larger in circumference. It must be the good ole Navy chow.

Fahnestock just arrived from Mare Island Hospital and this time is pointing to his side and saying, "Did I ever tell you about my operation?"

Everyone in the Guard noticed the shiny, new Chrysler, Hodges has been riding around town. It is also being rumored that Hodges makes a hasty sprint in order to be the first one with that certain party as the owner of the car has been making eyes at other members of the detachment.

If Abie Feldman doesn't knock off the sponging and borrowing, I'm going to expose him.

And I know why Corporal Callicott dashes to San Jose every week end. That's a woman in the case.

What is that valuable asset Risberg possesses that enables him to sweep the gals off'n their feet? His boudoir graces some of the darlings of the fair.

Just ask Corporal Honeyboy Fee if you can read his newspaper. Better one yet, is to ask him if he can read it!

Last Minute Dispatch

Private First Class H. L. Zeims is middle-aisling it to a San Francisco honey. Congrats!

Ho, hum. It's time for my afternoon nap, and if the editor is not mad at your writer—I'll be suing you next month. (Editor's note: Me no mad, but try double spacing your copy, just once. That goes for the rest of the scribes in the Corps. Thanks.)

PORSCOMPTH POT-SHOTS

By Abie Balog

News here at Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., is as scarce as Marines in Russia.

The indoor baseball league is now in full swing. Room number 15 seems to have what it takes to be the leader of the league. They have been riding rough shod over their opponents.

The basketball team, in the capable hands of Lieutenant Taylor, scored numerous victories during the past season. The personnel of the team includes Corporal Head, Pfc. W. L. Smith, "Truck" Lawson, Pfc. Lumpik and few others whose names I do not have.

Lieutenant Levinsky is coaching a formidable looking baseball team. This team has been practicing for the past two weeks, and

if their early season performances mean anything, I predict that our team will be on top of the heap at the end of the season.

Do you know "The Gondola Pusher?" I slipped one over on you that time, I knew that you didn't know about him; anyway, you will soon find out. His real name is Cpl. J. F. Boscarino, but in the fictitious world he is known as "Battling Jimmy Russell." That is neither here nor there, now let me get to the point, Boscarino had to get all primped up for his letter of commendation for his feats of bravery that he performed while in command of a squad of men at Pig's Point. To hear him talk about it, you would think he was an Admiral or somethin'. But why kid him along?

"At's all. Be lookin' for ye next month.

CHARLESTON CHRONICLE

By H. H. Hattaway

Hello, everybody! Now is the time for all good Marines and others to come to attention and get the latest dope about what is going on in Charleston.

For the month of March there were thirty-one separations from this command, and on the first day of this month, we lost a very fine officer. 2nd Lt. Lloyd H. Reilly was detached. On the eleventh, Private First Class Jordan was given his passport to civilian life.

Privates Kilgore, Miller and Caddell joined our unhappy band of police workers recently.

We have the last word in a good baseball lineup, we expect to take over all local competition every afternoon under the personal supervision of 2nd Lt. George R. Weeks, assisted by the pitcher, Sergeant Kidd. Behind the bat we find York and Babb. York is a veteran behind the bat. The ball does not dare enter our outfield as it will be promptly met by no other than the pride of the team, Corporal Reid, who looks like a life guard out of season. We have several games booked that will be played in the near future.

Sometime ago it was rumored that there was a nudist colony in the near vicinity of Silver Cup Springs, every morning, several of the boys came in with pine needles, oak limbs and different parts of trees stuck in their clothing from climbing the trees. The truth about the matter, trees for several miles around, have been worn slick from constant climbing.

We are glad to inform you that since the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK, Privates Barnett and Wilding have been promoted to the rank of Corporal. Wilding radioed the good news to his best girl back in the old home town, and in due time, she sent him a Sam Browne belt. Private Hickey, our storeroom keeper, who can make a requisition slip disappear so mysteriously, is now strutting the rank of Private First Class. Private Eudy found a chicken leg in the chicken dinner, and he was immediately relieved and promoted to Private First Class.

Plumber Rhoney goes around singing the familiar tune, "In the good old Plumber Time."

(Continued on page 53)



Miscellany

ANOTHER SITUATION WELL IN HAND

By Albert L. Olmstead

Again, as in numerous other occasions, the United States Marine Corps have been lauded from every part of the country for their skill and efficiency in rendering assistance to the refugees in the devastated path of the recent disastrous earthquake that cost the state of California several billion dollars.

Beginning at 5:55 P. M. on the evening of March 10th, a series of closely connected temblors shook the towns of Long Beach, Compton, Santa Barbara, San Pedro, Santa Monica, and several adjacent towns, and left in its path a conglomerate mass of debris. Along almost any street could be seen piles of shattered glass and brick, groups of destitute people frantically searching the ruins for their loved ones, cars flattened by an avalanche of falling debris, adding horror and ghastliness to the panic, the crying of women and children, the shrieking of sirens, the general chaos of the seething mob, was a scene that could not easily be forgotten.

Radio, press, and electric communication were abruptly severed, relief organizations were unprepared for the emergency, local authorities were addled; therefore, the restoration of order to the horror-stricken mob was in itself no small order. This was the exact state of affairs when the Marines landed.

Approximately 1,000 Marines were summoned from detachments aboard the Fleet, and the Marine Base at San Diego were at the scene of disaster in less than a hour after the request for aid had been solicited. Arriving ashore they were given orders to prevent looting, to supplement the local police in the restoration of order, and in general to be as useful and consoling as possible. These orders sound rather simple to the ear, but the execution of these to the stricken victims proved to be quite complicated.

The presence of Marines seemed to console the mob almost immediately. Many merchants were busy all night bringing chow and coffee to the particular Marine guarding his store, offering him in return of his vigilance small items of his merchandise. Several people came to the conclusion that when a Marine said stop at the point of a bayonet—that it was really an order. The old saying "tell it to the Marines" was revised into "listen to the Marines."

Enough of the wreckage was cleared away so that all the available space was instantly

converted into temporary relief stations, improvised hospitals, and communicating units. All the refugees were given the best possible care and not a single one went hungry. The response of the medical profession was astonishing. Scores of doctors and trained nurses were on hand at all relief stations, caring for the injured. Every possible source of relief was quickly given the needy.

To enumerate the various cavities filled by the leathernecks would be far too lengthy to publish, so, in brief, they served as everything from traffic cops to radio announcers. Being the first to arrive at the scene of disaster, local authorities requested they remain ashore until wreckage had been cleared away and the work of reconstruction was well under way.

The wheels of industry soon began their usual output, fears of the people soon faded and they remembered the happening as something of the past, and with absolute confidence in the state of California they are busy day and night replacing the damage done by the quake, promising that the new constructions will be quakeproof and more handsome than the damaged ones.

Even today, more than a month since the earthquake, it is not a rare occurrence to find journalists still praising the work of the United States Marine Corps in the stricken areas. So again "America's Foreign Legion" has proved to the world that its motto, *Semper Fidelis*, is more than mere words.

Always faithful, willing and ready to act in case of emergency, the United States Marine Corps adds one more laurel to their ancient traditions of another situation that was taken well in hand.

Q.M. SCHOOL BREVITIES

By Valter Vinchell

School days once again and the classroom has all the atmosphere of those good ol' days when Mary wore a big, blue ribbon and Johnnie had a patch on his pants, except for the fact that scrutiny of the students' faces might give one the impression that he was looking over the occupants of the "Cabaret Royale," "Slop-Joe's" or the "Savoy."

Quartermaster Sergeant Rainier, patient and thorough, still holds sway as instructor and puts the intricacies of the manual over in such a way that even a blank file would savvy it.

The old "covered wagons," Class "B" trucks, driven by hectic students from the Motor Transport School, constitute the form of transportation between the bar-

racks and depot. Descriptions of our most excellent classroom and cafeteria have been published in detail before so we'll leave that out, but will state that the chow is appetizing and plentiful as ever.

'Twas on the eighth of March that our education began, and since that time we've become mathematicians, spellers and jugglers of public property. Sgt. Mack Bell, famous for his exploits through the *guano* infested hills of Nicaragua, seems to be our foremost arithmetician. He bought a turkey weighing sixteen pounds, dressed it, and found upon reweighing that it tipped the scales at twenty pounds. (Swift & Company take note.)

It's here in person with a carton of Copenhagen and a laugh like a run-down bass saxophone. Yeah, man, it's nothing else but Sgt. Slim Malone with a little less hair and a larger bay window, but as young as ever and still taking 'em over the bow.

Isn't spring just wonderful with the birds, flowers, bees and love? We know it's so for 'tis reflected in the eyes of our dear friend, "Jimmy" Diaz, who won fame and fortune by waltzing on canvas in the Orient and Quantico.

We wonder why Jimmy Crawford left the sunshine of California so abruptly for the East Coast? It is said to visit relatives, but we judge differently due to a constant flow of air mail. Could wedding bells have been too near?

You know, folks, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if the soft drink parlors and gay, young ladies from Boston find something lacking these days. Capt. Jimmy Callis is just that something, and he's here to tell us just what the fair ones from Charlestown and vicinity need in way of clothing and subsistence.

Let me introduce Cpl. Sam Ming from the USS Tennessee, the ol' maestro himself, who has become so efficient with the typewriter that he plays a tune thereon. It is all called, "Ah, the sleep is sweet." I hope you like it.

"Well, we didn't do it that way on the Maryland," That can be heard most any time of the day when Sgt. Swede Sorensen is around. Swede made a forty-eight to Brooklyn not along ago to see the elevated trains and subways. That's what he says, but what I don't understand is why he keeps returning.

Sergeants Kramer, Green and Carrick sure gave the Army the run around on the USAT *Republic*. Upon embarking they moved into the second class cabins, and it took three days and a squad of "jarnheads" to get them and their baggage moved to the troop class. The skipper got a growl in New York because they had to move their baggage themselves.

Corporal Johnson bought a Marine Corps Manual recently, and now we have moths flying around, wing-marked "PQM, Lake-



THE CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE

The outer pictures show the extent of damage to buildings. In the center, Marines are helping to feed the refugees.



MARINES ON DUTY DURING THE CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE

hurst, N. J." What this depression won't do.

As sleepy as "Art" C. Davidson always is, he never goes to bed for over an hour and a half at a time. Explain yourself, Corporal.

The rest of our crew is composed of the following men: Ben. J. Housend, James N. Gaut, Elden D. Brodnex, Clarence E. Peyton, Charles H. Glassett, Jr., Arthur W. Earhart, Edgar Blackburn, D. Russell, John C. Deibert and William R. Yingling, Jr.

Adios for this time, you'll hear from us later.

OFFICERS PAY TRIBUTE TO ENLISTED PERSONNEL

This article is an attempt to express the admiration and esteem which the officers of Marine Aviation feel for the enlisted personnel. There is an accompanying photograph of some of the old timers in Marine Aviation which should be interesting to all those with whom they have served. These men and their contemporaries at other aviation fields are and have been the backbone of Marine Aviation for years. They are artists in their line and their loyalty and devotion to duty in the United States, Santo Domingo, Haiti, Nicaragua, China, Guam, and in Europe during the World War are well known.

Ten per cent of the enlisted complement of this organization have served with Marine Corps Aviation for a period of ten years or more. At least three of the senior non-commissioned officers, Master Sgts. Cyril A. Gould, Kurt F. E. Schoenfeld, and Guy B. Smith, date their service from the birth of Marine Corps Aviation in 1916. The majority of the other men are on their second or third enlistment. Such a record of continuous service speaks well for the morale and devotion to duty of these men. It explains some of the enviable records that Marine Aviation has accomplished.

VF-10M of this organization won the Herbert Schiff Trophy Competition for 1931-1932—flying hours, 1,862. The Herbert Schiff Trophy is awarded annually to the naval aircraft squadron or unit which compiles the greatest number of flying hours without serious accident to personnel or material.

Due to the recent expansion of the higher enlisted grades, and the consequent filling of the vacancies thus established by comparatively young men, the promotion situation is at present stagnated. Numbers of excellent men are completing their first enlistment as privates, although well qualified as aviation mechanics and deserving of promo-

tion. Some of these, naturally, find commercial aviation more alluring and we lose them. Others, finding themselves at the end of eight years' service with corporal chevrons and no immediate prospect of a third stripe, also find a demand outside for their skill and experience. To fill their places we have a constant influx of specially selected recruits who are attracted to aviation by the opportunity of learning a skilled trade. They are not, for the moment, interested in the improbability of first cruise promotion. Thus we have a constant infiltration of new blood, some of which is destined to fill the shoes of our present strongly entrenched non-coms of the three higher grades. Trust these old timers to see that their successors are worthy!

Enlisted men joining aviation units may specialize, after their initial period of general duty, as enginemen, riggers, armorers, aerologists, parachute-men, photographers, carpenters, clerks, or line mechanics. During his first cruise a man may be shifted through several departments until he finds his niche, but once established in a specialty he usually sticks to that line. Available promotions, specialist ratings, and flight orders are divided equitably so that opportunity for advancement is normally the same in each department. Aviation being such a highly technical branch, jacks of all trades are not usually successful. Our crew chiefs might be listed as exceptions; most of them are expert mechanics, skilled gunners, and competent observers with hundreds of flying hours to their credit.

In addition to the opportunities for mechanics, each year we fill a few vacancies among the thirty-odd naval aviation pilots authorized for Marine Corps Aviation. The chance of obtaining a pilot's rating makes aviation very attractive to the intelligent recruit of good education and perfect physique. "Many are called but few are chosen" at this game, because of the necessary high standards prevailing for this coveted rating. Enlisted pilots take their place in a squadron with the commissioned pilots, and must develop the same measure of skill in flying and aerial gunnery. Some of our very best flyers have been, and are, the naval aviation pilots. Mention might be made of Albert S. Munsch, lately promoted to Marine Gunner; Ben Belcher, one of the oldest and best of service pilots; William E. Word and Duke Geer, of Nicaraguan transport fame.

Along with technical duties, aviation Marines are required to fire small arms target practice, do their share of guard and police duties, and attend weekly drills, parades, and inspections. It is not uncommon for a battalion of aviation mechanics to capture the honors for appearance and precision of

movement in parades and reviews. The average mechanic would rather work a week than drill one hour, but when necessary he makes a very passable foot soldier indeed.

The writer can best explain the peculiar pride and interest aviation commanding officers take in their enlisted personnel by calling attention to the closer relationship existing between pilots and mechanics than is ordinarily found between officers and men in other military organizations. When the ships you must fly through thick and thin perform unfailingly day after day, month after month, it is but inevitable that you develop a feeling of appreciation bordering on affection for your skilled and efficient crews.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford



Dawson Photo
"Doc" Clifford

Colonel Henry L. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, came to his position with an impressive record of twenty-one years' service with the regular Marine Corps. He resigned from the Marine Corps in 1920; today, he is a Colonel in the Marine Corps Reserves. In saying to the Colonel: "Welcome back," and extending heartfelt congratulations on his new assignment, I am sure that this voices the feelings of a large number of his old friends in the Corps.

To those who know the Colonel's mother, Mrs. Nicholas Roosevelt, the news of her death called for the warmest sympathy for the bereaved Colonel and his family.

"The Wyoming is in the Yard and the Marines expect you to visit them." The foregoing message was received by me on a recent Saturday. I obeyed the instructions, and as usual, found a first class guard on board under the command of Lieut. Archie E. O'Neil. I also met an old friend, 1st Sgt. Robert L. Wilson, whom I had last met in Quantico quite a number of years ago. When I asked him about the quality and character of the Detachment, he exclaimed, "First class," to which one of the gang added, "Especially since all but three are rebels. I found out by personal inquiry that, in-

cluding the top-kick, all but three members of the Detachment were from the South. The non-commissioned personnel included Sgt. Wendell P. Kenner, Cpl. S. Joseph J. Comerinsky, Frank McClendon, Emile St. Noble and Stephen McCloskey.

The Marine Corps Reserve Detachment, under the command of Capt. Bernard S. Barron, is one of the finest groups it is possible to meet. On March 11th, they dedicated their newly acquired barracks. The dedication was conducted by Colonel Meade and Colonel Kineade. These barracks are equipped with lounge, gymnasium and headquarters.

Lieut. Milton V. O'Connell was presented with the Order of the Purple Heart for bravery in action in which he was wounded on October 14, 1918.

The following members of the Detachment, which is known as the 462d Company, saw previous service as follows: 1st Sgt. William T. Smith, Parris Island, USS *Texas* and Nicaragua. Gy. Sgt. Harry Seplowe, USS *Wyoming*, 11th Regiment in France, 1918. Sergeant Artels, West Coast, Parris Island and USS *Maryland*. Sergeant Powell, USS *Texas* and Nicaragua. Cpl. Walter Beede, Nicaragua, China, West Coast and New York. Trumpeter Goldsmith wounded in action in San Domingo, June, 1916. Corporal Hergenrother with the Radio Detachment in Second Division, A.E.F. Private Ziefert, USS *Arkansas* and Nicaragua.

MOTHERS' DAY. Days may come and days may go, but none will be of greater significance than that of this day which is known as Mothers' Day. Our Marines do not forget and on Sunday, May 14th, they will vie with each other in seeing that their mothers receive a letter. Let us think of her as we read the poem of the month written by one who has now passed over the great divide.

GOD BLESS YOU!

Sweet echoing words, which follow as one roams
 Far down in hidden heart-depths they impress you!
 We seem to hear, in tender mother tones,
 This whispered benediction, "Dear, God bless you!"
 They bring back faces loved, and long since gone,
 With stirring thoughts which charm, yet half oppress you;
 You dream again!—again you see the form—
 And hear a well-known voice breathe,
 "Dear, God bless you."
 Cherish for aye that heartfelt mother prayer!
 Armor of strength to guide you, and protect you!
 What can assail one, whether here or there.
 When overshadowed with the prayer, "God bless you?"
 Come from the past, sweet voices, we have loved!
 Out of the shadows, come! We listen for you!
 Oh, how we've craved, so long as we have roved,
 To hear again that fervent—"Dear, God bless you!"
 'Twill come again, when this life's dream is o'er
 And shadows gather, as the sun is setting:
 Then in the dawn—upon that other shore—
 Once more we'll hear, "God bless you, dear!" as greeting.

—C. C. Davenport.

MARINE COLOR GUARD WINS COMMENDATION

The Cavite Marines won special praise at the Military Ball at Santa Ana on the evening of February 26th.

The Marine Color Guard from Cavite, consisting of Sgt. D. M. Huntley, Color Bearer; Cpl. R. L. Luckel, Right Color Guard, and Pfc. E. P. Fitzpatrick, Left Color Guard, made an excellent showing. The White Blue White uniform, along with the Color Guards of the various Military units in the Philippines presented one of the most spectacular features of the evening.



Cavite Color Guard

CAVITE MARINES PUBLISH SNAPPY ANNUAL

The Cavite Marines Annual for 1932-1933 is just off the press. It is a pretentious looking volume of 150 pages, made up of stories, photographs, achievements, activities, well displayed ads and comic strips. The table of contents is: Names of previous Commanding Officers; Dedication; Preface; Pictures of previous Commanding Officers; Major General Commandant; Commanding Officer, Cavite Marines; Picture of Cavite Marine Officers; Picture of first Cavite Marines; Bullets, Bolos and Marines; Cavite Marine Barracks; Cavite Marine Activities; Cavite Personnel; Marine Sports; Cavite Album; Olongapo Marines; Random Recollections; Olongapo Album; Los Banos; U. S. Marines in World History; Marine Corps Hymn; Advertising; Jokes and Cartoons.

The volume is dedicated to the previous Commanding Officers of the Marine Barracks, Cavite and "To Lieutenant-Colonel Maurice E. Shearer, whose active interest in promoting the morale, as well as physical and mental welfare of this command, has made possible this book."

The members of the staff are to be congratulated on the excellency of their work. This book will serve as a valuable memento to the Marines on duty here.

NATIONAL SAILORS' HOME

Former Marines, no matter at what period they rendered honorable service, can find a haven of rest at the National Sailors' Home, Wollaston, Mass.

The National Sailors' Home, a Massachusetts charitable corporation, was established shortly after the Civil War with funds provided through public contributions.

This Home is maintained for the benefit of those who rendered honorable service in the Navy or Marine Corps of the United States and are now disabled by wounds, sickness, old age or otherwise without regard to place of their enlistment.

The membership of the Home consists:

First—Former Sailors or Marines who are in need of domiciliary care and one without the personal means to provide for the same, in which case the Home provides their care without expense to the member.

Second—Former Sailors or Marines who are on the Reserve, retired or pension list and who at their own expense prefer to make this their home, where the associations created in the Naval service may be continued.

Entrance to this home may be by communicating with the National Sailors' Home, Wollaston, Mass.

Haiti

NOW IN PORT AU PRINCE

By Harlan G. Spencer

Now in Port au Prince, this winter we have had little to do besides worry about when the A&I would be around, how in the deuce—we were going to pay our bill at the Service Club, if we could pass Colonel Little's inspection with that pair of patched trousers, if we could get a transfer to China if we asked for it, if all the men with 18 months in Haiti would make the next boat back, etc., etc., and so on until the music sounded "Taps" and put us out of our misery—until "First Call" next morning at 5:15.

With us here at the First Brigade, we have:

Charlie the Greek, the Old Maestro of all Police Sergeants. Many remember him at Brooklyn Navy Yard, and some remember the time he ate the ace of hearts in a "Black Jack" game at Quantico. He used it as a filler along with a hamburger steak. Charlie is the same old "make a good job; no—up" guy that you used to know back in the States. He whitewashes everything except the flag pole, and that's on top of the barracks roof or he'd include it.

Little Nemo, the Grand Slam of the butt detail, knows more about how to run a butt detail than Roosevelt the Nation. Little Nemo hasn't lost over ten or twenty pounds since he has been here, and can still balance a truck with ten tons. Outside of the fact that Nemo has been having girl trouble lately, everything is jake with him now that we are through firing the range. All he has to do is build a new range between now and next spring.

A brand new Second Regiment (Second Marines now) championship basket ball team which won both halves of the season, losing no games during the first half, and but one the second half to a hard-fighting team from the Observation Squadron 9-M unit. The Second Marines, Aviation (V09-M), Brigade Headquarters Company, Signal Company, Motor Transport and the Brigade Field Hospital, or our Navy team, finished in the order named. Our Navy won the base ball championship last year, as the men who were here then know, but how they have slipped. Last in basketball, and now Bill Hawk, Sams, Roberts, Westbrook and Cason are missing this season from that championship team. Incidentally, the Second Marines team was captained by Cpl. Len Hirkes at one guard, and Cpl. Music Percy Park at the other guard, Douglas Meighen at center, Ace

Bannister at one forward, and with Mc-Nicol, Royal and Dyke alternating at the other forward post. Paddy Quinn of Company "A" coached the winners.

We no longer have with us:

Capt. H. A. Ellsworth of Headquarters Company, Second Marines, who holds the world's record with the BAR (made just before he left). Bob Holmes of the same company, the "great gusto and utmost superbo" guy who couldn't keep out of a fight and is now on his way to Shanghai, where he will have plenty of what he wants. Izzy Schneider of V09-M, first president of the Service Club. Major Louis E. Fagan, executive officer of the Second Marines. Capt John Halla, C.O., of the old 64th Co., who has gone to the Cape. Capt. R. L. Montague went to gay Paree with his young wife to learn something from the French. The unseparable two, First Lieutenant Kirkpatrick and Chief Machine Gunner Laith of Brigade Headquarters Company, and the M. P. force who have gone back to P. I. And we no longer have with us our old friend M. P., Sassaick, the Unholy Terror. After five years with us, we were sorry to see Sassaick leave. Oh yeah!

But we do have with us now.

Captain Brown, new C.O. of Company "D" a regular fellow, and a new set of officers for Company "A" and a fine bunch, too. First Lieutenant Hanlon is C.O., Second Lieutenant McKean and 2nd Lt. J. O. Fojt are the trio, and our new executive officer at the Second Marines barracks is Maj. S. P. Budd from Philly.

THEY TELL ME

By R. E. Thompson

That Cape Haitien is the best place in the Marine Corps in which to do duty—And I am here from Parris Island for two years in which to find out. From what I have found, it isn't at all bad—When a Post feeds me breaded pork chops and pie a la mode—Well—

That in case you don't know, the word, "Chaumont," means—Christopher Help All Us Marines On Navy Transports, Get it?

That the Gals in ole Nawth Cahina won't know this Mah-rine when I put two years under this Sun—But its the Fathers of Daughters that worries me—

That next month will show a great deal more men doing their own laundry—What with the pay cut—You know what I mean? Or do you?

That Sergeant Burns, well-known to Haiti—is back again. It seems that he can't stay away—but if he knows the same Tiechet I do—he can't be blamed—

That when a man does 16 months on Parris Island—he finds friends all over the Marine Corps—

That this Kolumn, next month, will be full of news from this Post—from what I can learn it has had no correspondent—Green Pastures!!! Shipmates, Green Pastures!!!!!!

That the Editor of the U. S. Navy Magazine, A Mr. Carlin, doesn't like the Marine Corps, judging from his recent article in that sheet—Did YOU read it???—You should—You'll sizzle!!!!

That I didn't have the something-or-other to use my own name on my By-line—But you see it there this time, don't you, Pals?????

That after some time in the Army, and four years in the Navy—I find the Marine Corps the best of the three—The Officers, the Chow and ones Shipmates—And now I'm a thirty-year man—Yes I AM—

That you really should know the Commandant here—Here's a man that tells one the score and expects him to abide by it—All that he asks is that one play the game —And we all do!!!!

That something tells me—You'll be reading me next month????



N. C. O. Club, Port au Prince

NON-COMS' CLUB, PORT AU PRINCE

By B. Lidyard

An extract from our Club By-laws reads: "The Club shall be known as the Non-Commissioned Officers' Club, its object shall be to promote social intercourse, good-fellowship, and to maintain for its members a place of meeting."

To those of the readers who have sojourned in Haiti, a description of the club would be superfluous, but to those that have never visited Port au Prince, it might be of interest to know that a lit the over a year ago, certain far-sighted N. C. O.'s of the First Brigade saw the advantages of such an institution and made steps to see it through. Members of the Club today have a lot to thank those pioneers.

A special meeting of the Club members was held on March 8, for the purpose of electing a President due to the resignation of Sergeant Major Pinee from that office. It seems that Sergeants Major have quite a bit of work to do, so with a regret his resignation was accepted. First Sergeant Quinn was elected to fill the chair. Our

new President has had plenty of experience in this capacity due to having held the same position in the earlier days of the Club.

The Irish and "Dutch" Hoffman maintain that the Saint Patrick's Day dance held on March 18th was a huge success. Porky Flynn states that with all the "Skis" and "De's" present, the Irish still should be proud of the affair. The Club rooms were attractively decorated and favors were in abundance. The music was furnished by the Second Marine Orchestra, who favored us with such touching ballads as "My Wild Irish Rose," "Mother Ma-chree," "Frankie and Johnnie" and other appropriate tunes.

The regular bi-monthly meeting was held on the 25th, and it is hard to find words to properly describe these affairs, the fact that they are so heartily enjoyed can be easily ascertained by the large groups attending.

The Club is also equipped with a reading room, which has newspapers from the leading cities in the States. This helps us to keep in touch with things going on at home.

PEKING BAND

By M. H. Cooper

The Peking Marine Band is believed to be the busiest in the regular Marine Corps. Our routine includes twenty-three formations a week; that doesn't include the polo games and races for which we have to play. In addition to that, we have several special concerts. A fellow has to have an "iron" lip and plenty of stamina, mainly the "iron" lip.

"Gus" Olaguez is our First Sergeant and leader; Davison does the assistant's work. There are eight men playing clarinet, namely, Elliott, solo; Grove, assistant; Krokosky and Plumb, first; Parker and Poor, second; "Pap" Arrowsmith and Hutchison, third. On the flute and piccolo is that little Private First Class Golden.

Sitting in the clarinet section of the concert, we have Davison and Wiliford playing solo; Way, first; Burgess, second; Weiss, third. The horn sections includes, Sorono, first; Schull, second; Martin, third. For the heavy sections we have McConah,

(Continued on page 52)



Marine Bandsman, Peiping, China



REMINISCENCES

By Grant E. Culver

Commandant, Department of N. Y.

(Editor's Note: We come back east again for the next in our series of articles by leading Leaguers. Grant Culver is without question one of the most widely known men in the Marine Corps League. And if you think this is an exaggerated statement, you may be inclined to agree with us after you have read the following article. Grant's devotion to the Marine Corps League is equalled by few and excelled by none. No trip is too arduous, no sacrifice too great, for Grant E. Culver, where the League's interests are at stake.)

We want to make just one little correction in Grant's article, however. Russell Flynn has certainly been heard from since the Cincinnati convention. As a matter of fact, Russell was very prominent at the doings in Buffalo in 1931 and is now National Vice Commandant for the Central Division.)

TELL, in the first place the official name of members of The League is Gyrene; not Leatherneck. This was decided on the Convention floor in Dallas, after a hard fought battle.

This brings to mind the theme of my reminiscences.

It was well worth the price of the railroad fare from Schenectady to Dallas to attend the 1928 National Convention, and it would be worth at least as much more to be able to shake hands again with those wonderful fellows from Dallas, Waco, Houston, Ft. Worth, Oklahoma City, New Orleans, Shreveport, the Ohio boys, as well as those from the eastern and other detachments.

You fellows who were there will recall genial Don Coates. Someone suggested that we should have dancing partners, and Don proceeded to call his girl friends, and in less than an hour more than twenty responded. Was that a party? Well, ask Lations, Illeh or McNamara, if you don't want to take my word for it.

Then, on Friday night there was a double feature. "Tiger Snell," San Diego Marine, showed a Dallas boy how the Marines box. At 11:30 our hosts put on a "Stag" that was an affair long to be remembered. I will always remember this night because I was informed by Don that my name was Lee—not Grant—while I remained below the Mason-Dixon Line. I still have Lon's League

cap and he has mine. Some day we will meet again and re-exchange caps.

Lest someone gain the impression that all play and no work was the rule in Dallas, let us remember that it was there that some very important work was accomplished. This included adoption of official name for members of the League "Gyrene" which was mentioned above; changes in our constitution and by-laws discussed and adopted;

cause a year earlier, on November 3, 1927, several Hudson-Mohawk Gyrenes started from Schenectady for the first Convention we attended, in Erie, Pa. This was one of the hardest drives I have ever made and we were all mighty glad when the 400 miles were finished. It was raining very hard when we left Schenectady, rain and sleet fell in Utica, and it snowed in Syracuse and continued to snow until we arrived to within 50 miles of Erie.

After we registered at the Lawrence Hotel, Convention Headquarters, we were told that a reception committee was receiving on board the U. S. S. Wolverine, which was the headquarters for the Louis J. Magill Detachment of Erie. What a reception this was! I understand that someone had made several raids immediately preceding the Convention and gloriously failed to do his duty with the seized material. Commandant Sterrett, Joe Gallagher, Gyrene Agents, and the other Erie boys took turns dispensing this seized material behind the "counter," on board the good ship Wolverine. Plenty of eats were also available on board ship, day and night during the two days of the convention.

Saturday morning Mayor Williams paid us a visit for the purpose of presenting us with the "keys of the City." Shortly afterwards, one of the visiting Gyrenes was arrested for a traffic violation, and Mayor Williams left hurriedly to have him released. He said, "We can't lock up any of you boys because I have just presented you with the keys."

General Lejeune was with us in Erie, and gave us a wonderful talk on the early history of the Marine Corps League.

National Chaplain, Dr. Clifford, made an interesting report on his contacts with Marines and Gyrenes. During the past year, he reported, that he wrote, by hand, 5,190 letters, or 17 per day, to Marines, Gyrenes, their mothers and friends.

The present grave marker and lapel button were approved at the Erie Convention. You will recall that the grave marker was suggested by "The Old Warrior," Gyrene Edgerton of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment. Gyrene Edgerton has since joined his departed comrades in the Great Beyond.



Left to right: Lt. Brower, USMC; Angelo J. Cincotta, N. Y. Detachment No. 1; Carleton A. Fisher, National Commandant; Maurice Illch, National Vice Commandant, and Capt. Sweet, USMC.

plans discussed for raising the necessary funds for taking over and perpetuating the Belleau Woods Memorial; membership drives and prizes for detachments securing the largest percentage over 100 per cent increase of 1928 membership; and a great many other forward-looking objectives recommended, discussed and adopted.

But I am getting ahead of my story, be-

I sincerely hope that I may soon have the pleasure of again shaking hands with Sterrett and Gallagher of Erie, Corbly of Cincinnati, Hardesty of Cleveland, Winters of Detroit, Moorehead of Mansfield, and all of the other congenial souls who enjoyed the wonderful hospitality of the Louis J. Magill Detachment of Erie, Pa.

As Colonel Easterwood practically agreed to give us Dallas, the next Convention was held there. I have described as much of this Convention as I dare to at the beginning of these reminiscences.

In accordance with the "gentlemen's agreement" reached in Erie in 1927, the 1929 Convention was held in Cincinnati. I left New York City Wednesday night, October 23, and arrived in Cincinnati around 6:30 P. M. on Thursday. Lations from Worcester, and Illich from Albany had arrived during the afternoon. "Russ" Flynn, Corbly, and some of the other Cincinnati boys were receiving, and doing an excellent job.

It wasn't long before Charlie Maisel and Sam Langston from Waco, Texas, arrived in their flivver. When I first saw Charlie, he was hollering, "Where is Culver? I want Culver," etc. In case you don't know it, Charlie has since married, settled down, and is now a proud father. We correspond once a year, at Christmas time. I hope we may soon get together again. Incidentally, I thought Charlie would marry a little dark haired girl, who has a sister named Alice, and whose hair is decidedly not black, from Cincinnati, but he was true to the Lone Star State girls.

The high spots of the Convention, from the social end, were the big dance on Friday night in one of the best arranged roadhouses I have ever seen. The St. Xavier College boys were at one end of the hall and the Marine football players and Gyrenes at the other end. There were a lot of good natured remarks passed between the opponents for the morrow's football game, and some that weren't so good natured. However, the next day, Saturday afternoon, the Quantico Marines did well until about five minutes from the end of the last quarter, when the St. Xavier boys performed some "Chandu magic" and sneaked over a couple of goals.

At Cincinnati, the Convention approved a three days session for further conventions. Also, approved the payment to National Headquarters of five per cent of the net profit of affairs held by various detachments. Apparently, some detachments have not as yet heard about this, as according to "Fergie," our National Adjutant and Paymaster, some of the receipts are very small.

Another important action taken at Cincinnati was to approve St. Louis for the 1930 Convention.

All of us were by this time feeling "Ole Man Depression" pretty thoroughly. I drove to Detroit with Mrs. Culver, who stayed there with some friends, and from there took the Greyhound Bus for St. Louis. All in all, it was a very interesting trip, and most enjoyable. I arrived at 6:30 A. M. on November 5, the day before the Convention began. The first Gyrene I saw was Abe Moulton, who was already on the job. Shortly afterward, Harry Holley arrived from Cortland, N. Y. Some Drive! You know Harry is a member of the Corporal James Dwight Snyder Detachment, of Syracuse, N. Y. Harry started out from the Statler Hotel to "see the town" and I went to bed to get some sleep, having been riding all night in the bus.

Many of the "old timers" were conspicuous by their absence, and their presence was certainly missed by all. However, Lations (the savior of the Marine Corps League), Illich (ever faithful), Flynn (not heard

from since), Andrews (also missing), and a few other old timers were present. Also it was here that we first had the pleasure of meeting and getting acquainted with Carlton Fisher.

You will recall that Carl received the Trophy Cup for Spokane, Wash., Detachment, at the dinner dance on Friday evening. Later on in the evening, some of the boys from Louisville, Ky., who were trying to land the Convention for 1931, asked Carl to use his influence to help them, thinking, of course, that he was from Spokane. However, Carl had his native city of Buffalo in mind, and could not see his way clear to help the Louisville boys.

All who visited St. Louis will remember with pleasure "the trips across the river"; the stag party at the Garrick Theatre; the sight seeing trip, especially the visit to Anheuser-Busch plant (where presumably they will soon be making the "real thing" again), and the big dinner dance on Friday night. Neither have I forgotten the enjoyable time we had at the several night clubs, where southern darkies played and sang the old familiar songs.

Now, last but not least, was the 1931 Convention, in Buffalo, where Fisher, Edwards, Fergie, Chase and the other Buffalo Gyrenes took us in tow. I had not seen Chase since

must not forget the dinner at the Hotel General Brock, nor the refreshments which preceded the dinner.

Karl Lations asked to be relieved of Command, having been National Commandant for two years, and acting National Commandant for the previous three or four years. It sure was difficult for the Convention to replace Karl, and the choice finally was Carlton Fisher.

Conditions in 1932 were such that it was thought impractical to hold a National Convention, although Spokane strongly urged that a gathering be held there. However, several divisional conventions were held and a lot of constructive work accomplished at each. John Manning, of Albany, N. Y., deserves a lot of credit for attending the divisional convention in Spokane, and represented the National Commandant.

The Eastern Seaboard Divisional Convention, held in Albany on November 5, was well attended. The "high spot" of this meeting was the pledging of enough money, by detachments and individuals, to insure regular copies of THE LEATHERNECK for at least two months. This is a great magazine, and we are all hoping that various detachments will get busy and send to Headquarters enough dues to keep this publication coming to us each month.

No National Convention would be complete without a "little giant," who has done heroic duty for The Marine Corps League, and whose name is A. E. Beeg.

In writing the above, I have in a sense "carried on" from where that real Gyrene and prince of a fellow, Frank X. Lambert, left off. You will recall that the first five Conventions were covered by his article, which appeared in the January 1929 issue of *The Leaguer*.

I have derived a great deal of pleasure from writing these reminiscences of the good times I have had with Gyrenes during the past seven years. The faces of the fellows mentioned, as well as of those whose names I cannot remember, will always serve to bring a smile of pleasure to me. I sincerely hope that the readers will also enjoy them; I am sure that a good many will, because they were with me when some of the incidents related took place, and they will recall many events, which are not recorded, because of lack of space, etc. I would like to hear from you fellows; my address is 1026 Van Antwerp Road, Schenectady, N. Y.

Let me urge again that all individuals and detachments support National Headquarters. I know several members who have spent hundreds of dollars of their own money to attend conventions and meetings. This support has helped tremendously to further the interests of The Marine Corps League, as a whole. It is reasonable to expect that Gyrenes, who are able to, will pay their dues, and that detachments will send a part of the dues to Headquarters. THE LEATHERNECK is worth a great deal more than we pay for dues; it is a bargain even in these days when bargains are plentiful. Do not be smugly content with a small membership, go out and get new members. The chances are that prospective members are spending many times the price of Marine Corps League dues for movies or something else, which return much less in pleasure and comradeship than they would receive by joining your detachment. When you get these new members, send part of the receipts to National Headquarters.

Remember this, without a National Headquarters the Marine Corps League would soon disintegrate, or become a decentralized organization which would soon fall far short of representing the true ideals of a Marine's Outfit.

HOWARD DETACHMENT'S "IRON MAN" RETIRES TOM WOOD, VETERAN OF WOODEN SHIPS, QUILTS POLICE JOB

The Tribune, leading publication of Oakland, California, recently chronicled the resignation from the local police force of Inspector Tom Wood, after 26 years of service. Gyrene Tom is a veteran, not only of the police force, but of the Marine Corps as well. Tom is a true blue member of the League, affiliated with the E. D. Howard Detachment of Oakland, California. He holds the office of State Vice Commandant for the Bay District.

We quote excerpts from the Tribune's article on Tom's retirement:

"On October 6, 1906, Inspector Tom Wood joined the Oakland Police Department. . . . By the time he was promoted to the Detective Bureau in 1911 he had already gained the reputation of knowing every member of every gang in his district.

"I am ready to step out and make way for younger men who can do a better job than I've ever done," Inspector Wood said in discussing his approaching retirement at the age of 61. . . .

"To the gangsters of Oklahoma he has for years been known as 'Greyhound.' To the Chinese he is 'Foxy Grandpa.' The latter sobriquet was earned when he dressed as a Chinese and disguised himself so successfully that he brought 113 gamblers within the reach of the law. At the risk of his own life Wood captured Alfred Sells . . . a strangler. That was another time when his faculty for disguise came in handy. 'Sells told me afterwards,' Wood recalls, 'that if he had guessed who I was when I came up to him he would certainly have killed me.'"

Tom Wood has certainly made an enviable record in his service with the Oakland Police Department, which is to be expected of a Marine. But his work is by no means finished. Tom Kingsley, Commandant of the Department of California, hopes to get at least 25 more years of work out of the Gyrene Inspector on behalf of the League. We all hope that the one Tom gets his wish and that the other will get as much pleasure out of it as he did in enforcing the law.

E. D. HOWARD DETACHMENT Oakland, California

Through the efforts of our analogist and State Commandant you now know who's who in our detachment, by means of flattering scripts in the April issue of THE LEATHERNECK. Thanks to the facilities of THE LEATHERNECK, like many psychologists, our analogist, who portrayed us, knows which side his bread is buttered on. He would have been throttled, to be sure, had he brought out adverse criticism. Your scribe appreciates the high esteem with which he is regarded and tries to inform you all of facts and doings as they occur. All members are doing their utmost to keep busy with heads up.

Our loyal and dynamic Commandant, H. Ruskofsky, known familiarly as "Scrub and Wash," especially called the same by those who cannot articulate well, relinquished the chair at our last meeting to better attain his ends to discover the whereabouts of a piece of wood that came off the Constitution. Now we have a committee looking for that piece of wood and in the next issue you may learn more of that particular piece of wood. The Constitution is here in San Francisco now and will be in Oakland on April 12th. No defi-

nite program is ahead except to watch out for loose Marines and ex-Marines and an election of new officers who will have their chance to improve things in our detachment.

H. A. GIRARD,
Chief-of-Staff

COLORS OF THE CAPTAIN BURWELL H. CLARKE DETACHMENT

These Gyrenes from the Skeeter State appear mighty proud of their Detachment colors, as well they might.

The Captain Clarke Detachment is one of the League's prize exhibits, and under the leadership of Past Commandant, John W. Withers, and the present Commandant, Jesse A. Rodgers, has made amazing strides. Jesse Rodgers, by the way, enlisted in the Marine Corps at the age of 14 and put in two years down in the Tropics, which possibly accounts for his boyish looks and grown-up behavior. We'll give you a picture of Jesse and some of the more prominent members of this great gang in an early issue.



Colors of the Newark, N. J., Detachment

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS NEWS AND NOTES

611 Walbridge Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

National Commandant, Carlton A. Fisher, requests that all detachments at their May meeting discuss 1933 convention plans and forward recommendations as to dates and places to National Headquarters. A National Convention will positively be held this year, and in order to insure its success it is necessary that we agree as far as possible as to the important factors of time and locality.

The attention of all detachments is called to the provision in the National Constitution adopted in 1931 that election of detachment officers in all detachments in active existence for more than one year shall hold their election of officers at their May meeting, or, if more than one meeting is held in any one month, at the second meeting in the month of May. This provision also stipulates that immediately upon the elec-

tion of new officers a list of officers shall be forwarded to National Headquarters, and that the installation of such newly elected officers shall take place at a date not more than two regular meeting nights from the date of such election.

Since the illness of National Adjutant & Paymaster, J. Lyman Ferguson, Headquarters' detail work is of necessity being done largely at night, and League members and detachments are asked to condone delay in answering important correspondence. We expect to have the decks fairly well clear within the next ten days.

FISHER NOW CAPTAIN

National Commandant, Carlton A. Fisher, has been notified of his advance to a Captaincy in the VMCR. Captain Fisher entered the Marine Corps in 1917 as a private and was commissioned as Second Lieutenant upon his graduation from the Officers' Training School at Quantico in 1918.

Upon separating from the Corps Captain Fisher completed his studies at New York University and was admitted to the bar. He became Commandant of the Oscar A. Swan Detachment of Buffalo in 1929 and served two terms in that office, becoming National Commandant of the Marine Corps League in 1931.

TO A GANG OF LEATHERNECKS ABOARD AN OLD FRIGATE

By F. M. Johnson

(Editor's Note: We welcome to our columns one who bids fair to become the poet laureate of the League, if such an office should ever be established. And why not?

Gyrene Johnson is Chaplain of the McLemore Marines Detachment of Houston, Texas. The following lines were written upon the recent visit of the Frigate "Constitution," affectionately nick-named "Old Ironsides," to Houston.)

From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli,
You've performed lots of strange duties on the land and on the sea;
But the strangest of all duties, 'twixt the ebbing of the tides,
Was when they sent your detail on the ship called "Old Ironsides."

You were mailmen, so I'm thinkin'; there in Paris you were cops;
But you've never been in action on those lofty fightin' tops.

By the time you climbed those ratlines, you would be plumb out of breath,
If you didn't stick in mid-air, you would yell, "Oh, where is death!"

If I recollect the story, a Marine gave us a name
When he stood in front of Sigsbee at the sinking of the Maine.

"Ship blown up, sir, and she's sinking!"—were the words I think he said;
If you tried that on your Frigate, you'd be bound to bump your head.

When the ladies call to see you and you waded through the gum,
To show them on the Berth Deck how they used to dish out rum;
I wish that I were you; I know I'd make 'em sore,
For I'd ask to do guide duty for the Prohibition Corps.

Where'er may fly Old Glory, you will find a staunch Marine;
Seven Seas or Eight Wonders; he is part of every scene;

I have met him many places and in almost every clime;
But until your ship made Houston, I thought Gobs made fast each line.

In amaze, I watched you workin' as I stood upon the deck;
Butler would have taught you chanties as you heaved and hauled, by heck!
Well, this is the day of wonders, and we know you came from far,
Even though your hands are calloused and you smell a bit like tar.

Jokes aside, we bid you welcome; you have had a dandy cruise;
And there's none of us here present but who'd like to wear your shoes.
Leathernecks we are who greet you, 'twixt the ebbing of the tides;
And we're glad you stopped among us with your Frigate, "Old Ironsides."

CHARLES RUDDICK DETACHMENT

Elmira, N. Y.

Over the top for the month of March! An even two dozen paid up members, a charter member and a couple of dozen prospects who attend, and are more than welcome at our meeting.

At our last meeting a committee was appointed to form a drill team, so watch out for us! With such drill masters as Captain Martin Canavan and Weaver Moss we cannot be anything but a perfect outfit.

We welcome back to the fold Ray Gavan, who had the misfortune to have his leg amputated. His sojourn in the Marine Hospital at Buffalo did not dampen his spirit any.

We also welcome a new member, Stuart H. Budd, a former Fifth Regiment Vet. Budd gave quite a spel on the Fifth and Sixth in action over there.

A party from this detachment attended the National Commandant's dinner at Buffalo last month. Our Senior Vice-Commandant (who is also our local politician) shinnied up to the speaker of the evening, who happened to be a Judge, while our Junior Vice-Commandant and yours truly played the part of "yes" men. Leave it to George Kretscham to pave the way. And if a veteran needs a friend, let him call on George for action, so when in Elmira look us up and we will do our best. For the benefit of our State officers, we meet every Monday in the month.

EDWARD FOODY,
Chief-of-staff.

OSCAR A. SWAN DETACHMENT

176 Avery Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

The big event which we have to report this month was the National Commandant's Dinner, which took place at the Buffalo Trap and Field Club on March 15th. A good turnout was on hand and we believe a good time was had by all, including the visiting firemen from Elmira, Niagara Falls, Erie, Syracuse and Tonawanda. Prominent in the gathering were Gyrenees Kretschman, Decker and Foody, who made the long trip up from Elmira for the occasion.

The affair took on a typical Marine atmosphere when the toastmaster turned out to be a ribald sort of a fellow who seemed to have no respect for the gray hairs of the Honorable, who was to be the speaker of the evening.

Commandant Fisher fell into the spirit of the affair in his own inimitable manner,

though he ended up on a serious note with his pledge of service and plea for cooperation from all League members.

The Honorable Patrick J. Keeler made a hit with his splendid speech on preparedness as a national policy. The Judge certainly knows his facts and figures and how to express them. He held a noisy bunch of Marines spellbound for nearly an hour.

After the chow a general confab was held, which resulted in the signing up of several new members, prominent among them being Gyrene McIntyre, District Manager of the Postal Telegraph Company.

At our next meeting nomination of officers will take place for the election to be held at our second May meeting.

JAMES BARBER,
Adjutant.

LADIES' AUXILIARY THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

Welcome to Seattle, Ladies' Auxiliary! Keep up the good work which you have started.

We have done some welfare work during this past year and are planning to make money to swell our funds, so that we can do more next year. One of our members very kindly opened her home last month for a Whist Party and a neat little sum was realized.

The Auxiliary attended the institution of the Cape Cod Detachment of Wollaston, Mass., and the installation of its officers, which was held the same evening.

Our membership is slowly increasing and we are in hopes of doubling it during the next year.

We assisted the Detachment with a very successful Penny Sale in February, and always stand ready to help the boys in any way we can.

Let us hear from some of the rest of the auxiliaries.

MRS. EUNICE HODGE,
Chief-of-staff.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

483 Hamilton Street, Albany, N. Y.

On the fire at the present time is the Annual Military Ball at the Ten-Eyck Hotel on Saturday, April 22nd. The committee is working hard to make this affair a success and it is up to the individual member to help out with the sale of tickets. And along the dance line. Heretofore, members of the Detachment and their ladies were always admitted free. This year, because of the fact that we are "on our own," it will be necessary for all members to pay their way. This was unanimously voted at the last meeting.

Twenty-seven members attended the last meeting and two new members were initiated—William B. Webb of West Albany and Max Smolarski of Schenectady. Hope to see you at this meeting.

A committee headed by Russ Cochran was appointed to get together and hold another Saturday Night Dance in Albany. The committee had a meeting, but due to the proximity of the big dance, it was thought advisable to put this matter over until later in the season.

Just received a card from the Chief of Staff, who has removed himself and family back to Methuen, Mass. Sorry you're gone, John, we'll miss you. Nevertheless, we're glad you're coming over for the dance.

Our Albany meeting opened with a bang

when our Commandant arose, and with a deft but officious downward drop of the gavel, declared the meeting open. All points argued pro and con and an amicable settlement of all subjects brought the meeting to an agreeable close.

Time out now to welcome the two new members,—one from Albany and one from the environs of the Electric City. Come on, Troy, about time for a new member or two from your territory.

Now swing your partner, turn to the right, Won't April 22nd be an old time night? So let's get out and do our bit,

A quitter never wins, and a winner never quits.

Please excuse the erratic hurdles from one line to another in the above verse, but let's tell everybody what a grand pre-war fiesta is in store for those who attend. DON'T FORGET THE DATE—SATURDAY, APRIL 22nd.

After all the shouting from the Troy and Albany gang, that they could take it, they went and fell miserably at the last meeting. Boys, you'll have to keep quiet in the future, because I am informed that about three gallons had to be poured down the waste pipe so Mac could return the empty to good old Frank up Green Island way.

CHRIS J. CUNNINGHAM,
Adjutant.

CAPE COD DETACHMENT

Quincy, Mass.

A new chapter is expected to be written into the annals of Marine Corps League history by this, the latest detachment, just organized in old New England, where history has so often been made. The City of Quincy, the birthplace of the father of the Marine Corps and the second president of these United States. Here, on March 20th, we became part of the Marine Corps which is our way of again becoming active for the good old Marine Corps. Many of us were affiliated with the Boston detachment and were, somehow, just satisfied to belong, not taking much active part, being out of town; so it was that our State Commandant accepted the idea of having a detachment formed in Quincy.

Our first meeting took place in Quincy February 21st. On this big night ideas were born and brought to light. Dean Harding, our State Commandant, explained the whys and wherefores. At this meeting "Two Gun" Baker, Quincy's boast of law and order, was elected temporary Commandant. Incidentally, we have all decided to keep him in that capacity for a term of office. Plans were also made at this time to hold the next meeting on March 7th, for the election of officers and to choose a name for the detachment.

On March 7th the detachment met at the "Moirisette" Post, American Legion, at which meeting there was a commendable turnout of about sixty men. Everybody seemed to be eager to get going and they all certainly did do just that. Jim Baker was unopposed for the post of Commandant. "Tippy" Cayan was mentioned for Senior Vice unanimously, Lawrence "Jim" Corbett, another old timer, was quickly decided upon as Junior Vice, and so it went on, no one getting a chance to refuse. "Tippy" Cayan, who is no doubt responsible for more men in the Marine Corps than any other recruiting sergeant in the business, made most of the recommendations. Jim Dugan, elected Adjutant, seems to know just when to do the right thing at the right time, and as for Ray

(Continued on page 58)

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

1ST BN., 24TH RESERVE MARINES

By G. J. Valentine

Heading the list in the high-lights of this outfit is the Battalion Parade held on the 6th of March. Major General Parker, USA, the wartime commanding officer of the 1st Division was present, and presented the order of the Purple Heart and Silver Star to 23 members of Marine Post of the American Legion. It was a most impressive ceremony, and every one of the old timers claims that he got the well known lump in his throat. The General shook the hand of each man, and congratulated him. After giving out the awards, a short talk was given, praising the efforts of the decorated men, and encouraging the members of the Reserve to strive to emulate them. After the talk, it was a proud outfit that passed in review that night. The Naval Reserve band furnished the music. Among the guests were Capt. Powell, USN, representing Admiral Cluveris, USN, Captain Evers, USNR, the Commanding Officer of the Illinois Naval Reserve, and Captain Corbett, USMC. Captain Corbett was among the decorated. After the parade, a dance was held, the music being donated by Musicians' Post of the American Legion. Very nice of them. Hope we can reciprocate some time.

See where somebody figures on giving out orchids to reservists for coming forty miles to participate in the inaugural parade. Out here, we have men who have been coming that far at least once a month for drill, and who expect no orchids. They expect hell if they don't come.

Some more promotions are in line. After a stiff examination on the 2nd of March, there was plenty of tension in the 433rd Company, until Captain McAtee announced the results on the 16th. Well, as the disappointed ones consoled themselves, somebody has to lose. New suggestions for the economy league (no charge): Do away with all N. C. O.'s and P. F. C.'s. Make everyone a private. This will lengthen the lives of the officers, and do away with much paper work. Bet this meets with the approval of "Bozo" Duncan. The man with his ear to the ground hears that Captain Silverthorne, USMC, is to be attached to this hero regiment. Greetings, Mon Capitaine. The Captain is well known in these parts, having been attached to the Army Subsistence School here in Chicago. Q. M. Sgt. "Dick" Stone, USMC, a "regular" in more than service, is helping the Battalion Quartermaster each Monday night. And, as we live and breathe, in walks Corporal Easley, USMC, our rifle coach, who was in Decatur, Ill., the last we heard. "Well, well, how's things in the coal mining region?" Hope old 1st Sgt. Horace J. Gill treated you right down there. So you're enroute to Detroit. Well, Reginald G. Sauls, III, the fire-eating Top there, and their recruit Gunnery Sergeant (Ritchie, P. I. 1914), will do right by you there. So Clarence J. Bothe, formerly 1st Sgt. of the Toledo Company, is now a Sergeant Major.

Rumors of a bunch of Radio Gadgets

RESERVE PROMOTIONS

Officers

The following named officers have been promoted to the grade indicated:

- Major Frank A. Mallen.
- Captain Carlton A. Fisher.
- Captain Clark W. Thompson.
- Captain Leon Larson.
- 1st Lt. Charles E. Warburton.
- 1st Lt. James C. Lewis.

Enlisted Men

- Sgt. Clyde B. Bonnough—to First Sergeant.
- 1st Sgt. Clarence H. Bothe—to Sergeant Major.
- Pvt. Ellis J. Carter—to Corporal.
- Supply Sgt. Coy M. Collins—to Quartermaster Sergeant.
- Pvt. Samuel J. Crombie—to Corporal.
- Pvt. John R. Dodge—to Corporal.
- Pvt. John C. Dougherty—to Corporal.
- Pfc. Arthur R. Eklund—to Corporal.
- Pvt. William McK. Fleming—to First Sergeant.
- Pvt. William M. Foster—to Corporal.
- Pfc. Morris Johnson—to Corporal.
- Cpl. Carlos F. Loehrke—to Sergeant.
- Pfc. Sunner W. Meredith—to Supply Sergeant.
- Pvt. Louis S. Quandt—to Sergeant.
- Pvt. Robert A. Reed—to Corporal.
- Pvt. Frank M. Richard—to Corporal.
- Pfc. Carl R. Schlicker—to Corporal.
- 1st Sgt. James M. Stenhouse—to Sergeant Major.
- Pfc. Frans E. A. Widen—to Corporal.

are running around here, but nobody seems able to run them down (the rumors, of course). Sergeant Mietzel, the head gadgeteer smiles, and says nothing. He has, however, been sneaking out to Oak Park each Tuesday, and our operatives will have something definite soon.

Small bore work has been going on rapidly, and it is expected that the entire battalion will be qualified before long. More than 70 per cent have already qualified. Only one man who has fired has not qualified, which speaks well for the coaching. The Naval Reserve has invited us to participate in their novice boxing tournament on the 8th of this month. Novice, I wonder.

The article in THE LEATHERNECK on the use of the colors was an excellent one. Hope to see more along that line soon.

ABERDEEN F. M. C. R.

By T. Megler Girard

The newly organized Company "K," 3d Battalion, 25th F. M. C. R., Aberdeen, Washington, is heard from for the first time.

There is nothing slow about Company "K." Since it has been organized, no stone has been left unturned to make this an A-1 Company.

A smoker was given during the month of February. The funds, obtained from this source, were used to start a mess fund. An additional boost to the mess fund was given when we sponsored a show. Five acts of vaudeville, all performers were from the personnel of this company, and the picture, "Men Must Fight," were the chief attractions at this show. The nine piece orchestra, quartet and the accordionist were given their full share of applause.

The non-commissioned officers held several parties which evinced praises from all those attending. They plan to give another party within the next few weeks. Working parties are detailed to put in shape the U. S. S. Newport, which is to be the Company's headquarters.

434TH CO., 24TH MARINE RESERVES

By C. W. Collie

On March 6, 1933, thirty-six men, ex-Leathernecks of the famous Fifth and Sixth Marines, all of them every inch a man; one with crutches, here an arm gone, there a leg missing, several with a limp, bodies broken, minds in a fog, something the matter with every one of them; formally received the Order of the Purple Heart, some with Palms and the Silver Star Citation. Truly it was an awe-inspiring and a heart-gripping sight to see those thirty-six heroes marching up to Major General Parker, commandant of the Sixth Corps Area who made the presentations, trying to march as they once did, before the big conflict.

The 1st Battalion, 24th Marine Reserves commanded by Major Donald T. Winder and comprised of the 432nd, 433rd and 434th Companies put on the review for the recipients of the medals at the Naval Reserve Armory, foot of Randolph St. and the Lake, Chicago, Ill. The Naval Reserve Band provided the martial music. The Music Post of the American Legion donated their time and talents for a fine show and afterwards as fine dance music as could be heard in Chicago. The Armory was crowded and everyone enjoyed himself.

On March 7, a Military Ball in the Crystal Room of the Hotel Gary, Gary, Ind., attracted a few of the boys from the local outfit. Soldiers, Sailors and Marines were well represented, ex-service men from every branch of service and who had done duty in about "every known clime." The various colored uniforms and the bright gowns of the women lent an air of unusual gaiety to the scene. All in all it was a swanky affair.

The basketball team was organized late in the season and were only able to play five games, winning two. Considering the fact that the only practice they received was about ten or fifteen minutes before each game, and all the opposition were organized teams of wide experience, the average is good. The athletes are now getting busy on a baseball team.

Our venerable First Sergeant, James A. Bevan has retired from the Reserves and so ends the Military career of another Marine. He will be greatly missed, for he found his way into the hearts of officers and enlisted men alike. Well past middle age, he was the oldest and one of the best liked men in the Reserves. His place will be filled by Sergeant H. A. Herbst, who is an all Reserve man, having seen no regular service, but who is right there when it comes to the regulations.

The party given by Lieutenant and Mrs. James E. Coleman for the non-commissioned officers and their wives and sweethearts was a success in every respect.

A detail was sent to Lowell, Ind., to assist the American Legion and to act as color bearers and color guards, Sunday, April 2.

Sergeant Quigg, Private Hart and myself were strolling down the street looking the town over when we passed a hotel. Says myself, reading the sign, "Hiesa Hotel." Says Sergeant Quigg, "Pretty good, how's your hotel?"

May, 1933

RESERVE AVIATORS TRAINING AT QUANTICO

By a Member of the 1933 Group

Lt. Hamilton "Ham" "Stuffy" South is a chip of the old block, the son of the late Colonel South, so popular in the Marine Corps. A graduate of Dartmouth, '30, an average sized male stuffed into four feet six inches—"Stuffy" South clumps about jauntily, chest out, knees abeam—with the air of a Field Marshal inspecting the stables. His outstanding accomplishment is assimilating the combined Marx and Mills brotherhoods and applying the quip for the day.

Lt. Birney B. Truitt University of Pennsylvania, '29, Bachelor of Arts, speaks a dialect all his own and withal furnishes untold amusements—better untold. Always demure, completely detached from all things earthly. He is the only member of the class of 58 Pensacola who has cast off the yoke of the Benedict. Outstanding achievement—bed, 9:30 P. M.

Lt. Allen Van Alstyne—Rensselaer, '31, is dubbed as Steintz, a dyed-in-the-wool technocrat and mathematician. Knows his mechanics and spends his time in figuring out aerial gunnery approaches by math.

"Blessings on thee, Little Van,
Barefoot boy with boots of tan
With your red cheeks redder still
Kissed by razzberries on the 'hill'."

TAYLOR.

First Lt. E. G. Taylor—N. Y. U. School of Aeronautical Engineering. "Bill" is no newcomer in Marine Aviation, having instructed in Pensacola and commanded the Reserve Base at Squantum. The old Maestro is not only an expert airplane herder but is a versatile rider and poloist. Lieutenant Taylor has the poise of an officer and is one of the best dressed officers in Marine aviation.

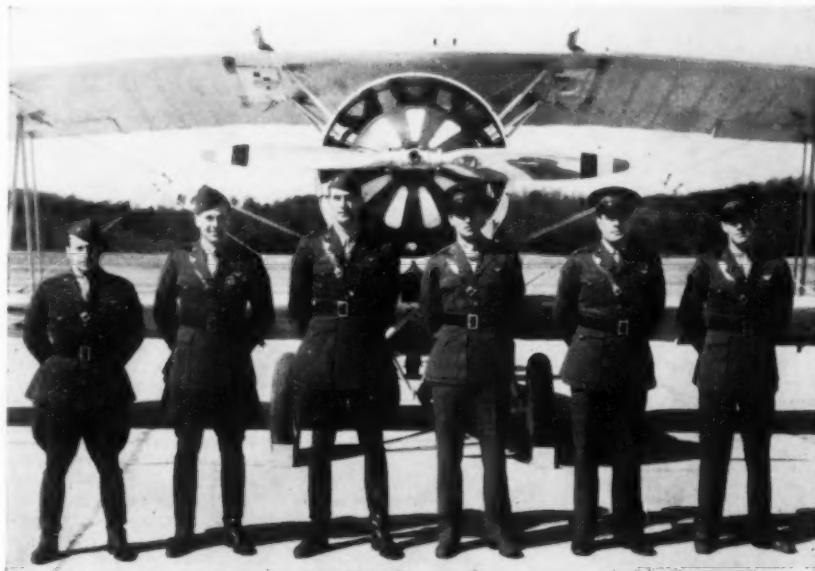
Lt. Donald Joseph King—"Kalamazoo Kid," Kalamazoo College, '31, A.B.—Inclinations in the direction of the historic town of Fredericksburg, Va. Answers to the name of Don, or anything else. Changed from a cowboy to polo expert in three weeks. Believes that a perch on the fence is worth two in the bush.

Lt. Clyde Theodore Mattison, Michigan State, '29, B.S. (?) Dubbed by a local tailor as "Frankenstein." Is the original north woodsman who wouldn't. Hobby is playing cowboy and Indian with his Quartermaster.

Lt. John Brown Jacob, Mass. Tech., '26, "Twink," mystery man, not in the photo. Directly affiliated with the one "lies a-moulding in the ground."

NAVY YARD GUARD RESERVE DETACHMENT, NAVY YARD N. Y.

Our Company Commander, Captain B. S. Barron, insisted that since we were attached to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York, we should have our own building there. He started the ball rolling and with the assistance of our beloved Colonel Kincaide, Colonel Meade in Washington and not forgetting Admiral Phelps and Captain Doyle of the Navy, Building No. 9 was assigned to us. While the work was going on Captain Barron was called to Europe on some legal matters, and on his return the building was completed but there were no appropriations for furnishing it. But that didn't daunt our skipper. He dug into his pocket and before you knew it, not only did we have a company office that looks like a movie set



BROWN FIELD RESERVES FOR 1933

Left to right: 2nd Lts. Hamilton D. South; Allen Van Alstyne; Clyde Theodore Mattison; 1st Lt. E. G. Taylor, and 2nd Lts. Donald Joseph King, and Birney B. Truitt.

but a company room fitted up for our use, including a radio with phonograph attachment and a player piano. The result is that we do our drilling with musical accompaniment. Our drill floor is the finest dance floor in the city. Credit the Colonel with an assist and another debt we owe him. Sometime soon we'll tell you the story of how we got that floor.

The next thing, of course, was to properly dedicate the new building. Our skipper had the idea that we would kill two birds with one stone and get blue uniforms for the outfit at the same time. So we had a dinner and dance on Saturday, March 11th, in the Navy Yard, and boy, what a time we had, what a time. The skipper canvassed his friends for donations, and believe it or not, some of them gave as much as \$25.00, \$35.00, and in one instance \$50.00 and \$100.00 for a couple of seats and we'd have done a lot better than that if the bank "holiday" hadn't come along just at that time. At any rate, the mess hall where the dinner was served could accommodate 200 people with the result that we had to turn down requests for almost 100 tickets. Pretty good in times of depression, hey what?

We had a turkey dinner the like of which was never made better. Credit another assist to Colonel Kincaide, Major Whitehead and the Adjutant and Mess Officer Captain Hamilton, all "regular" regulars. Not only was the dinner beautifully prepared and cooked in a way to make Oscar, of the Waldorf, green with envy but it was served with the precision of a machine. We made many friends for the Marine Corps and Navy that night or at least the regulars did (you cooks and messmen) for they were wholly responsible for it. A vote of thanks to our buddies, the regulars in the Yard. They did a lot for us and we have plans which we hope will shortly be realized where we'll do something for them.

Our guests were Colonel Kincaide, Colonel and Mrs. Meade, Captain Doyle, U. S. N.,

and Mrs. Doyle, Lieutenant Colonel Rorke, Commanding the 19th Marine Reserve Regiment, Lieutenant Commander Wenzel, U. S. N., aide to the Commandant of the Navy Yard, Major Krulewitch, Major Mulligan, Major Bettex of the 19th, Major Philip DeRonde, Major Whitehead of the regulars (who has done more for us than we can ever repay), "Doc" Clifford, a friend of the Marines, A. J. Cincotta, Commandant of the New York Detachment Marine Corps League and I can't remember the others because I couldn't swipe the list. All were at the special guest table and at the other tables were people that you could find in Who's Who. Bankers, doctors, lawyers, authors, manufacturers and widely known executives, as nice and jolly a crowd as ever assembled in a mess hall. There were no speeches in the mess hall.

From the mess hall we went to the drill hall, decorated specially for the occasion. We had an orchestra, and after a few dances, the program began. Colonel Kincaide and Colonel Meade escorted by First Lieutenant O'Connell and Second Lieutenant Jamison, were brought to the centre of the floor where they were met by our skipper, who, on behalf of the officers and men of the company, presented each of them with a miniature Marine Corps emblem made of platinum studded with a diamond in place of the globe. The two Colonels were taken completely by surprise but each made a corking fine speech of thanks and we hoped that they liked our tokens of admiration, respect and affection. They have done a lot for us.

Later in the evening the color guard marched the colors; the honor guard composed of non-coms of our company took its place on the right and the honor guests on the left of the flag. And the skipper then presented the Order of the Purple Heart to Lieutenant O'Connell and the Yangtze Medal to Corporal Baade. Mrs. Barron and Mrs. O'Connell were called to the centre of the floor by Sergeant Artels, Chairman of

the Entertainment Committee, where they were both presented with bouquets of American beauties. It was our way of showing our gratitude to our company officers and it went over in great shape.

At about 12:30 we put on the movie show "Marines in Action in France" and then followed the movies of our own company at the last training camp which were taken by Lieutenant O'Connell and saved for us for this specific occasion. The pictures start with the very first day in camp when we came in as raw recruits who had never seen a rifle, much less used one, and finished with the final act when like old times we marched past Former Police Commissioner Grover Whalen who had previously presented us with the National Colors. Lieutenant O'Connell explained the pictures as they were shown and the comedy that he put into his talk had the people roaring with laughter. If at any time hereafter we get swelled heads we'll take those pictures out and look at them. That will reduce the size. They are funny.

At about 1 A. M., we raffled off three bottles of expensive perfume which a client of the skipper donated to the affair. At two o'clock, the orchestra played the Marine Hymn and we went home. It was a great evening and a great party. Don't take our word for it, ask anybody who was there.

You're right, brother, a party like that means a lot of preparation and much work. Our thanks to the regulars, officers and men who did about 95% of it. Then Sergeant Artels, the Chairman of our Entertainment Committee, who gave up his job for a couple of weeks and did nothing but work on the party. Our hats are off to you Sergeant; you're not only a fine soldier but you're a swell guy. And the same to Trumpeter Goldsmith who did the whole printing job, which would have cost us about \$100 on the outside, for nothing. Then there was Top Sergeant Smith, Gunny Sepiowe, Sergeants Anderson, Mayer and Powell; Corporals Baade, McNaught, Willis, Karsh, Bergman, Loeben and others.

One of the friends present was Mr. Frank Merlin, who directed Broadway's latest success "Run, Little Chillun." Here's what he said to the skipper!

"Captain, I know what good direction is and I want to tell you that I have never seen a finer party staged in all the years that I have been going to them. Not only was it perfectly staged, but it was perfectly timed. You had the finest group of people here to-night that I have ever seen assembled at one time. It was interesting, entertaining and it was high class. You made a lot of friends for the Navy and the Marine Corps to-night and I am one of them. Put me on list for every affair you run and I'll come. You Marines do everything well. If I were a bit younger I'd ask permission to join your outfit."

And best of all, it looks from the financial returns, which haven't been fully completed at this time, we will have enough money to outfit the whole company in blues.

U.S.M.C.R., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

By J. F. LaBonte

Well, fellows, the weather has not been so good up here in Minnesota for the last few days, but we have kept up with our schedule. Bad weather can not keep this high-flying Marine squadron on the ground when we have such good pilots as Lieutenants Scholopohl, Peterson, Kier, Too-good, Severson and Luers.

It is with deep regret that the squadron announces the death of Private Eggen, who was killed in the crash of a ship on

its way to Minneapolis with the Winnipeg basketball team. Private Eggen was co-pilot of this ship. A squad of men under Lieutenant Luers attended the funeral.

We have a line crew that would be a credit to any outfit, and they have been on the job around here. You will always find the ships on the line and ready for flight. The line crews are to be commended on their fine work, and we hope they will keep up the good work.

It has been noticed around the hangar the last few days the way Sgt. C. Jones has had a morbid look on his face. What is the matter, Sergeant, do you have to work, or have you lost your last friend? We have to give the Sergeant his just dues and credit for the way he has handled the motor class and for the fine progress they have made.

There has been a marked improvement in the panel section and the credit for the fine showing of this section goes to Lieutenant Severson, Corporal Jackson and Private Soddy. We will soon have a panel section that will work efficiently.

Lieutenant Luers and Pfc. Taillefer have been holding a class in "Theory of Flight." The students are beginning to get the inside information on aviation. We take our hats off to the instructors for their wonderful work with this class. Private Taillefer has flown 200 hours, though he has not a pilot's rating.

Pfc. Roth, who works for the A. T. & T. Company as an equipment man, is now with our radio section. Roth is helping in the radio work on the ships and he will soon have a good idea as to what it's all about.

It has been noticed around the company office the way Corporal Knight has been on the go. What has come over you, Knight, are you looking for the lost file? Nevertheless, we have two good company clerks in Corporal Knight and Pfc. Bingham.

There has been improvement in the appearance and progress of the squadron since the last drill. It is the aim of all officers and men of this squadron to strive for an improved outfit.

THE GUY I LIKE

Gimme the guy with the straight-forward eye,

With a grip that will hurt your hand,
With a tongue that he uses, but never abuses,

A mind that can understand.

A gink that brags of his Mother,
And thinks all women the same;
Who toils with a smile, a lad you can't rile,

One who puts his whole heart in the game.

That man is a United States Marine.

—LABONTE.

301ST CO., 19TH MARINES BOSTON, MASS.

By John B. Hinckley, Jr.

After several active duty training periods at Niantic, Connecticut, with the 19th Reserve Marines, the Boston outfit has finally been officially attached to the 19th Marines and designated as Company "A."

Lieutenant Hoepner is the only man attached to the 301st Company today whose name appeared on the Company's first roll call in 1926; he and former Gunnery Sergeant Robinson are the two individuals responsible for the praise and commendations heaped upon the outfit.

It was hoped, by practically every mem-

ber of the command, that either Lieutenant Hoepner or Gunnery Sergeant Robinson would be elevated to the post of CO, and replace the vacancy left by the outgoing commander—but—

On February 10, the 301st Company conducted a Military Ball in Boston, which sent the revelers and onlookers home satisfied that they had thoroughly enjoyed the evening's entertainment. The main feature of the Ball was an exhibition rifle drill by the members of Gunnery Sergeant Robinson.

Another feature which drew the plaudits of the crowd was a military tap dance by Eleanor McMurray, a 13 year old daughter of Lieut. McMurray of the Boston Police Department.

311TH COMPANY USMCR

By Smoke Young

We are sorry to report the death of Private Joseph J. Sodenwagner, who was burned to death in an oil explosion February 22, 1933. The entire 311th Company attended the funeral. Joe attended three summer training camps with the company and always gave a good account of himself. The 311th will miss him, but I believe he is where all good Marines go eventually.

Privates Iiamus, J. A. Fitzgerald, Collins and Bylow were recently promoted to Privates First Class. Iiams is the lightweight grappler of the company and Fitzgerald wrestles in the middleweight class. We expect big things of these men at the Naval Station next summer. First Sergeant Clarence H. Bothe is now a Sergeant-Major.

Quite a few of the old timers in the company have shipped over and that called for a stag party, the outgrowth of which is the "Hash-Mark Club." The NCO club was organized a few weeks ago also.

We just heard from Joe Wilkinson, formerly a corporal in the 311th, and he is still able to hit a target at 500 yards. Joe placed third in the Coast Guard rifle practice. He enlisted in the Coast Guard last fall to get away from the inactivity in our fair city.

Every night after drill we have one hour of instruction in first aid given by Mr. Morgan of the local Red Cross and after the course of fifteen weeks, those members successfully passing the examination receive a certificate of graduation showing they are qualified to administer aid. This may come in handy some day.

The club room is getting to look like a museum. We have a lot of foreign military equipment the fellows picked up and it is strung all around the walls. If it ever fell down you wouldn't know if you were being stabbed with a German bayonet or hit with a French helmet. Corporal Loeke looks like a gorilla when he is in his wrestling trunks; he scared Private Proper last week as Proper had never seen him that way before.

Corporal Reed was having an argument with some of the members of the "Hash-Mark Club" about his eligibility and made the remark that if he didn't get in this club he would join the "Odd Fellows."

The last month has shown an increasing interest in the company with over 75 percent of the men on the floor every drill night. With cooperation like this, Lieutenant Churchill will be able to take another crack company to camp. The company is over strength and every one is doing his best to be able to make camp this year as some of the men will be left behind when the train pulls out of the depot. The men will be graded first on their military efficiency and second on their ability to shoot.

(Continued on page 59)



SAN DIEGO BASEBALL UNDERWAY

Marines Down Herbert Hoover

In 10th, 8-7

San Diego, Calif., March 18.—Pushing the winning run across in the tenth inning, the Marine Base outfit captured an 8 to 7 triumph over the Herbert Hoover nine, runners-up for the Southern California High School championship last year. The Leathernecks garnered ten hits, Shapely taking two of them out of four chances. Williams held his opponents to seven safeties behind loose fielding.

The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Marines	8	10	4
Herbert Hoover	7	7	3

Marines Trim Nelson Moore in Wild Slugfest, 20-10

San Diego, Calif., March 21.—In a wild game of hits and runs, in which seventy-six batters took turns, the Marines walloped the Nelson Moore outfit to the tune of 20 to 10. Sonnenberg had a perfect day at the plate, getting five hits in as many tries.

Result:

	AB.	R.	SB.
Marines	41	20	1
Nelson Moore	35	10	3

San Diego Firemen Wallop Leathernecks in Ball Fracas

San Diego, Calif., March 23.—When Hill tried out with the Saint Louis Cardinals back in 1930 and later came to the Coast League to play his favorite game, he was grabbed by the San Diego Firemen.

In yesterday's game at the Marine Base he struck out 10 of the Leatherneck's hardest hitters while Joe Vitek, new to the local Marine nine, tried out by killing six men at the base, and Holmdale fanning 3. The Marines lost a hard fight with the firemen, leading the match, 4 to 2, at the last inning.

Results:

	AB.	R.	SB.	SH.
San Diego Firemen	37	4	1	1
Marines	33	2	0	0

By "Walter" Camp

Stanford Cardinals Crack Marines 6-2

San Diego, Calif., March 26.—One Bert Delmas, whose daddy once did a bit of baseball for the Pittsburgh Pirates, alone, single-handed, and unaided (as they say in the citations), put the skids under the San Diego baseball club. Delmas, who is supposed to play shortstop, went wandering all over the diamond, robbing hard-working Marines out of hits. He turned in ten assists and two put outs, scored once and brought in another run with a clean single.

The Gyrenes managed to collect seven hits, among them a four-bagger by Lail and a triple by Sonnenberg. Shapely ran wild on the bases, stealing three and polling out a pair of hits. Vitek pitched the route, offering ten hits, striking out five, and issuing two gratis passes.

The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Stanford	0	1	0
Marines	2	10	1

Marines Even Up on Stanford 6-5

San Diego, Calif., March 27.—Mr. Haney, doing outpost duty for the Marines in the left garden, furnished the thrills in today's tilt, won by the Marines, 6 to 5. Three circus catches, two timely hits, out of four trips to the plate, and one run were his contributions to the pastime.

Kyle did right noble pitching for the Leathernecks, although the opposition touched him for twelve safeties. Up to the seventh Kyle offered only three scattered scratches; but in the ninth he found himself in a tough spot.

Going into the final stanza with a five-run margin, Kyle eased up a bit, was touched for five bunched hits that scored four tallies. Then he got under control and tossed out the final batter at first.

Shapley was again tearing up the turf between the sacks, turning an ordinary single into a double and making a clean steal of home.

The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Stanford	0	4	5
Marines	2	11	3

Leathernecks Win from Walter Church 9 to 5

San Diego, Calif., March 29.—Walter Church Service Station's gang met a snag in their smooth baseball course that led them to be runner-up in the city championship, at the hands of the local Devil-dogs, when the Marines beat them, 9 to 5, with Chink Holmdale striking out almost everyone that stepped up to bat. "Pop" Haney also played sensational baseball. Sada, of the service station, knocked a Homer that sent in three runs in the first inning and another that sent in three in the third.

Results:

	AB.	R.	SB.	SH.
Marines	40	9	2	0
Walter Church	36	5	1	0

Service League Opened by Marines Winning Game 18-1 Against Ship

San Diego, Calif., April 1.—The San Diego Marines officially opened the Service League here today by whipping the U.S.S. *Decatur*, 18 to 1, in their tilt at the Marine Base. The navy ship called the game at the end of the seventh inning.

Kimball, a former Shanghai player, made one safe hit and one home run in the first inning, starting the Marines off on a fast hitting schedule that ended with the sailors yelling for mercy. Howell and Lindstrom led the Marine hits by making 3 out of 5 times at bat, each.

Fisher of the *Decatur* made the only score during the game by his home run in the first inning.

Marines Beat Hospital Nine

San Diego, Calif., April 5.—Unexpected opposition greeted the Marine Corps Base when it met the Naval Hospital in a Service League game on the Base diamond yesterday, but the Devil-dogs came through with a 7 to 12 victory and remained in the titular running.

The Medicos hopped into a 2 to 0 lead in the first inning, but the Marines went to work and gained it all back in the following session. However, Orr, Hospital pitcher, limited the heavy-hitting sea soldiers to eight safeties.

DIEGO DEVILS DIG DEEP DURING DIAMOND DAYS

BATTING AVERAGES, SAN DIEGO MARINES

UP TO APRIL 6TH, 1933

Name and Pos.	AB.	H.	Ave.
Howell, R. F.	17	9	.529
Hriszko, 3rd B.	2	1	.500
Shapley, 1st B.	64	27	.422
Haney, L. F.	55	23	.418
Sonnenberg, C.	62	24	.387
Lindstrom, 2nd B.	37	12	.324
Beeson, C. F.	50	16	.320
Kimball, P.	6	2	.333
Siefert, 3rd B.	56	17	.304
Holmdale, P.	40	12	.300
Williams, P.	10	3	.300
Lail, S. S.	57	16	.281
Callaham, R. F.	27	7	.259
Joe Vitek, P.	17	3	.176
Pounds, P.	11	1	.091
Team	511	173	.339

By W. M. C.

San Diego, Calif., April 10.—Having won eleven games and lost but four up to date, the San Diego Marine baseball team launches into a season that has the aspects of a championship tour of the diamonds of Southern California.

They finally walloped Stanford's Cardinals, 6 to 5, and will play their next important game when the Los Angeles "Old Timers," nursed by Mike Donlin, make their tour. The Marines meet them on April 15 at the San Diego stadium for the benefit of the local unemployed. Among the "Old Timers'" line-up we see "Zeb" Terry, New York Giants; Jack Fournier, Chicago Cubs; Chet Thomas, Boston Red Sox; Walter Golvin, Chicago Cubs; Wheezy Dell, Brooklyn; Tom Workman, Stanford; Hoke Woodward, California; and Bob Little, Stanford.

These favorite old timers clashed with U. C. L. A. and literally carried away every pennant. No doubt the Marines will well uphold their banner as representatives of the official San Diego ball team and aim high to pin an additional feather in their cocked hat.

Joe Vitek, former Shanghai pitcher, has a knack of making Dead-eye Dicks of the opposing teams strike wildly at his speedy curves and is largely responsible for many of the victories the Marines show. "Chink" Holmdale, another pitcher of many years at the box, is always ready to toss the mystic ball that baffles the best of 'em.

Many new players were tried out while the Marines opened the Service League by trouncing the U.S.S. Decatur, 18 to 1. Lindstrom and Howell, both new to San

Diego, were given their first trial on the local field since their arrival from the Orient this spring.

The U.S.S. Wright, All-Navy champs for five years straight, hesitated to play the Leathernecks last year, but this season finds the Marines in the All-Navy line-up scheduled to meet the Wright team sometime after April 15. With material such as that used in chalking up their past scores, the Diego fans look forward to a 10,000 attendance when the Marines toss their hat in the ring for a crack at the All-Navy championship.

Lt. Allan Shapley, captain of the Leatherneck nine, smiles everytime someone mentions the Pacific Coast League and Mr. W. E. Yeacker, coach, merely says, "Give us a chance, Kid. We've got the stuff, all right, all right."

Their schedule:
 April 8 Marines vs. U.S.S. Elliot.
 April 12 Marines vs. West Coast Air Force.
 April 15 Marines vs. U.S.S. Whitney.
 April 19 Marines vs. U.S.S. Wright.

(All-Navy champs)

April 22 Marines vs. U.S.S. Altair.
 April 26 Marines vs. U.S.S. Decatur.
 April 29 Marines vs. Naval Hospital.
 May 3 Marines vs. U.S.S. Elliot.
 May 6 Marines vs. West Coast Air Force.
 May 10 Marines vs. U.S.S. Whitney.
 May 13 Marines vs. U.S.S. Detroit.
 May 17 Marines vs. U.S.S. Altair.

D. of P. BASEBALL DOPE

By W. R. Cathey

The athletic prestige of Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, has been most conspicuous by its absence. True, some of the boys around Headquarters have played basketball, baseball, hand ball, etc., but usually representing some civilian team in and around San Francisco. This year it was decided definitely that we would play baseball, and put a team in the field that would do credit to the Marine Corps. After taking up collections, borrowing equipment, receiving donations for baseballs, bats, etc., we were able to join the Recreation Department of San Francisco, which sponsors several classes of baseball teams during winter and summer. Practice is held after working hours, Saturdays and Sundays.

The gang started as an indoor baseball team, playing after working hours, in the vacant lot behind the building. There was so much enthusiasm displayed that a real baseball team was inevitable.

The league, in which the Marines play, is comprised of twelve clubs. The season is divided into two halves. The Marines finished last in the first half, and at present are in second place in the second half. They won five games and lost one. Due to rainy week-ends, the team usually plays

about once every two weeks. The remarkable fact regarding this team is that it is made of players who had not played for years, some who had played only a few games in their lives, and some who are well along in years as far as baseball age is concerned.

The batting averages for the season are as follows:

PLAYER	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	Ave.
Cathey, 3rd Base.....	52	10	27	2	3	0	.519
Conyers, Short Stop.....	45	9	22	3	1	1	.489
Lange, Fielder.....	55	8	24	1	0	0	.436
Tschida, Catcher.....	10	1	4	1	0	0	.400
Reeves, Fielder.....	20	6	7	2	1	1	.350
Bevers, 2nd Base.....	45	10	15	3	0	0	.333
Elb, Fielder.....	3	2	1	0	0	0	.333
Slagter, Fielder.....	46	12	15	4	2	0	.326
Gavin, Fielder.....	7	1	2	0	0	0	.286
Graves, 1B & Pitcher	29	4	8	1	1	0	.276
Hulet, Fielder.....	27	4	7	0	0	0	.256
McMichaels, 1B.....	39	5	10	2	1	1	.256
Athenour, Fielder.....	14	2	3	0	0	0	.214
Brown, Fielder.....	11	4	2	1	0	0	.182
Poblitx, Fielder.....	19	1	1	0	1	0	.052

The games, sponsored by the Recreation Department of San Francisco, always draw large crowds (admission free) and the Marines are well-known and well-liked by the fans. It is gratifying to note the sentiment in favor of the Marines when an argument arises as a result of a questionable decision by an umpire.

MARINES ENTER 11TH NAVAL VOLLEYBALL COMPETITION

San Diego, April 9.—Preliminary practices are being held in the San Diego Marine Base with Lt. James O. Brauer coaching the volleyball team that will enter the 11th Naval District Volleyball League after April 13th.

Several members of the championship basketball team are expected to sign up with the volleyball teams to back up the strong Marine team.

Ships from the Battle Force and Scout Force will enter their teams to vie for honors at the San Diego Army and Navy Y. M. C. A., Major K. E. Rockey, Post athletic advisor, announced.

PHILLY PLACES 2D IN RIFLE MATCH

On Sunday, April 1, 1933, the Philadelphia Marine Barracks Small Bore Rifle Team met the Frankford Arsenal Rifle Team and the Wilmington Rifle Club Team, (civilians) in a four stage, shoulder to shoulder match, on the indoor range at the Frankford Arsenal. This was a nine-man team match, five high guns to count. Following are the team scores:

Frankford Arsenal..... 1,857
 Marines 1,820

Wilmington Rifle Club..... 1,682

The individual scores of the five high Marines are as follows:

2nd Lt. Klinksiek, H. T..... 370

Gy-Sgt. Zsiga, S. J..... 366

Cpl. Mowell, R. B..... 364

2nd Lt. Van Orden, G. O..... 364

Pfc. Madden, E. W..... 356

This concludes the indoor small bore schedule for the season. A total of 14 matches were fired out of which the Philadelphia post team won 10.



TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME!
 San Diego Marines take the measure of Stanford's Cardinals.

NATIONAL FREE THROW CONTEST WON BY SAN DIEGO BOYS

BY "WALTER" CAMP

San Diego, Calif., April 15.—The first place medal for winning the National Basketball Free Throw Contest was awarded to "Don" Beeson of the San Diego Marine squad, who made a total of 68 points during the season in which teams from National Army and Navy "Y's" from all parts of the world competed.

Three bronze medals were also presented to Bakalarzak, "Vic" Woods and J. W. McMichaels by the New York office of the Y. M. C. A., headed by Mr. George Stock.

After the close of each season both individual and team scores are totaled throughout the United States, China, the Philippines and all foreign stations where Y. M. C. A. teams compete. The San Diego Marines scored 444 points, in which five teams competed from the local area, with 41 individuals taking part. Norfolk came in second in the tussle.

Having won two tournaments and going through an extended schedule of plays without losing a single game, few were surprised at this announcement that came to San Diego on April 10. The Commanding General, together with the Staff, heartily congratulated the "San Diego Devils"—as they were called, and made the presentation assisted by Mr. Thor E. Eriksen, physical director of the San Diego "Y." Teams entered as follows:

REPORT OF ARMY AND NAVY BASKETBALL FREE THROW CONTEST—1933

Name of Team	Score	Number of Teams Competing	Number of Individuals
San Diego—U. S. Marines	444	5	41
Norfolk Navy Y.M.C.A.	434	6	54
Manila, P. I.	409	1	...
Shanghai Navy Y.M.C.A.	398	1	30
Bremerton Navy "Y"	382	3	26
Vallejo Navy "Y"	370	4	59
Ft. Monroe Y.M.C.A. Athletics	343	7	23
Total No. different teams competing	26		
Total No. different men (on teams and individually)	233		

HIGHEST INDIVIDUAL SCORES

Don Beeson, San Diego (Marine)	68
L. D. Ellzey, Norfolk	66
J. W. McMichaels, San Diego (Marine)	65
Steve Bakalarzak (Marine)	65
Victor Wood, San Diego (Marine)	65
Nebomoceno, Manila	65

FROM THE SIDELINES AT PARRIS ISLAND

By H. S. Bartlett

Once again the curtain has been rung down on a basketball season here at the Island. This past season, thought not showing a large percentage of games in the win column, can well be termed a successful one, and to the coach, Lieutenant Wieseman, goes a goodly slice of credit for the manner in which he brought his charges through. They finished up with a B-bang, winning five of their last six games, and winning them by very generous margins. The right combinations of players was found and the team-work was perfected. Had the season but been a few weeks longer it would have boded ill for all opponents. If this gang can be kept together for another year, Parris Island

will witness the best basketball season in history.

Starting the year off with a group of comparatively new men, unknown to each other and unversed in a common method of play, Coach Wieseman was confronted with a real task. There were only three veterans of Marine Corps basketball, Thomas, Herron and Trees. All these boys were fresh from the gridiron and hence in excellent condition. Foremost among the newcomers were Nobles, Murphy, and Greer. These lads quickly proved their worth and were mainstays of the team throughout the season. Many of the opening games were lost by the scantest of margins and provided thrills aplenty to the spectators and the team alike.

About mid-season the squad was strengthened by the addition of three old timers in Marine Corps athletics, "Bobby" Gotko, "Brute" Billingsley, and "Duke" Peasley, no one of which needs an introduction to Marines of recent years. These men revived the spirit of the squad and their experience and clever floor work contributed much to the good of the team.

In the last few games of the season many points were rung up for the Gyrenes by Aldridge, who came to us from Quantico where he had formerly been wearing out the insides of the basket nets. This lad is real class on the court and in combination with such forwards as Bynum and Ferguson will cause plenty of grief to the most worthy of opponents.

Every man on the squad, as well as the coach, deserves unlimited credit for the season's work. They were in there fighting from start to finish of every game, whether out in front or far behind. They exhibited that spirit which it is always a pleasure to witness, regardless of the score, the spirit for which Marines are noted all over the world. We are grateful for the pleasure they have given us and proud of the spirit with which they played.

SCORES OF LAST SIX GAMES AT PARRIS ISLAND

Marines	Opponents	Score
53	Savannah K. C.	35
44	College of Charleston	41
55	College of Charleston	44
36	Stetson University	38
66	Presbyterian Jr. Col.	33
59	Presbyterian Jr. Col.	43

BROOKLYN OUTSHOOTS BANKERS

The Marines at the Brooklyn Navy Yard defeated the National City Bank in a pistol match on April 5, 1933, by the score of 1,255 to 1,178. The Marines used a .22 calibre pistol, the pistol used by the National City Bank was of .38 calibre. Capt. Geo. D. Hamilton, Marine team, was high man with the score of 272. The summary:

Team	S.	T.	R.
BROOKLYN MARINES	88	90	94
Capt. Geo. D. Hamilton	78	81	94
Joseph R. Tietz	82	85	90
Samuel L. Slocom	74	79	74
A. W. Coffey	76	72	84
T. Harris	83	75	83
A. Faby	1,255		
Team total			
NATIONAL CITY BANK	89	80	91
Kennedy	74	43	67
Cahill	69	55	69
Breoznell	75	54	83
Haywood	91	78	77
McGonigle	85	76	83
Shay	75	68	58
Myers	77	60	79
Peary	1,178		
Team total			

HINGHAM SPORTS

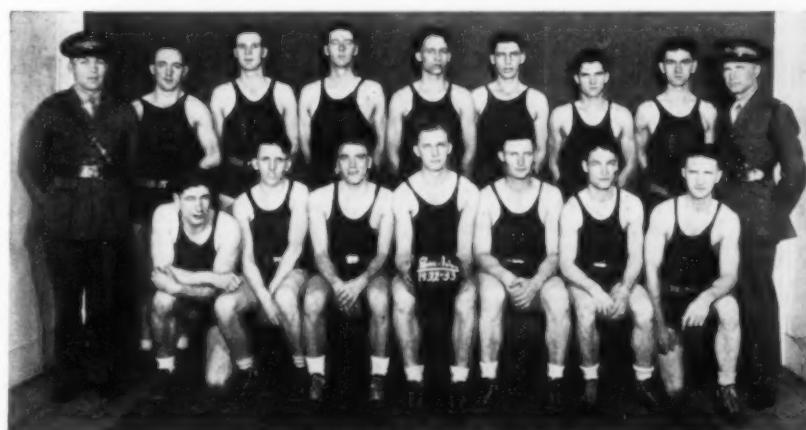
By H. A. Conger

The Hingham Marines basketball team ended their season with 22 wins and 11 losses with a percentage of 750. And very few of those games could be called pushovers. Five games were lost by one point, but against good teams.

The season ended in a thrilling game against the Chelsea Hospital Navy Team. Marines won, 26-25. The game was played at the Army and Navy "Y," Charlestown, Mass., before an attendance of 293. This defeat for the Hospital marked their only defeat to any of the service teams played and put quite a feather in the Marines' cap. It was anyone's game until the last half-minute of play. Score at the last half-minute stood Hospital 24, Hingham 22. Twenty seconds left to play and a nice pass by Evans to Wallace at mid-field and Wallace took his time and shot from that point; with the whole crowd silent the ball hit the hoop, spun around and dropped through. What a yell went up from the stands! It seemed as if everyone wanted to see those Marines out there win after tying the score and Wallace came in for plenty of applause with only two attempts for the whole game and make that long shot good.

The game went into play immediately

(Continued on page 52)



Parris Island Basketball Squad



PEKING BAND

(Continued from page 41)

first trombone; Robison, second, and Shinko, third. The basses are Betz, first; Coombs, second. On the baritone, Cooper. Pounding the skins, cymbals, bells and what-have-you is Rosenstiel, Martin and B-B-B-Ballard.

With Gus leading us, we have a darn good organization, and we have copped the good conduct pennant (a monthly award) for the third time in succession.

All in all, this is a fine band and a real bunch of fellows.

I was promised some of that foaming, amber fluid if I wrote this, so I will hie myself to the Privates' Club. I'm off—biaa—biaa.

LEGAL DEDUCTIONS

L. N. Bertol of the Garde D'Haiti offers this choice bit:

During the fifth race, on which there was a \$500 first prize sweepstake, the rumor went around that a representative of the Internal Revenue Service was keeping track of all prize winners presumably for the purpose of checking up on next year's income.

Newcomb Smith, contrary to the usual custom of tearing up the losing tickets, was seen to put his carefully into his pocket-book for safe keeping. Someone asked him, "What's the idea, Newt?" He replied: "I take no chances, I'm going to pin these stubs to my income tax return as supporting evidence of contributions made."



Lt. H. M. Sanderson, Dean of Pursuit Pilots of the Marine Corps

NAVY AND MARINES ONLY BATTLES FOR PRESIDENT'S CUP

Withdrawal of West Coast Army from future football competition leaves only the San Diego Marines and West Coast Navy to battle for the coveted President's Cup next fall.

The Jarheads, one of the leading independent football units in western football competition during recent years, have had to abandon the sport because of financial difficulties, and the move deprived San

Diego fans of an opportunity to see two service grid classics here next fall.

Capt. C. McL. Lott, athletic officer of the Marine Corps Base, had closed negotiations for games with both Army and Navy, but Army's withdrawal leaves only the one contest. It will be played October 29 and indications are that it will be the outstanding service attraction of the year, with the two units fighting for the President's trophy, sent west several months ago for the first time.

It had been planned to have the Marines play Army October 15, 1933 and then the Navy, October 29. The final contest of the round-robin series would have been between Army and Navy November 12 in San Francisco, but this arrangement has been broken up.

West Coast Navy will be defending the cup when the sailors and sea soldiers mix in the stadium, for Lt. Tom Hamilton's Tars were awarded the prize during the recent season by virtue of victories over both of their rivals.

Captain Lott, attempting to arrange a schedule, probably will have to seek another opponent to fill the date left vacant by the Jarheads. In addition to the struggle with West Coast Navy the Marines have tentative contests lined up with several university and club teams and all games will be at home, except two.

Captain Lott expects to sign the Olympic Club of San Francisco and Fresno State College for northern dates. Santa Clara's Broncos, who already have met the Marines on three occasions, are anxious to come south again and the same is the case with Loyola University. Another team being sought is Brigham Young University.—*San Diego Union*.

SPORTS

(Continued from page 51)

with "Stretch" Brazke getting the jump at center and McMurray receiving the ball for a fast pass to Lawson under the basket and putting the game on ice. McMurray played a great game with a nice back-to-the-basket shot that aided materially in winning. No substitutions were made in this game and it sure was a hard-fought game from start to finish.

The line-up:

CHELSEA H. (Navy) Pos.	HINGHAM M.
Lando (8) R. F.	Lawson (6)
Rhine (6) L. F.	McMurray (13)
Higginbottom (3) C.	Brazke (3)
Ramsey (2) R. G.	Wallace (2)
Johnson (5) L. G.	Evans (2)

Substitutions: Hospital—Teeters (C).

Referee—Tallon. Scorer—Conge.

HOW THEY STOOD AT THE QUARTERS

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Hospital	10	11	20	24
Hingham	3	12	15	26

NEW ORLEANS SPORTS

By Goldrie

Naval Station Marines have just completed a satisfactory season at the "ball and hoop" game. It can't be said that the season ended with all games on the right side of the ledger, but such reverses as occurred were at the hands of the best teams in the city. The best lineup included Sergeant Gilbert and Private Watts as forwards; Private Wells and Pharmacist Mate Second Class Kerbow in the back court and Pharmacist Mate Third Class Prestridge at center. Mann, center; Pennington and Chrzanowski, forwards and Murphy, guard, were capable subs. Prestridge was the ace of the team and was considered one of the best floor men in the city. Watts battled "Press" all the way for scoring honors. Wells was in tip top condition the entire season and was there with plenty of fire and fight for the whole period of play.

The team, coached by First Sergeant Case,

was a drawing card on anybody's court and was appreciated by opponents and spectators alike for its speed, fight and color. Although invited to participate in the Senior A.A.U. tournament, it was felt that there wasn't sufficient reserve power to hold up through a long series. However the team met and defeated several of the A.A.U. entries. Captain Fellowes gave the team moral and material support.

Baseball was ushered in with Spring, First Sergeant Case and his herd have been working out daily on the local lot. After looking them over in a recent practice game they look mighty good to me. "Boogie" Gilbert did some nice work on the mound during the first game. "Socks" Sokira, with the help of a bottle of wintergreen, is holding down the hot corner in a fashion for which he is noted throughout the Corps. Watkins, an up and coming lad, is showing fine form around short a la Levey. Cooper, the "king of the swat," is scooping them up at second. Joe Trotter, Watts and Hartwick have been assigned to duty in the outer gardens. Due to the limited number of men in the post, baseball prospects are scarce and Top Case should be commended on the excellent showing he has made with the material. In a few more weeks they will be a thorn in the side to many of the local nines.

WESTERN DIVISIONAL RIFLE MATCHES GET UNDER WAY AT SAN DIEGO

San Diego, Calif., April 5.—Major Thad T. Taylor has been assigned as the executive officer of the Western Divisional rifle and pistol matches beginning April 17, according to a Base Special Order issued here today. Taylor's staff will consist of Capt. Roseoe Arnett, assistant executive and range officer; Capt. George L. Maynard, statistical officer; 1st Lt. James O. Brauer, assistant, and Capt. William F. Brown, chief pit officer. Officers and men from San Diego, Mare Island, Puget Sound and Pearl Harbor are competing.

One gold, three silver and five bronze medals will be awarded for rifle shooting and one gold, one silver and one bronze medal for pistol winners. In addition, officers and men from the battle fleet and scouting fleet will take part in these competitions, adding one gold, one silver and three bronze medals for rifle and one bronze medal for pistol marksmanship.

Soon after the rifle and pistol competitions, teams from San Diego, Mare Island, Puget Sound and Pearl Harbor will shoot for the San Diego trophy. Each team will consist of four shooting members, one alternate and a team captain, who may also be a shooting member, and each team must have one officer as a shooting member.

Last year the Puget Sound team won the San Diego trophy, which was presented some years ago by the citizens of San Diego. Most of those to compete are now under special training at the La Jolla

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rifle ranges and very good scores are being turned in.

Great rivalry exists between the four competing teams in shooting for the San Diego trophy, and, regardless of which may be the winning team, a hard-fought match will be seen.

Under conditions imposed when the San Diego trophy was donated, teams of Marines on ship's detachments are not eligible to compete in this match.

DETACHMENTS

(Continued from page 37)

HAMPTON ROADS HASH

By Graham MacGregor Fletcher

In which we prove we yet may enjoy conubial tenderness despite "fifteen per cent."

Came spring and its crony Wanderlust, which first became noticeable to a marked degree in man during the era of the Crusades (if wrong, by all means correct us). We began to revise our spring and summer budget to include more golf balls and many a game of that ancient Scot's game, that originated about 1457. Way back when English was English that reads like Greek to us. Anticipating and remembering—anticipating many an enjoyable week-end this spring and summer; remembering the defeats we sustained at the hand of "Tidewater" Virginia amateurs last summer, we began to use the baseball field near the barracks for "secret" practising to get our game in tournament shape that we might

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avenge those defeats before another summer is gone.

Then came "fifteen per cent." "Fifteen per cent." Another revision of the budget, despite which it is still badly out of balance. Something must be done about this fifteen per cent business, Leathernecks. We hear it all day, we dream it all night. It's an obsession. So much an obsession that we are unable to think rationally—as if we ever did—and therefore are led to believe the astrologist who recently stated the depression is caused by the passing of the planet Jupiter through the sign of Uranus, which occurs once every seventy-five years or so and requires twelve to thirteen odd years in its passing. From this we deduce there remain seven or eight years more of this depression, and of "fifteen per cent?" Crips!



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TEN
MINUTES



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UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

What a Marine Corps would this one be in '41 or '42, should it last so long. Why, already the most temperate sergeant in the depot detachment is trying to drown the worry caused by "fifteen per cent" in beer, the alcoholic content of which is one-half of one per cent by volume. Terrible! But wait. The worst is yet to come. The tale is told that recently while Sergeant Charles Goff ardently was wooing a comely young blonde of Norfolk he blurted, "Baby, I do love you, fifteen per cent" (Upon hearing this we cancelled all wooing bouts). A deplorable state of affairs. And no end in sight, Leathernecks.

All hands topside! Orders? Yes, congratulations are the order. We refer to the deseration of Q.M.-Sergeant Herbert LaMott Merwin, depot of supplies, from the ranks of bachelorhood on March sixth last. Should have reported this last month but were too surprised. What's that? Well, well, well! Word has just reached us that Pfc. Charles Wright, Navy staff car driver, has also de-

serted from the same ranks. Another surprise. But congratulations, best wishes and all that sort of thing to both youse guys. Just goes to show that all men have equal chances, and proves the point that "General" Hopkins, "Soapy" Kairot, "Wop" Mardovich, "Antone" Van Bergen and your inimitable reporter should not lose all hope. Nor shall we, eh, gang? It's just that we're secretive.

We are also informed that several other such "cases" are here pending. Pending on the life of the depression.

We think you will agree the reenlistment of Pvt. Robert L. Fickett, for this depot, on March 7th last is sufficient proof the old adage "once a Marine, always a Marine" is not an idle statement. He had been out of the Corps since October '29. However, Pvt. Dominick Iannaccone (Nick the barber) says not so in his case. He is counting the days that remain between now and April 22nd. While Pfc. William Howard Taft Smith (what a good old American name), who, likewise will be discharged on that date says "Semper Fidelis." Dealing with discharges reminds us that Pfc. James R. Fitzgibbon hasn't lately bothered us with inquiries as to the procedure one must go through to get discharged three months ahead of time. Wonder if he has changed his mind. There's something about "Tidewater." Something that makes the service man want to get the 'ell out. "I'm no exception," says Fitz'.

Several days ago we accosted Pfc. Lester J. Ginsberg, depot of supplies, with a view to learning his weighty opinion of the Nazi terror in Germany.

Ginsky replied, "You may say that Ginsky is O. K. Anyway, I never was in Germany, and moreover and furthermore all my ancestors were Irish." (Our apologies, Mary.) Thus with a forceful gesture that implied finality he terminated the interview without having committed himself by one syllable. Merely a trick of the great and near-great and those who carry breakfast in their pockets.

And so, we experienced the first major defeat of our reportorial career. And learned that names are very deceptive.

The promotion end of this outfit seems to be looking up. Corporals "Bob" Harris and R. L. Johns, and Pfc. L. W. Huff, all of the barracks detachment "made those grades" during the past month.

We, the earless element of the Marines here, will most likely be very busy during the remainder of the month of April trying to "dope out" how we will travel back and forth to Carolina after May first. Beer, men, beer. 'Ginia she dly, C'lina she vet. Therefore, should you find no Hampton Roads Hash in next month's LEATHERNECK, please remember we go C'lina, C'lina she vely vet.

**M. D., U. S. N. HOSPITAL,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

By C. B. C.

Amid the aches and pains of a Naval Hospital, we raise our voices again in a monthly sound off:

Mauney returned from leave April 1st, reporting the "Great Outside" a most disgusting place, and not quite ready to receive ex-Marines in a manner suitable to their deserving. He takes a quiet satisfaction in the fact that he "extended."

Upon Mauney's return, "Little" Ski (Lasnewske), departed, bag and baggage, for parts unknown, to spend a twenty-day leave. The great detective and his never failing clues will be missed during his absence.

Under President Roosevelt's Economy Program, the gold-bricking Veterans are

fast becoming a disappearing race. With the discontinuance of hospitalization for veterans whose ailments did not arise from the service of their country, this hospital is well on its way to desolation. Rumor has it that parts of it will be decommissioned, and that its staff will be greatly reduced.

What? A pay cut—on what? Can we take it, yeah man. Well, if my \$3.58 will save the country, take it; and with it my blessing.

Dailey sold his radio this month and thus deprived "Willie" Morrison of the music by which he practised his latest dance antics. His case well and truly poisoned, Willie sauntered forth and bought one. The new radio is one of these midgets you might expect to find hidden under the front sight cover of your rifle, or behind your left ear. Anyhow, Willie's interest in life has been restored and he dances (oh, he's really quite gay) merrily on.

There was a lot of talk about an A and I inspection this month, but so far nothing has happened. These A and I inspections are unknown quantities. It's like falling in love with a beautiful woman, you don't know how you're going to come out, but you do.

Two advancements in rating were received here recently. Pfc. Newman made Corporal and Private Kepple is now a Pfc. Both men surely rated it, Newman after standing nearly a year of Corporal's duty, and Kepple with nearly 11 years of military service.

And so the quiet peacefulness of sleep silenced his ravings.

NEWPORT (R. I.) NEWS

By Scotty

Avast Mates! Yeh, I know there ought to be a law again' it, but here we are and I guess you'll have to take it. Things are rolling along right smart in our "City by the Sea" and we are all set to tell you why.

First off: we have Private First Class Freeberg and Privates Murphy and Zabo back with us. They had been tucked away on Gould Island so long that they almost starved to death when they got back, until they remembered that one blast on a horn means chow. No music up there, you see. Aside from that one bad feature (sez me) Gould Island is the place most Leathernecks dream of and seldom see. Ten men including Corporal Sterling, the N.C.O.L.C., comprise the Marine Guard at that place. An Island located three miles up the bay from the Torpedo Station, it's a Naval Air Station with four planes. Most of the guard are air-minded and such cryptic expressions as "N.Ys." and "T.A.Ms." held us land lubbers "snow bound" until we learned that instead of something to eat they were referring to different types of planes. Well I never—! Chow up there is just like the garbage handed out by the ol' folks back on the farm—remember? And quarters, say—each man has a reading lamp at the head of his bunk, which he can douse when he feels like it, curtains on the windows, fire-places and a lawn that extends from the front of the house to the bay. In view of their isolation and the boilers to be kept going the uniform is something like that of Gunga Dins, you know—"nothing much before and rather less than arf o' that behind." Liberty boats run about three times a day but it's so dog-gone nice up there they don't use 'em. If you doubt the above you can come to Newport and crash the waiting list—just try to crash it.

May, 1933

THE LEATHERNECK

Fifty-five

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Can't expect all the breaks though. We have ample opportunity to get ready for the time when the Marine Corps has a shortage of sergeants as school is a big feature in the daily routine. Every one is ready to graduate now though. Not a man in the outfit that can't back-azimuth with his eyes closed, contour a map like nobody's business, and even Stinky Davis can lead an outfit in, out or around enemy fire and not lose a man. Not bad, eh? Still, who wants to be a sergeant this day and age? Since jig-saw puzzles came out Bunch and Socko (two of our gallant three strippers) have been seen wandering about with a wild look in their eyes. Every one was worried until the writer slipped up on them in the midst of a heated debate as to whether the triangular shaped piece of sky went here or there. After that we quit worrying in the hopes that it would pass off of its own accord. But it's no use, Bunch was seen in town yesterday with a thousand piecer under his arm.

Our "top kick," First Sergeant Stinson, is on a ninety-day leave and in his absence both the vacated job and swivel-chair (G. I. with heavy padded seat) is being held down with much gusto and ability (the chair with gusto and the job with ability) by Cpl. Bill Williams; he is aptly assisted by Sam Harris who is known hither and yon throughout the corps for his deft manipulation of guard rosters. Our acting "top" says that he wants such horseplay as lifting his comb discontinued until they forget about this 15 per cent business and things get back to normal. He adds that if the guy who borrowed the last one doesn't bring it back he can explain to the ol' man. Good idea if it works, Bill.

Privates Reed and Coleman have relieved the old guard in the mess hall and our erstwhile greaseballs, Dumpy and Gilbert are kept busy cramming (who said beer?) for the weekly exams.

Well, heave a sigh of relief, pal, I'm gonna quit.

"CRESCENT CITY RAMBLINGS"

By Goldie

Thoughts while strolling (with apologies to Mr. McIntyre)—April 13th, another holiday, the amber fluid will again gain its freedom—Blessings on our new skipper of the Ship of State—Corners vacated long ago are taking on a new aspect as if being cleaned—brass rails reminding me of the *Mayflower*, the good ole *Mayflower*—mahogany polished—the scent of sawdust—a nickel and dime lunch—the French Market—Poor boys and coffee—I wonder what's become of Charlie Gann—Jelly Ferrell arrived yesterday—fresh shrimp five pounds for a quarter—Boogie Gilbert is going to Cuba—newsboys shouting extra—looks like Charlie Hill's roadster going down Canal—a ten-cent show for men only—I wonder if that girl in front of Maison Blanche knows she has a run in her stocking—a traffic cop motions a car to the curb—morning, Judge—pretty waitresses at the St. Regis restaurant—is Mann still on the phone?—peanut vendors on the corner—Lo Giudice is a Gunnery Sergeant now—sale girls coming out of Kresses—

Broad Axe second in the fifth—think I'll have a cold one. Cody wearing out his elbows on the bar—fifteen cents a glass—Baldwin wearing his leather jacket—dollar and sixty-five cents left—the lights on Hibernia bank all red and green—Covington back from furlough from Hot Springs, Ark.—getting kind of chilly—reminds me of Hot Tamales and chile down near the ferry—wonder if the top will give me a forty-eight—there goes Lo Giudice and his new car—hew—he just missed that big truck—boy that coffee smells good—dollar and sixty cents now—Joe Trotter is back from Alabama—think I'll call him up—a radio going full blast on the corner—Jones has one in his car—a pretty girl in a window advertising fountain pens—music from a taxi dance hall—Flannigan won't play his aces—Cook is a good mess sergeant—thought that was an Admiral in the Peruvian Navy, just a doorman at the Roosevelt—I wonder if Dave brought my blue suit back today—a man on the curb looks as if he is sick, perhaps drunk—no, too many muggles—that is New Orleans, shipmates, the gayest of all cities, and do we like it? You're asking me?

PORTRIDGE, N. H. NEWS

By Harry C. Donelson

The enlisted men's team defeated the officer's team at our local bairwick. When the final point was tallied the enlisted men had the long end of the handle by 202 points. The scores for the officers were as follows: Colonel Campbell, 437; Captain Coffenberg, 511; Lieutenant Watchman, 435; Lieutenant Shaughnessy, 524; Lieutenant Lakso, 484. Total score for the officers, 2,391. The scores for the enlisted men were: Corporal Citrini, 518; Corporal Ruben, 465; Corporal Cramer, 560; Pfc. McFadd, 520; Trumpeter Ross, 530. Total score for the enlisted men team, 2,593. The average score for the enlisted men was 518.6; officers averaged 478.2.

The Marine Barracks Small Bore Rifle Team met the much talked of Piscataqua Rifle Team and handed them a defeat. The margin of safety was small, 10 points. The score stood at the end of the match, Marines, 1,705; Piscataquans, 1,695.

Some of the Marine Corps posts in the United States boast of a long and illustrious history. Nothing to it at all. These Barracks, I have been told, were taken away from the British. They are old enough to have been taken away from Hiawatha's ancestors. These Barracks were built some time in between the years of 1800 and 1810. Old records show there were Marines stationed here in 1817, and we have the guard report books to show it. That was about the time "Joe Brown," a Private in the Marine Corps, was on the black list. All those old guard reports show someone on the black list.

If it hadn't been for a handful of enterprising gentlemen from the towns of Kittery, Maine, and Portsmouth, N. H., we might not have had this place yet. Here is how we first gained possession of this place. The "Yanks" had a small garrison on one side of the river and the British had a larger one on the other side. The "Yanks" wanted the place which the British had in their possession, and the British, in turn, wanted our place. It was up to a handful of diplomatic gentlemen from the two towns to make the best arrangements for the opposing forces. So, one nice moonlight night, the gentlemen mentioned asked the British over to Kittery for a wine supper. The British were delighted and accepted. It is not known

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THERE'S no getting around it— women nowadays are doing everything that men do. Driving our cars, flying our planes, even smoking our cigarettes. But did you ever see a lady smoke a pipe?

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EDGEWORTH
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whether the British had designs on learning something of our fort or not, but it is known that the "Yanks" had designs on the place across the river. When the British came that night they were royally treated and wined and dined to their fill. In fact, it appears, that when they left they were so full that their mental facilities were impaired. The "Yanks" had to assist them back to their fort. Now that was the object of the wine supper. The British gave all the pass words and passed their erstwhile companions through the gates into their own fort. As soon as the cold-sober "Yanks" were within the fort, they forgot their British companions and proceeded to take the fort. It is told that there were a number of cannons and nine barrels of powder seized. Since that time it has always remained in the hands of the Americans, and its old walls are still standing, three feet thick and in good condition.

This is not the only old fort around here. There are three of them and in subsequent issues I will endeavor to tell the story of the other two.

This is getting to be some post, believe me. We go to school every day and when we get through there won't be anything we won't know. The men are taking a genuine interest in the subjects being taught and in class rooms it can be seen that each man is endeavoring to gain a complete mastery of all subjects. Our able instructor, Captain Cox, has been holding school every day, and believe me, he is one officer who knows his onions about firearms or what have you.

It won't be long until 1st Lt. "Barney" Watchman will be initiated by his brother officers. He is at the top of the list and will soon wear his two bars. Lieutenant Watchman richly deserves this promotion and the officers and enlisted men are all wishing he would get it soon.

Quartermaster Sergeant Kemp is in the kennel business. He has the finest chow dogs in this section of the country. He says the only thing that is holding him back is the fact that things are too hard-up. If things get better he is going to settle down in this "neck of the woods" and take life easy with his dogs. Says he! You old timers who know Kemp, know also that he will stay his thirty years. He likes the Corps just as well as the rest of us.

We lost two good men last month in the persons of Privates Monteith and "Mussolini" Pecchini, but both asked for four years more. Let's hope that Private Monteith grows some hair on his dome when we see him again. Private Pecchini is having a good time for ninety days before he goes to Philadelphia to attend the Motor Transport School. Here's wishing all luck possible to these two men.

Sergeant Kyle claims he can't sleep at night. When he was asleep last night he thought he was dreaming, but no such luck. He was being rudely tortured by the loud and ghastly sounds coming from somewhere in the room. Sergeant Spader. That was it, Sergeant Spader was asleep, loudly asleep. He was snoring with all the might of his great hairy chest. Some of these days Spader will shake these old barracks down to the ground.

Corporal Levy still reigns supreme in the galley and that boy knows his vegetables. He feeds us excellently and we all like him. If he didn't feed like he does, perhaps he would not be so kindly received. It's been a long time since we have had as able a mess sergeant as "Aby."

HINCHIN SALVOS

By Corporal Herbert A. Conge

The general line of conversation around here covers the 15 per cent cut and many of the ears have gone back to the salesrooms. The sale of beer won't help a great deal either along with the cut and with State control around these parts it looks just as gloomy as ever. Sgt. Prunty has requisitioned the Quartermaster's Office for a supply of aprons, with a view of being appointed bartender in the event that the sale of beer at the post exchange is authorized. No doubt he will be the most able dispenser of the golden brew, claiming 15 years' experience at various breweries.

Volley ball came back into its own again with a change in weather. Again the Special Duty team took over the Straight Duty men.

Lawson came in for honors at indoor baseball, pitching six innings with 12 strike outs, one scratch hit and scoreless ball. Michaelis, Conge and Stone pitched the balance of the game, allowing many hits, but only five runs. Score ended 38-5.

Four new men joined us, namely, Pfe-Dube, from Hawthorne; Private Papalegis from Hawthorne; Private Wyckoff from Boston, and Trumpeter Fulmore from Boston.

Corporal Brant departed for Haiti and Trumpeter Sharpton extended his enlistment three years to view the "slant-eyed" maidens.

Lieutenant Drake has been giving the boys plenty of range practice with the .22 rifle and everyone should make expert if they follow his advice. Lieutenant Drake might have been up with the top-notchers on the rifle team except for an injury suffered to his eye on the range last year. All you Rifle Team men better watch out for him this year. Robbins and Vallery expect to be up on top this year.

The painters certainly did a good job on the interior work of the barracks. Nick James has been doing his part in remodeling all the bunks and painting and repairing foot lockers.

Pfe. Cartmill has been doing plenty of night work in making up an indexed library of all books, and certainly deserves a big hand for his efforts. Bob has his hands full nowadays with handling movies, post exchange and library.

Corporal Silverman has promised to send in a snapshot of his horse, Amos, for the next issue. I'll hold him to that promise. I'll still be looking for the top-kick to give me that snapshot of him and his wife.

Judging from the number of tennis rackets around the barracks it's going to be a big season. Bendermeyer, Michaelis and Morton claim honors, however I notice that Sullivan purchased a peach of a racket and if he can play as good as the racket he picked, look out.

Corporal Robbins will take over the duties of gardener and it looks as if our Mess Sergeant, Watson, won't have to worry about fresh vegetables.

Brazke and Hatch just had to come out with the feel of spring cleaning when they repainted their trucks.

Corporal Whynaugh has been getting in plenty of practice for the baseball season and we're expecting big things from him this year.

I promised to mention Brady and Stone in this issue. Brady says I made an error in his appointment as sewer inspector. I apologize. Stone is seen so little around the barracks that I have nothing to comment on his behavior unless commuting between Hingham and Cohasset could be called scandal.

May, 1933

THE LEATHERNECK

Fifty-seven

PRISON PRATTLE

By "X"

It certainly looks like the duty men here will have to go out and recruit some prisoners. We're sure getting short of them here, and it looks like some Marines will be out of a job before very long if business don't pick up, *muy pronto*.

We are nearing the close of unsuccessful basket ball season. "I guess the boys just can't click without me," says our famous play boy, Private Williams.

I see Sleepy West is sporting a new pair of rubbers. He sure is showing them around just like a "Tar Heel."

A bartender in Lawrence, Mass., told Barney that he would supply the cheer if he (Barney) would buy the pretzels. Shaw our gas house man says, "How many did I put in, nine? That's right, seven, my mistake." We hear that he is using the drain oil for his bus.

Private Smith, our wet, wash, dry and iron 'em Queen, claims it is tough to lose a good racket. But did you see how his skivvies were pressed?

"Pat" Schrieber claims his right to be called Irish because he was born on a ship bearing the Irish colors. When asked if his parents were Irish, he simply, oh, so simply answers, "I don't know, I was traveling with my aunt at that time."

Private Kirby's favorite lament is: "I'm going to stay in for three months." But every evening you can find him at the P.O.

Our Benny just got back from a short leave in the coal fields of Pennsylvania. He claims that the holes are just as dark as ever. We hear that music, Buck, is taking over the hirsute clipping parlor, barber shop to you, pal.

"El Chito" Ried claims that he will have that new Plymouth on the road yet. Ask Kingfish he knows.

Reggie Welson went and tied the knot, we hope he never regrets it. Luck, Reggie.

Some of the funds sure changed hands last month. Ask a certain party in "C" Barracks. C.U.X. month.

PARRIS ISLAND RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 33)

Post Chaplain or other speakers, followed by the regular sound motion picture program. There is also a show at 6 p.m. on weekday evenings, and at 3:00 p.m. on Sundays. The pictures are well selected and the sound apparatus and acoustics give them "the best sound, for miles around." Needless to say, all shows are well attended.

The Post Library is now under the administration of the Post Chaplain, Commander M. H. Petzold, instead of 1st Lt. W. R. Hughes, whose duties as Post Morale Officer, Post Athletic Officer, and various other assignments, will still keep him out of the Idle Class. Bill McNabb will continue to be our Librarian, as he is without a doubt the most popular and industrious librarian we have had for some time.

The Dredge, *Creighton*, of the Army Engineer Corps, is dredging the channel of the river in the vicinity of the Steel Dock. The silt is carried away in a long 12-inch pipe and deposited in the expanse of low ground between the Officers' Quarters at Receiving Barracks and those on the Main Station water-front. The water is drained off again through a hole cut in the sea wall, where it is closely inspected by a solemn group of cranes and other fish-eating birds, standing about in hopeful, one-legged attitudes.

Golf enthusiasts and residents of the fashionable South End of the Main Station

area are celebrating the completion of their own Panama Canal, which extends from Panama Street to the Sea. This canal, however, is for purposes of drainage only, and is calculated to put an end to the bogginess which existed in that locality from one rainy season to the next. Much of the work was performed by an old ship-mate of ours who has had years of experience in helping to make (who said "drink"?) whole countries dry. How about it, Bill?

A few weeks ago someone invaded the home of our new M.P. Sergeant, Harry Cohen, and took complete possession. Not only is he still there, but he is there to stay. He is described as having dark brown hair, ruddy complexion, brown eyes, good lungs, no teeth, and weighing approximately seven pounds. Congratulations.

Other recent arrivals on the Post include Maj. George H. Osterhout, Jr., and family, lately of Shanghai, China, and Sgt-Maj. Hall V. Cartmell and family from Quantico, Va. Both of them have been assigned to the Recruit Depot for duty.

Capt. Donald Speier is now our Post Patrol and Post Police Officer instead of 1st Lt. A. G. Bliesener who has been transferred to the Recruit Depot.

Recruits are pouring in again and the Recruit Depot is bustling with activity. At the time this is written, the first platoon, A-1, has started on its three weeks' course of small arms instruction on the Rifle Range. Corporals Tarr and Wilson are each in charge of a platoon again, as Drill Instructors, but they are the only platoon leaders left from last year. Other capable and experienced Drill Instructors have, however, been placed in charge of platoons, and not a few of the section leaders are of last year's vintage. Besides the two Corporals named, the platoon leaders so far assigned are Sergeants Osborn and Frueci, Corporal Crowcroft and Privates Cain and Shumway. We expect them to produce some prize outfits.

Sgt. Joseph Lee Stoops became Staff Sergeant Stoops again on March 30th. He had been a Staff Sergeant several years ago, but lost out on reinstatement when he stayed out of the Service too long between enlistments. Hard work and application to duty soon put him back on the eligible list; but promotions to Staff Sergeant, Clerical, are a long time in coming. Finally, with the promotion of our old friend, Earl B. Hardy, to 1st. Sergeant, the necessary vacancy was created, and Stoops got it. We offer both of them our heartiest congratulations.

Staff Sergeant Feltwell has been moving things again in a big way. Whenever they need a new building in Main Station, someone will say, "That building out at East Wing, or out at Receiving Barracks, is just the thing. We'll send Feltwell out after it." And Feltwell always gets his building. Once it was a hangar from Aviation. Last week it was the Cooks' Quarters from Receiving Barracks. By quitting time the first day, he had dragged it to the corner of the Boulevard d'Boots and Aviation Avenue. He left it there by the edge of the concrete road for the night. It had every appearance of belonging there. When Feltwell came back, before eight o'clock the following morning, he found seven men sitting on the doorstep. "Why, Bill, what are YOU doing here?" he asked. "Aw, we're thirsty!" Bill replied. "And we're waiting for this darn fool to open before we have to go to work on that canal."

Under a new system of gauging a man's eligibility for promotion to the next higher rank, aspirants for promotion on Parris Island who have had little or no Sea and Foreign Shore Service are going to find



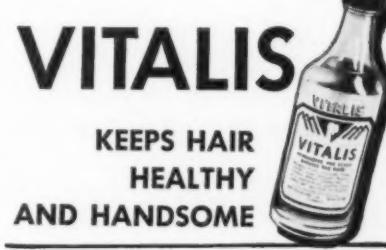
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themselves handicapped. Under this system of percentage markings, all other things being equal, the man with twenty months of Sea or Foreign Shore Service gets 20 more points (on a 100 per cent basis) than the man with none. And the man with at least eight years' service gets twenty more points than a recruit would get. The mark given him on examination, and the time he has been on the waiting list can, each, give him 15 points. And his steering clear of offenses, and his markings on his current enlistment, as well as his present duty markings, count 10 points each.

In Beaufort they tell about a mysterious "Harvard Professor" who has been traveling all over this vicinity, investigating everything that had the appearance of a "Burial Mound," in a search for relics of a long-forgotten tribe of Indians. On Ladies' Island he is said to have dug up two or three complete skeletons and a variegated assortment of bones and pottery. The skeletons were said to have been a great many inches longer than those of the average, present-day man. And the skulls considerably larger than normal.

Senator William G. McAdoo of California renewed boyhood acquaintances in this vicinity last month. There is a story current in Beaufort about his visit to the Penn Industrial School (for colored) on St. Helena Island, where he and his party were treated to a program of negro spirituals. The lady principal may have had him confused with the late Mr. Edwin Denby who was a well-known personage in these parts. At any rate, she introduced Mr. McAdoo as "the Secretary of our Navy." Before proceeding with his very enjoyable address, the Senator explained that he was not the Secretary of the Navy, though he had once been Secretary of the Treasury, and Railroad Administrator, and had married the youngest daughter of the late President Wilson, and had recently been elected Senator from California. That he had made a profound impression on his audience became evident when, at the conclusion of his address, the whole congregation joined very heartily in singing "There's Somebody Here, And It Must Be Jesus."

The Boys in Grey are leaving us. On the 18th of this month the USS *Raleigh* is expected to call here for most of them and carry them to their summer (and winter) home in Portsmouth, N. H. A few of them will be left for a short while to clean up the place. After that the Naval Prison, Parris Island, will be a thing of the past.

The Naval Prison Farm will be a Post Farm, under the able management of Captain Dickerson and Staff Sergeant Cain, as under the present regime. It will be worked by colored, civilian labor, quartered and subsisted on the Farm. The Post Laundry will still be under the capable management of Chief Q.M.Clerk R. W. Jeter, but will employ white civilian labor.

Many of us are wondering how much these changes will increase the prices on farm and dairy products, and laundry work. Unlike the prices of things elsewhere on Parris Island, the prices charged at the Farm have been mercifully reasonable. Quality was high and quantity was liberal. But now the hire of labor will be added to the cost of production. And, in the laundry, it will also be an added wrinkle. Even if prices DO go up, we are assured that there, at least, they will still be lower than they are at some other posts. So, here's hoping.

But we're going to miss the Boys in Grey. We've been so accustomed to having them around. Always orderly, well-behaved and on the job. Only today we saw them sowing flower seeds, setting out flower plants, and otherwise improving the lawns in the Naval

Prison Area, so that, even after they are gone from here, we shall still reap the benefits of their having been here. The Master-at-arms in charge of the gardeners used to be the guy who took those startling, never-to-be-forgotten photos of us when we first came into the Marine Corps. If our Mothers back home could ever see those hair-raising pictorial nightmares, and would know that he was perpetrator of the horrible libel on their precious offspring, they'd have him pushing up flowers with his toes, instead of merely planting them with his fingers. Well, Adios, Prisoners. We wish you a short and happy stay in your new surroundings. Or should we say, "Auf Wiedersehen"?

Today, we're here, and you are there:
Tomorrow, turn-about is fair.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 45)

Rawlee, we just couldn't let twenty years' training as a Paymaster Sergeant go for naught, so you see, Ray is right there with the old mit stuck out for dues and so forth. "Andy" Andrews was elected Chief of Staff. The choice of Chaplain went to Ned Sweetser, who, being the Marine officer in charge at the Naval Aviation Base at Squantum, becomes our Flying Chaplain. Ned has a lot to live up to and we expect him to set a good example. Harold Swindler was chosen to take care of our legal matters in the capacity of Judge Advocate.

The appointed officers were next taken care of and include Chas. Lunetta, Captain of the Guard; Thomas Wood, Sergeant of the Guard; James Howarth, Corporal of the Guard; Epham Coen, Color Sergeant, and Fred Owens and John Rieno, Color Guards.

March 20th was the date chosen for the installation and a committee was appointed to take care of the necessary arrangements. The committee in charge of the installation did a real Marine job and were congratulated for the success of the events. State Commandant, Dean Harding, and his staff performed a real job and after the officers were installed extended to us the right hand of fellowship. Refreshments and dancing followed, Smith's All-American Band presiding.

Our new Commandant, James "Two Gun" Baker, has taken over the reins with a right good will to make this, the Cape Cod Detachment of the Marine Corps League, a credit to the national body and to the locality in which it holds forth. Every one of us feels we have a responsible part to play and that it is our duty to see that this ship does not sink.

Remember that part you played as a regular and how you may have cursed it, but would never allow anyone to say anything against it. League matters may not always be a bed of roses, for there are matters for us to do besides just having a good time. First and foremost in our minds, we must remember that our nation is undergoing a change in which every citizen must play an important part. The Marine Corps has played a very important part in the making of our nation and it is up to us as Marines to stick by the ship and preserve its traditions. Cape Cod Detachment is going to give the other fellow a lift and see that he gets the chance he deserves. We invite all Marines and ex-Marines in the vicinity of Quincy to join us and help carry out our aims and purposes.

A. L. ANDREWS,
Chief-of-Staff.

May, 1933

THE LEATHERNECK

Fifty-nine

MARINE CORPS RESERVE

(Continued from page 48)

Corporals Gosbeth, Ehret, Echard and Private First Class Hemmig were guards at an American Legion initiation. They marched the men around the city and made them clean up the streets and other such things. This is conducted the same as if the men were prisoners. Of course, the guards were invited to the grub afterward and party which explains why they were so anxious to accept. Knowing the way our Legion Posts have treated us in the past, I sure can't blame them. Private Ross hasn't passed out cigars yet on his marriage and we know for sure now that he is Scotch outside if not inside.

Second Lieutenant Hagerman, the commanding officer of the 306th Company at Detroit, Michigan, visited this company March 10. First Sergeant Sauls accompanied the Lieutenant. Major Chester L. Fordney, the Commanding Officer of the 24th Reserve Marines, accompanied by Quartermaster Sergeant Stone, inspected the 311th Company the latter part of February. We all hope the Major was satisfied with our appearance.

COMPANY "I", THIRD BATTALION, 25TH MARINES

By John Jarvis

One hundred dollars is big money in any kind of times, but in the Third Battalion of the 25th Marine Reserves right now it's bigger than ever. Capt. Lloyd McInroe, commanding Company "I," Seattle, and Capt. Wallace O. McClymont, skipper of Company "K," Aberdeen, have each put one hundred dollars on the line, the best company at camp this summer to take the loser's money for its company fund.

Company "K," young and cocky, has been making rapid strides and now has a gunnery sergeant from the regulars coaching it. Company "I," older and more experienced, isn't taking life easy either. First Sergeant Grieco of the Seattle recruiting staff is instructor for the outfit, and one of his innovations in instruction here is non-coms' school every Friday evening.

Tentative dates for summer training are June 12-24. This year, as for the past two years, one week will be spent at the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, and one week on the rifle range at Camp Wesley Harris. With two companies in camp at the same time, much more in the way of combat problems will be given.

Under the instruction and coaching of Gy. Sgt. James Hines, Company "I's" men are shooting for qualification on the indoor small bore range lent the company by a local pistol and revolver club. An attempt is being made to qualify all men in small bore so that none of them will have to qualify in it at camp before going on the .30 caliber range. Weekend evenings and Sunday mornings are being devoted to the work.

Lieut. E. S. Laue, USMCR, has applied for transfer from the volunteer reserve to Company "I."

Quick work on the part of a squad of Company "I" Marines kept a fire on Pier One, where the company drills, from spreading one night last month. Discovering the fire on the roof near the harbor radio station, the Marines turned in the alarm and then manned the hoses until fire engines arrived on the scene.

George Bement, recently of the regulars, is now with Third Battalion headquarters as battalion supply sergeant.

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BRIEFING THE NEWS

(Continued from page 18)

break in China. It was there that he lost one arm. He was counsel for Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler two years ago when the general was in controversy with the Navy Department as a result of charges he made against Mussolini.

Marines Hail Return of Beer With Camel Parade in Peiping

Special Cable to The New York Times

Peiping, April 8.—Celebrating the return of beer in their home country, the thirty-ninth Company, United States Marine Corps, 500 strong, constituting the legion guard, mounted camels and held a parade and races on the glacis surrounding the legion quarter.

After the parade, the marines, commanded by Capt. Lloyd Pugh, abandoned the bewildered camels and adjourned to the German Hotel du Nord, where, with their executive officer, Maj. John Arthur, they quaffed foaming flagons and toasted their fortunate comrades at home.

The camel corps is not expected to be a permanent unit of the legion guard.

Army Private Bowls Perfect Game

Columbus, Ohio, March 20.—Jack Kartsens, Fort Sheridan, Illinois, today swept the Coliseum alleys clean for twelve consecutive strikes and the highest possible score in bowling—300.

Congratulate Swanson

The following telegram was sent by the Retired Officers Association:

Senator Claude Swanson,
Washington, D. C.

The Retired Officers Association of the U. S. Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard with headquarters 401 Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, Calif., express to you their grateful appreciation for accepting the duties of Secretary of the Navy under President-elect Roosevelt. Our Country, the Navy, its officers and enlisted personnel are also grateful to Mr. Roosevelt in tendering to you the important Cabinet position he has.

A. T. MARIX,
Colonel of Marines, President.

Skippy's Creator Appointed Major

Washington, D. C., April 10.—Percy Crosby, cartoonist, writer, and creator of the loveable "Skippy," has been appointed major in the Marine Corps Reserves.

Former Marine is Publisher

Washington, D. C.—Edward R. Hagenah, formerly a sports writer on the staff of THE LEATHERNECK, has launched a new daily newspaper in Washington, known as *The Sun*. The sheet, a morning tabloid, is of pictorial rather than sensational material. It is the outgrowth of a former project, *The Army and Navy Daily*, which has been incorporated in the new newspaper.

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Weddings

Washington, D. C., March 31.—The capital witnessed the second military wedding within four days when Lt. John Ralph Lanigan, USMC, and Miss Ann White were married today.

Last Monday Lt. James S. Monahan and Miss Lillian G. Emory, daughter of Maj. W. G. Emory, USMC, and Mrs. Emory, were married at the home of the bride's parents. The couple departed immediately after the ceremony for San Francisco, where they will embark for China.

* * *

Japan

"Come and get them" are the actual words used by a government spokesman referring to the League of Nations' stipulations that the 1,600 mandated islands be returned.

Japan's war appropriation is the largest in her history, amounting to 2,237,960,000 yen (\$1,000,000,000). Low prices and wages in Japan make this equal to four or five billions.

MIKE FLANNERY, DETECTIVE

(Continued from page 17)

and then he asked Mr. Flannery, "Was they both th' same size?"

"Wan was a little small fella, and wan was a big tall wan," said Mike. "They had masks on—black masks—"

"Wait, now! One was a small man of no great size," Mr. Kerlong told Mr. Dallas, "and the other party was of a larger—uh—was bigger. Tall, put it, Joe. It looks to me like it was them two the papers call the Long and the Short, Joe! them two that's been holding up the Interurban offices all around New York here. How does it look to you, Joe?"

"It looks that way to me, Ed," agreed Mr. Dallas. "One of 'em's short and one of 'em's tall, like the Long and the Short is, Ed."

"They's bad guys, them two," Mr. Kerlong said to Mr. Flannery seriously. "They're killers, they are. They must of been scared off or you'd be a dead guy now, fella! We been huntin' them guys down six mont' now, me an' Joe. They're slick guys. You seen 'em come in—was they disguised, Flannery?"

"I don't know was they disguised or not," Flannery said doubtfully. "They—"

"Did they have masks on?" asked Mr. Kerlong as if Mr. Flannery would have known that that was what he meant, if he had not been too stupid to know anything.

"Yes," Mr. Flannery said.

"White or black?"

"Black," said Flannery. "So I knew what they was, d'yo see? 'Robbers!' I says t' meself, and I make a run for me desk here, where me club is on th' nail, and—"

"One thing at a time, you!" said Mr. Kerlong. "Don't butt in that way, Flannery; we've no time to waste in idle conversation. When I want to know I'll ask you. It's up to me and Joe to get these guys, Flannery, and no time to throw away. Did you think these robbers was customers when you seen them come in?"

"I did not!"

"What did you think they were?"

"A couple of dirty thieves," declared Flannery, "and I run for me club that was hangin'—"

"The agent reckonized they was bandits," Mr. Kerlong explained to Mr. Dallas, who wrote it down. "You reckonized they was bandits," he then said to Mr. Flannery. "How did you reckonize they was bandits? What caused you to reckonize the two parties that come into the office to be bandits? Did they have masks on?"

"Yes, and the little small fella had the gun in his fist—"

"They had masks on, Joe, which caused the agent to reckonize without delay that they was bandits. What color was the masks, Flannery?"

"Black masks," said Mr. Dallas. "He said they were black masks, Ed."

"Yeah? Them bandits mostly has black masks. Sometimes they has white masks. What color masks do the Long and Short have mostly, Joe?"

"Black masks, Eddie."

"Yeah! I guess it was the Long and the Short all right. Now, Flannery, when you seen these bandits enter the office here, did one of them have this gun in his hand?"

"He did that."

"Was it the big guy or the little guy?"

"Twas th' little small fella had the gun in his first, like I was sayin'," said Mike Flannery.

"Yeah? Well, never mind what you was sayin'—I got to find out about this. We got to get them fellas. It was the little fella had the gun, Joe—the one they call the Short. The' ought to be his fingerprints on this gun, Joe; have they got the fingerprints of the Short, Joe?"

"No, they ain't, Eddie. They ain't got his fingerprints; he's a slick guy, he is; he wears gloves."

"Did this little guy in the black mask that had the gun have gloves on, Finerty?" Mr. Kerlong asked.

Mike Flannery's eyes hardened. It was the express agent who stuck out his chin this time.

"Are you callin' me out of me name awn purpose, or are ye plain danged fool?" he demanded. "Stop it! Flannery I was born, an' Flannery I was raised, and Flannery I am. F-l-a-n-n-e-r-y," he spelled. "An' no flat-foots from th' city can make a fool of me, ayther," he added.

"Now, don't go and get like that," said Mr. Kerlong in an appealing tone. "Cripes! We got a hard enough job gettin' these bandits without nobody gettin' sore at us. We don't mean nothin'. When we get goin' on a job like this we don't think of nothin' else, all we think of is the job we got."

"Huh!" said Mr. Flannery.

"Sure, that's how it is," said Mr. Dallas earnestly. "When I get started on a job like this a guy could call me Cohen and I wouldn't know the difference. Ain't that so, Eddie?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Kerlong. "All we

think of is the detective work we got to do. Now, did this little guy with the gun have gloves on, Flannery?"

Mr. Flannery got out of his chair. His cap, with "Interurban" embroidered on the front, was on a nail behind him, and he reached for it and pulled it firmly down on his head. He put his pipe in his pocket and started for the door.

"Here! Where you goin'?" Mr. Kerlong demanded.

"Home," said Mr. Flannery. "Home. An' belike I will stop at th' polis station an' tell somewan that knows me name is not Fogarty or Finnerty or Cohen or Oberhauser, nor yet Flannery, that th' Interurban express office was entered by robbers."

"Aw, come back here!" said Mr. Kerlong, disgustedly. "What you get like that for? Flannery—does that suit you? Say, listen, Mike—you an' us has got to work this together for the company, ain't we? We ain't got no need to get sore and all, you and us, when it's all for the company. Ain't that right, Mike?"

"Flannery to you, sir," said the express agent unyieldingly.

"Sure—Flannery!" said Mr. Kerlong. "We got it right, now, ain't we, Joe? Our little mistake, Joe; that's all, wasn't it?"

"Sure! We don't mean nothing, Flannery," agreed Mr. Dallas. "We got to get these robbers that's been robbing the Interurban all over the place. That's all, Flannery."

"We don't want to have to 'phone in to Pellick and say the agent here at Westcote ain't givin' us proper support, do we, Joe?" said Mr. Kerlong. "All we want is infamtion, Flannery. You got to think how it looks, holdin' back infamtion on us. Cripes! We don't want Pellick or nobody to think maybe you was standin' in with these stick-up guys because you hold back infamtion on us. We don't want nobody to think that, do we, Joe?"

"All we want is to get the information so we can go out and get these stick-ups; that's all we want," said Mr. Dallas.

"Sure!" said Mr. Kerlong heartily and with every evidence of friendly good nature. "That's all there is to it, Flannery. Now, about them gloves—did the little guy have gloves on?"

The express agent had returned to his chair.

"He did that," he admitted.

"No fingerprints," said Mr. Kerlong, and Mr. Dallas made a note of it in his little book. "No fingerprints on the gun, Joe."

Mike Flannery looked at his knuckles, which were now beginning to smart considerably. He had a feeling that he ought to go over to the drug store and get something to put on his knuckles. Usually when he barked himself the skin healed quickly and he did not bother to do more than stick a piece of adhesive on the wound, but he had skinned his knuckles by hitting the taller bandit in the mouth. He had hit the bandit on the teeth with his knuckles, which was practically the same as if the bandit had bit his knuckles with his teeth. The teeth of a bandit might be poisonous.

"About them bandits—" he said.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" said Mr. Kerlong, raising a silencing hand. "No fingerprints, Joe, on account of the bandits had gloves on. Did they both have gloves on?"

"Yes," said Mike Flannery, sinking back into his chair with a disheartened air. He crossed his hands on his stomach and looked down at his skinned knuckles. "They had, but I did not have."

THE LEATHERNECK

"All right! Both of them had gloves on, Joe. Now, how much dough did they get away with?"

"Not wan cint!" said Mr. Flannery. "Divil a penny!"

"They didn't get anything, Joe," Mr. Kerlong informed Mr. Dallas. "They got interrupted. Is that right, Flannery?"

"With a club," said Mike Flannery. "'Bandits!' I says t' meself whin I see them; 'tis time to interrupt thim!' I says, 'or sh'ud I tellyphone Mr. Pellick,' I says, 'and desire him t' send a pair of gentlemint from headquarters t' interrupt thim? What does th' rules say?' I says. Unfortchnitly I had no time t' look in th' book, so I grabbed me club and lit inta them, thus interruptin' thim, Mr. Kerlong, sir."

"He scared them off, Joe, before they got to the till," explained Mr. Kerlong.

"Did you give an alarm, Flannery?"

"I did not!"

"You didn't call the cops?"

"I did not!"

"You didn't go to the door and yell for help?"

"I did not!"

"These bandits—this Long and this Short—did they come in a car?"

"Now, be hanged if I didn't forgit t' ask them that wan!" said Mike Flannery. "We was in a sort av a rush," he explained, "an' didn't have time for extended conversation, my attintion bein' occupied with th' job av interruptin' thim, and thim dislikin' t' be interrupted. The next time I will raymimber t' ask how they come."

Mr. Kerlong gave Mr. Dallas a glance. He poked his massive jaw out farther than before. He had a faint impression that Mr. Flannery was playing with him. He did not like it.

"Look here, now; I want this straight—were there any hold-up guys here at all? Is this some gag you're tryin' to put over on us? What's this all about, anyway? Did anybody try to hold you up or didn't they?"

"They did!" said Mr. Flannery positively.

"Just like you've been telling us?"

"Tis th' truth, th' whole truth, and nothin' but th' truth," said Mr. Flannery. "Two of them."

"Well, Joe," Mr. Kerlong said, "I guess he's givin' it to us straight. How was they dressed, Flannery?"

"The little small fella was in dark clothes, like brown, it might be, an' th' other wan was in gray. Caps th' both of them had. But if—",

"Caps, Joe. Gray caps?"

"No doubt of that, sir, but if what—",

"Gray caps, Joe. Now about shoes?"

"Tan shoes, the both of them, I'd be sayin'," Mike Flannery said; "but if what you—",

"Tan shoes. Anything else we want to know, Joe? Did they have any marks on them, Flannery? Scars or such?"

"Well, sir, th' little small fella, after I interrupted thim, had a bump on th' head alongside an' above th' lift eye of him that would do for an egg, but by now 'twould be bigger, I've no doubt. Th' big guy, follyin' th' interruption, had a welt along side th' right ear like he had fell on th' railroad track from off a house, an' th' adjacency of his mouth was considerably busted where me fist poited it into his teet'. Except for that there was naughtin' much except th' black eyes, if any, but probably so by now."

"Bump on head, bump on ear, bruised mouth, probably black eyes," said Mr. Kerlong. "Well, Joe, we got something

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to go on, anyhow. The Short in a dark brown suit, the Long in a gray one. Caps. Tan shoes. I guess that's all we can get out of this guy—somebody outside must have seen them. You ought to have looked to see what kind of car they made their get-away in," he told Flannery in the tone a father might use to a disappointing son. "We got a hard enough job, if we had all the facts the' is, grabbin' off two slick guys like them. It ain't so easy goin' out an' pickin' up two smart fellas like them. You guys think us deefekatives has a cinch. What's that?"

Mr. Kershaw turned his head sharply. What had attracted his attention was a sound like that of a heavy sack of sand falling on the floor. It came from the rear room. Mr. Dallas also looked in the direction from which the sound came and he, too, said, "What's that?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mike Flannery, "if twas them two bandits I locked in th' broom closet after I completed th' interruption of them."

WHAT'S AT BROWN FIELD?

(Continued from page 10)

potential one. Marine Officers frequently express surprise that we are able to acquire so many skilled artisans of such diverse character. All aviation men originally enlist for general service and the small number of skilled artisans among recruits is rather well known. Thus it will be seen that practically all of our aviation personnel receive their training in the Marine Corps. Of course, the majority of the men attend the various schools in the Army and the Navy.

Pride and interest in their own work is characteristic of the men at Brown Field. They are busy and contented, two things that go hand in hand.

There is an old saying among military men "That service makes the Corps." It is a source of pride among our men to know that their squadrons have been tested in active service and the "proof of the pudding" was an OK from the Corps.

MARINE CORPS AVIATION

(Continued from page 11)

toga and *Lexington* will be discontinued, but the larger unit aboard the *Ranger* would be able to carry on this training in a greater degree.

At the present time Marine Aviation is being equipped with new airplanes. Sixteen new F4B-4 airplanes—Boeing fighters—were assigned to Aircraft Squadrons, ECEF, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., and twelve were assigned to Aircraft Squadrons, WCEF, Naval Air Station, San Diego, Calif. Also, eight SU-2 airplanes—Vought observation—were assigned to the San Diego squadrons, and nine were assigned to VO Squadron Nine-M, 1st Brigade Marines, Haiti. With this new equipment, Marine Corps Aviation will undoubtedly be able to carry on the splendid work for which it has been so often praised, and show to the other branches of the Services that its pilots and personnel are among the most skillful and highly trained in the world.

THE GLORY OF FREDERICKSBURG

(Continued from page 13)

war, while the Battle of Salem Church took place only four miles west, that of Chancellorsville (where General "Stonewall"

Jackson fell mortally wounded) and of Bloody Angle were ten miles west, and that of the Wilderness only a few miles farther west. In this series of battles the slaughter was terrific and possibly never has been exceeded in a like area.

Fredericksburg, despite all the sacrifices and suffering of the three major wars, still retains its characteristic attractiveness by blending its honored past with the progress of the present. By so doing it offers to the visitors within its gates not only that hospitality for which it is famous, but an unbounded store of historic scenes, either of which would well be worth the expense of the visit. To those who may be seeking a location for a home wherein may be found those essential features of health, wealth, and happiness, Fredericksburg extends a most hearty welcome, since here abound not only these three graces but a most inspiring and renowned heritage as well.

ARTILLERY AT QUANTICO

(Continued from page 15)

pieces to keep them in perfect condition.

On the parade ground there has been mounted an 155-mm. gun for exhibition and instruction.

Even though the First Battalion, Tenth Marines is handicapped by the shortage of personnel, it is striving to make up by efficiency what it lacks in numbers. For this reason it should accomplish much and develop into a thoroughly trained organization.

THE MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO

(Continued from page 9)

matic presses, lithographing and blueprinting outfits, as well as a large photographic section, and is able to reproduce everything from small books to maps. This work is an absolute necessity for the efficient work and progress of all elements in the schools, as in many instances similar work is not done anywhere else. An idea of the volume of work turned out by the Reproduction Department may be gained

classes, and then printed for the use of future classes.

The Marine Corps Schools Detachment has a present strength of sixty men. This includes highly trained monotype operators, casting machine operators, compositors, draftsmen, photographers, lithographers, printers, and mechanics in the Department of Reproduction; efficient clerks and stenographers in the various offices; and the inevitable Marine Corps police gang. These men are all quiet and industrious and, needless to say, the smooth running of the detachment adds greatly to the efficiency of the Schools.

The Marine Corps Schools has, through its various agencies, the mission of *Progressively Advancing the Useful Knowledge of the Marine Corps.*

MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO

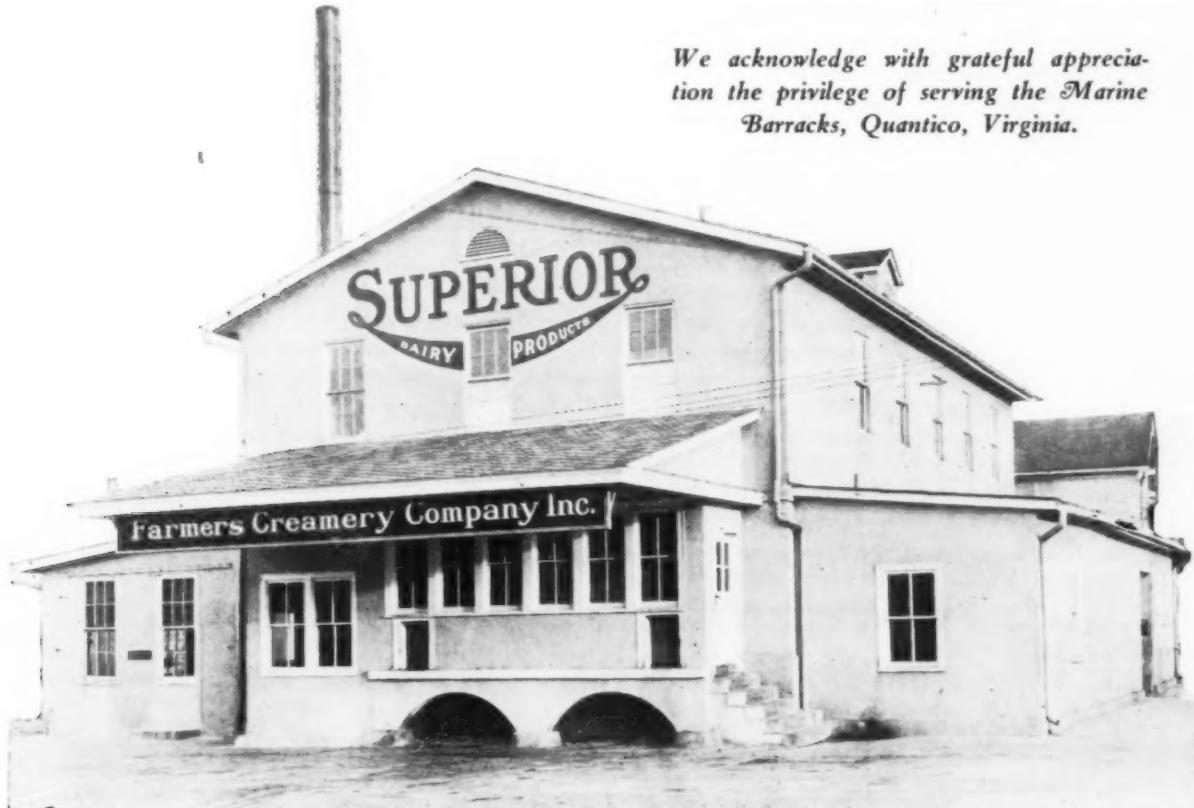
(Continued from page 8)

at Quantico during the hot months. You will not be at Quantico long before you receive an introduction to the Hostess House which includes an excellent reading room with library adjoining, and a dining room (cafeteria style) with Staff Sergeant Slayton's beaming face to challenge you as you attempt to pass the cash register. This dining room is renowned for its good food and is a very important part of the Post as it provides, for a reasonable price, that "much needed nourishment to sustain life" for many officers and men awaiting assignment to quarters as well as fulfilling that desire, for which Marines are so well known, of taking a meal away from the regular mess now and then.

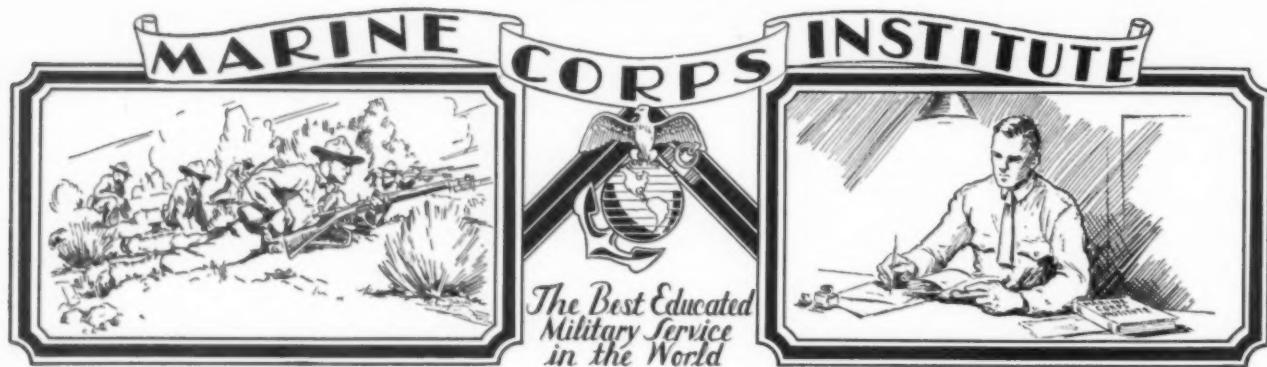
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by the fact that from October 1, 1932, to March 31, 1933, it handled 371 jobs of printing, turning out 430,198 copies, ranging from a few pages to small booklets of 75 pages or so. The work is all of a quality to compare with the work of the best print shops. Much of this work is wholly original, and consists of texts needed by the Schools and not obtainable elsewhere. As these texts pertain only to the Marine Corps, and their highly specialized individual activities, they must be initiated at the Schools, developed in the

We acknowledge with grateful appreciation the privilege of serving the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.



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- Navigation
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Rank _____

THE GAZETTE

COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—February.....	15,962
Total strength Marine Corps on February 28.....	1,176
Separations during March.....	3
	1,173
Appointments during March.....	2
Total strength on March 31.....	1,175
ENLISTED—Total strength February 20.....	14,786
Separations during March.....	286
	14,500
Joinings during March.....	715
Total strength March 31.....	15,215
Total strength Marine Corps March 31.....	16,390

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Major General Ben H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General John H. Russell, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.

Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.

Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Edw. W. Bunker, AQM.

Lt. Col. Harold H. Utley.

Maj. Gilder D. Jackson, Jr.

Capt. Wm. P. Kelly.

1st Lt. Wm. W. Benson.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Edw. W. Bunker, AQM.

Lt. Col. Harold H. Utley.

Capt. W. P. Kelly.

1st Lt. E. T. Peters

1st Lt. W. W. Benson.

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MARCH 13, 1955.

Captain Merwin H. Silverthorn, on completion of the course at the Subsistence School, Chicago, Ill., detached to duty as Advisor and Instructor, 24th Reserve Marines, Chicago, Ill.

Captain Howard N. Stent, orders from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps Unit, Yale University, New Haven, Conn., revoked.

1st Lt. Frank E. Sessions, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Dept. of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Walter J. Stuart, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Dept. of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. Clyde C. Roberts, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, RS, DB, San Diego, Calif.

MARCH 14, 1955.

1st Lt. Edwin J. Farrell, on 27 March detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. William R. Williams, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Headquarters, Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

MarGnr. Robert E. McCook, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to Gardo d'Haiti.

MARCH 16, 1955.

2nd Lt. Richard J. McPherson, on or about 31 March, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS *Vega*, scheduled to sail from NOB, Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 April.

2nd Lt. Lloyd H. Reilly, on or about 31 March, detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS *Vega*, scheduled to sail from NOB, Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 April.

PClk. Theo A. Smith, on acceptance of appointment as a pay clerk assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Raymond A. Anderson, detached MD, USS *Rochester*, to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Frederick C. Biebush, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS *Salt Lake City*.

1st Lt. Archie V. Gerard, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.

2nd Lt. Saville T. Clark, detached MD, USS *Rochester*, to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

MARCH 22, 1955.

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

MARCH 11, 1953.

Corporal Charles Dudasik—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Donald J. Leonard—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Joseph Veeran—MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MD, USS *Southery*.

MARCH 13, 1953.

Quartermaster Sergeant Harold L. Flynn—MB, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Staff Sergeant Lee E. Roberts—West Coast to MB, AS, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Alan O. Johnson—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Archibald M. Seymour—MD, USS *Southery*, to MB, Chelsea, Mass.

Corporal David H. Wallace—MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

MARCH 14, 1953.

Master Technical Sergeant Theodore Gooding—MB, Haiti, to MB, AS, Quantico, Va.

Paymaster Sergeant Edward A. Richardson—Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Gunnery Sergeant Leo W. Adams—West Coast to MB, AS, Haiti.

Sergeant Reuben C. Ward—MB, Coco Solo, C. Z., to NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Corporal Robert C. Bayless—MB, Haiti, to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

MARCH 15, 1953.

Corporal John J. Stropko—MD, USS *Pennsylvania*, to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARCH 16, 1953.

Quartermaster Sergeant Thomas H. Dougan—MB, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Quartermaster Sergeant James H. McDonald—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Haiti.

Quartermaster Sergeant Morris E. Miller—MB, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Quartermaster Sergeant Joseph W. Olson—MB, Haiti, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Quartermaster Sergeant John W. Schurr—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Haiti.

Quartermaster Sergeant Frank H. Stephenson—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

First Sergeant J. Fred Turpin—MD, USS *Idaho*, to MB, Norfolk, Va.

Corporal Francis V. Downey—MD, USS *Henderson*, to MB, NS, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

MARCH 17, 1953.

Sergeant Major Hall V. Cartmell—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Horace L. Beardsley—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Mark W. Carmen—MB, AS, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Corporal Lester D. Lansing—MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, AS, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Edward K. Sloan—MB, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, Haiti.

MARCH 18, 1953.

First Sergeant Ernest W. Beck—MD, USS *Arkansas*, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal John Herregods—MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Corporal John A. Tidymann—MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y., to MB, USS *Nevada*.

MARCH 20, 1953.

Gunnery Sergeant Walter E. Anderson—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Sergeant Emile P. Jouanillon—MB, Washington, D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Corporal Orrin Kemp—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

Corporal Enrique Marcos—MB, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Chester W. Scott—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MARCH 21, 1953.

(Continued on page 66)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

AUER, John, 3-25-33, for MB, Washington, D. C. ALexander, George, 3-15-33, for MB, Bremerton, Wash.

ANDERSON, Adolph J., 3-15-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

ALLEN, Troy P., 3-10-33, for MB, So. Charleton, W. Va.

ASHBROOK, Clifford L., 2-25-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

BARKER, William D., 3-29-33, for Macon, Ga.

BARNES, James C., 3-28-33, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

BAUER, Scottie W., 3-30-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.

BILLINGSLEY, Harbert F., 3-19-33, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

BURNS, John A., 3-9-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

BROWN, Charles G., 3-11-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.

BATES, Edwin O., 3-9-33, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

BACHORAH, Stanley, 3-6-33, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

BROOKS, James J., 3-9-33, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

BURNHAM, Vivian D., 2-28-33, for MB, Hingham, Mass.

BOYLE, Herbert, 2-27-33, for MD, USS *Argonne*.

DUNLAP, James L., 3-31-33, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

DAVIDOVIC, Mike, 3-25-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.

DEMERS, Joseph G., 3-16-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

DEBLER, Clinton W., 3-14-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.

DELANEY, William E., 3-9-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.

DEMPSEY, Charles R., 3-4-33, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

DAMON, Walter L., 3-8-33, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

ENGLISH, Arthur M., 3-11-33, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

EDWARDS, Raymond R., 2-24-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

FEDERICO, Antonio, 3-13-33, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

FELEY, Michael M., 3-10-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.

FICKETT, Robert L., 3-7-33, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

FRANK, Edward, 2-28-33, for MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

GUY, Sidney A., 2-25-33, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

GEDICKS, George O., 3-23-33, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

GEHRES, Albert D., 3-3-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

GRAY, Charles H., 2-17-33, for MB, Haiti.

GUYNN, Oscar H., 3-6-33, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

GARCEAU, Frederick K., 2-26-33, for MB, New London, Conn.

GORE, Jerome, 2-28-33, for MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

HAVASY, Stephen E., 2-28-33, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

HENRY, Willard T., 3-9-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.

HUMPHRIES, William A., 3-11-33, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

HAMLIN, John K., 3-8-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

HAMILTON, Henry B., 3-12-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

HIENSCH, Charles D., 3-21-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.

(Continued on page 66)

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 65)

1st Lt. Col. William C. Wise, detailed as an Assistant Adjutant and Inspector.

Major William H. Rupertus, detached Hdqs., Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.

Major Harry Schmidt, detailed as Assistant Paymaster, effective as of 15 February.

Captain Walter S. Gaspar, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., to report on 3 April.

1st Lt. John H. Coffman, detached MD, RS, DB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., to report on 3 April.

1st Lt. Edward T. Peters, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., to report on 3 April.

2nd Lt. Claude L. Boles, detached AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Peter A. McDonald, on or about 24 March, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to NAS, Norfolk, Va.

2nd Lt. William K. Pottinger, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
MARCH 25, 1933.

Lt. Col. Frederick A. Barker, on 3 April, detached Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

1st Lt. Edward T. Peters, orders from MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., revoked.

2nd Lt. John V. Rosewaine, orders to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., modified to MB, Puget Sound, NYd, Bremerton, Washington.

ChfQmCk, David C. Buscall, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to report on 27 March.

QmCk, James M. Fountain, on 1 April, detached Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.
MARCH 27, 1933.

Captain Marvin Scott, assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

1st Lt. James M. McHugh, assigned to duty with Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

2nd Lt. David F. O'Neill, on or about 29 April, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Ronald D. Salmon, on or about 29 April, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Lt. Ronald D. Salmon, on or about 29 April, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Charles B. Mitchell, on expiration sick leave of absence detached VS Squadron 14M, USS Saratoga, to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty and to NH, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

The following named officers detached stations indicated to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, via the USS Henderson, due to arrive Shanghai on or about 29 April:

Captain Joseph M. Swinnerton, MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

1st Lt. Guy B. Beatty, MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

1st Lt. Charles W. Pold, MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I.

The following named officers assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.:

1st Lt. William W. Benson.

2nd Lt. James H. Brower.

2nd Lt. John J. Heil.

2nd Lt. Walker A. Reaves.

MARCH 29, 1933.

Captain Herman R. Anderson, on 3 April, detached Hdqs., Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.

1st Lt. Ronald A. Boone, detached Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Edward T. Peters, on 3 April, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.

2nd Lt. Robert L. Denig, Jr., assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

APRIL 1, 1933.

2nd Lt. Fred D. Beans, detached NAS, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

2nd Lt. Harlan C. Cooper, on 3 April, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to NAS, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

2nd Lt. Joseph W. Earnshaw, detached MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS Vega, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 April.

ChfPayCk, Lawrence A. Frankland, died on 29 March.

APRIL 5, 1933.

Major Alphonse DeCarre, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Garde d'Haiti via the USS Chaumont, scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about 10 May.

Major Chester L. Gawne, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

THE LEATHERNECK

1st Lt. Cornelius J. Eldridge, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS Chaumont, scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about 10 May.

1st Lt. Nels H. Nelson, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to 1st Brig., Haiti, via the USS Chaumont, scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about 10 May.

1st Lt. Clarence O. Cobb, orders to Asiatic Station modified to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. William R. Williams, detached Hdqs., Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.

ChfMarGn, Fred O. Brown, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., via the USS Chaumont, scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about 10 May.

APRIL 10, 1933.

Lt. Col. Calhoun Anerum, on 15 May, detached Hdqs., Recruiting District of Boston, Boston, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. Robert L. Denig, May 1, detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. William T. Hoadley, on reporting of his relief, detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to Recruiting District of Boston, Boston, Mass.

Captain Joseph C. Grayson, died on 7 April.

1st Lt. Frank P. Pyzick, on 7 April, detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via the USS Grant, scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 2 June.

1st Lt. Edward W. Snedeker, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to NA, Annapolis, Md., via the USS Chaumont, scheduled to sail from Port au Prince, Haiti, on or about 25 May.

2nd Lt. Peter A. McDonald, detached NAS, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

MarGn, George Occhionero, on acceptance of appointment as a marine gunner, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

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U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 65)

MARCH 21, 1933.

Sergeant Daniel B. Kidd—MB, NS, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Golden L. Armstrong—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Allen H. Dodge—MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Corporal John E. Frantz—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

Corporal Lance T. McBee—MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Robert P. Warner—MB, Norfolk, Va., to Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

MARCH 22, 1933.

Gunner Raymond W. Kaltenback—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, AS, Haiti.

Sergeant Perry S. Atkins—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Corporal Edward E. Becher—MB, Norfolk, Va., to NOB, Norfolk, Va.

Corporal Eugene A. Kight—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Aubrey D. McCauley—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NPD, Portsmouth, N. H.

Corporal Thomas Swift—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, AS, Haiti.

MARCH 23, 1933.

Sergeant Charles J. DeWees—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Ivan M. Cadneau—MB, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

MARCH 24, 1933.

Sergeant Frank Farris—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

MARCH 25, 1933.

Gunner Sergeant Albert Bredehoft—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

Corporal William Frisch—MD, Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARCH 27, 1933.

Corporal Charlie A. Darby—MD, AS, Quantico, Va., to MCB, AS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MARCH 28, 1933.

Gunner Sergeant Henry E. Klappholz—MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MARCH 29, 1933.

Sergeant Harold M. Ferrell—MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Sergeant Herbert Sullivan—MB, Norfolk, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal James B. Eakin—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal George A. Robertson—RS, Boston, Mass., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MARCH 30, 1933.

First Sergeant Paul Kerns—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md.

Gunner Sergeant James E. Hill—Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to United States.

Sergeant Harold M. Ferrell—MB, NS, New Orleans, La., to MCB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

MARCH 31, 1933.

Gunner Sergeant Charles D. Hienach—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk, Va.

APRIL 3, 1933.

First Sergeant Carl F. A. Germer—MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Gunner Sergeant Leonard Bostrom—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Gunner Sergeant Robert W. Davis—West Coast to MB, NS, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Gunner Sergeant Robert L. Jennings—MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Gunner Sergeant Angelo J. LoGiudice—MB, NS, New Orleans, La., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Curtis H. Paul—MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, Camp Rapidan, Criglersville, Va.

Corporal Martin Sasges—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

APRIL 4, 1933.

First Sergeant Jack Davis—MD, Ft. Lafayette, N. Y., to MCR, New York, N. Y.

Sergeant Green B. Evans—MB, NS, New Orleans, La., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Sergeant Howard Gould—RS, New York, N. Y., to MD, Ft. Lafayette, N. Y.

Corporal Chester W. Scott—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

APRIL 5, 1933.

Corporal F. Kay Williams—MB, Washington, D. C., to Paymaster, Headquarters, Marine Corps.

APRIL 6, 1933.

Corporal Harold I. Bonneau—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, AS, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Eddie M. Martin—MD, USS Utah, to MB, Norfolk, Va.

APRIL 7, 1933.

Corporal Lyle F. Penick—MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB, Washington, D. C.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 65)

HOBAN, Thomas J., 3-16-33, for MD, USS Arkansas.

JENNINGS, Charles E., 2-26-33, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

JOHNSON, Carl M., 2-25-33, for MB, Haiti.

JOHNSON, John, 2-9-33, for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.

JOHNSON, Clarence W., 3-25-33, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

JACKSON, Paul B., 2-21-33, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

KOPFF, Julian J., 3-15-33, for Portsmouth, Va.

KENSICK, Casmer M., 3-11-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.

KERR, Charles S., 3-10-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.

KRAUSS, Charlie W., 3-8-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.

LAWLESS, Cyril O., 3-1-33, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

LANE, CECIL F., 3-7-33, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

LIVERMORE, Edward L., 3-14-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.

MONTIETH, Charles H., 3-30-33, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

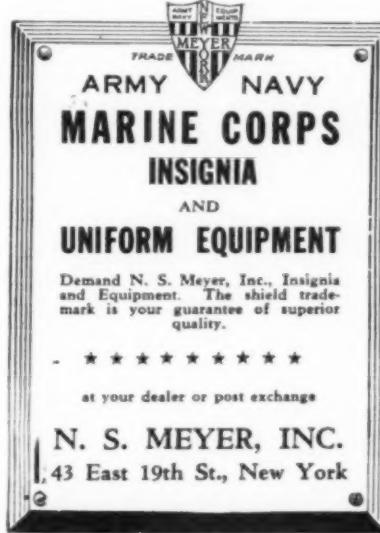
MANNING, Philip J., 3-23-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
 MEEKS, William F., 3-22-33, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
 McALPIN, Claud J., 3-26-33, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
 MOORE, Perry, 3-20-33, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
 McCALLUM, Charles P., 3-16-33, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 MINKLER, Clark V. D., 3-1-33, for MB, NS, Cavite, P. L.
 MULLEN, Donald A., 3-11-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MOORE, Howard C., 3-8-33, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.
 MICHAEL, James E., 3-8-33, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
 MEEK, Treuman, 3-2-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MEONS, Lyman J., 3-3-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 NEFF, Wallace T., 3-9-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 NOLAN, William, 3-11-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 O'DAY, Raymond M., 3-20-33, for San Francisco, Calif.
 OLSEN, Earl W., 3-9-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 OLSEN, Martin G., 3-8-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 OMARA, Francis J., 3-4-33, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.
 PEICHNICK, Bronislaw, 2-28-33, for MD, AL, Peiping, China.
 PONTIUS, Carl A., 3-6-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
 PECUNI, Delmo J., 3-11-33, for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.
 PILGRIM, Hubert L., 3-5-33, for MB, Haiti.
 POWERS, Edward J., 3-18-33, for MD, USS *Reina Mercedes*.
 PAINTER, Howard R., 3-17-33, for MB, Newport, R. I.
 PERKINS, Denver C., 3-16-33, for MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.
 RUSSELL, Frank M., 3-11-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
 RAPD, Lloyd M., 3-20-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 REPPENHAGEN, Edwin C., 3-21-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 RIEWE, Fred, 3-24-33, for MB, Ft. Mifflin, Pa.
 SHACKLEFORD, Henry A., 3-3-33, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
 SKINNER, Donald H., 3-2-33, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
 SANDERS, William E., 2-28-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 STEWART, Raymond K., 2-28-33, for MB, Coco Solo, C. Z.
 STUTTLER, William C., 3-8-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 SCANLON, Clarence E., 3-9-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 SMITH, Horace A., 2-16-33, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
 SULLIVAN, Dan, 3-8-33, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.
 SPEIGHT, Carl R., 3-16-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 SMITH, Frederick W., 3-15-33, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 SHUTTERLY, Neville M., 3-13-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 SMITH, Harry, 3-13-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 STROUD, Homer C., 3-19-33, for MB, Haiti.
 SEYMOUR, Archibald M., 3-21-33, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.
 SMITH, Charles B., 3-15-33, for MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
 TOWLE, Harry M., 3-13-33, for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.
 TROTTER, Mutah W., 3-5-33, for MB, NS, New Orleans, La.
 WHITE, Ralph P., 3-8-33, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 WHERRY, James V., 3-9-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 WALTERS, Albert, 3-7-33, for MD, AL, Peiping, China.
 WELCH, John H., 3-31-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 WILSON, John R., 3-29-33, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
 WARREN, Howard E., 3-20-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
 WOOD, Victor O., 3-16-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
 WATTERS, Calvin C., 3-13-33, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
 WILLIAMS, Neal G., 3-18-33, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 YALOWITZ, Emanuel, 3-18-33, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

PROMOTIONS

FIRST SERGEANTS Benjamin L. Connors—to Master Technical Sergeant.
 Charles Hess—to Sergeant Major.
GUNNERY SERGEANTS Frederick Belton—to First Sergeant.
 Arthur E. Buckner—to First Sergeant.
 Morris Fisher—to Sergeant Major.
 Albert E. Gernert—to Master Technical Sergeant.
 Charles M. Petrillo—to Master Technical Sergeant.
 Charles E. Stuart—to First Sergeant.
 Sanford N. Young—to First Sergeant.

SUPPLY SERGEANT Frank H. Stephenson—to Quartermaster Sergeant.
STAFF SERGEANTS Thomas C. Baisden—to Master Technical Sergeant.
 Robert C. Freeman—to Master Technical Sergeant.
 Earl B. Hardy—to First Sergeant.
 Swanner J. Hines—to Paymaster Sergeant.
 Roy C. Roberts—to Paymaster Sergeant.
 Rex E. Stillwell—to Gunnery Sergeant.
 Morton Wells—to First Sergeant.
SERENTAIS Carl F. Cain—to Gunnery Sergeant.
 Charles G. Clark—to First Sergeant.
 James Courtney—to Gunnery Sergeant.
 Emerson W. Giles—to Staff Sergeant.
 Charles Klein—to Gunnery Sergeant.
 John W. Kuhns—to Staff Sergeant.
 Joseph H. Lewis—to Staff Sergeant.
 Angelo J. LoGiudice—to Gunnery Sergeant.
 Lloyd Marshall—to First Sergeant.
 John W. Russell—to Gunnery Sergeant.
 Russell Schoneberger—to First Sergeant.
 Hannon W. Stagg—to Gunnery Sergeant.
 George S. Tally—to First Sergeant.
CORPORALS Cecil R. Bates—to Sergeant.
 Harold R. Belcher—to Sergeant.
 Nels E. Blunk—to Sergeant.
 John M. Callahan—to Sergeant.
 Richard M. Couch—to Staff Sergeant.
 Thomas Patrick Cullen—to Sergeant.
 Edwin C. Harris—to Sergeant.
 Sinclair B. Hesson—to Supply Sergeant.
 Robert L. Kenaston—to Sergeant.
 Charles E. Kerstetter—to Sergeant.
 John T. Martin—to Sergeant.
 John O'Connor—to Sergeant.
 John F. Smith—to Sergeant.
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS Floyd D. Alsup—to Corporal.
 Joseph A. Ambrose—to Sergeant.
 Cecil L. Ayers—to Corporal.
 William F. Becker—to Sergeant.
 Arnold C. Berry—to Corporal.
 Herbert A. Bowd—to Corporal.
 William W. Byers—to Corporal.

William J. McNamee—to Corporal.
 George W. Martin—to Corporal.
 Arthur A. Maxwell—to Corporal.
 John L. Neal—to Corporal.
 James D. Newman—to Corporal.
 Charles W. Nichols—to Corporal.
 Ralph K. Patterson—to Corporal.
 Robert B. Peterson—to Corporal.
 Budwell Price—to Corporal.
 Thomas Quinn—to Corporal.
 Eddie E. Reynolds—to Corporal.
 George A. Rice—to Corporal.
 William S. Rice—to Sergeant.
 Alva J. Rita—to Corporal.
 Preston H. Robb—to Supply Sergeant.
 Charles E. Roberts—to Corporal.
 Vernon W. Rosenmeier—to Corporal.
 John F. Russell—to Corporal.
 Proctor A. Scott—to Corporal.
 Joseph F. Sibiga—to Corporal.
 Walter Shuman—to Corporal.
 John T. Simpson—to Corporal.
 Michael J. Sisul—to Corporal.
 Harold A. Soura—to Corporal.
 Gerald B. Stackpole—to Corporal.
 Claude H. Sudgen—to Corporal.
 Harry C. Thacker—to Corporal.
 George B. Torgersen—to Corporal.
 Roy P. Triplett—to Corporal.
 Edward J. Turk—to Corporal.
 Thomas W. Wallace, Jr.—to Corporal.
 Edward A. Wright—to Corporal.
DRUMMER Jack T. Nelson—to Corporal.
PRIVATE James C. Barnett—to Corporal.
 John T. Bainard—to Corporal.
 Charles L. Brown—to Corporal.
 Frank C. Cadenhead, Jr.—to Corporal.
 Kenneth S. Clark—to Sergeant.
 Frank P. Craig—to Corporal.
 Robert B. Ernst—to Corporal.
 Robert L. Freeman—to Corporal.
 Martin H. Gates—to Corporal.
 Albert D. Gehres—to Corporal.
 William F. Gillen—to Corporal.
 Herman P. Halterman—to Corporal.
 Robert C. Harris—to Corporal.
 Robert McK. Henry—to Corporal.
 Charles W. Howitt—to Corporal.
 Arnold J. Holland—to Corporal.
 Alvin E. Johnson—to Corporal.
 John L. Johnson—to Corporal.
 James W. Korns—to Corporal.
 Edward D. Lewis—to Corporal.
 Robert D. Ludgate—to Corporal.
 Richard Mcree—to Corporal.
 Charles A. Miller—to Corporal.
 Donald A. Mullen—to Corporal.
 John D. Nelson—to Corporal.
 Curtis E. Smith, Jr.—to Corporal.
 John A. Stahl—to Corporal.
 Earl F. Strickland—to Sergeant.
 Clarence E. Swank—to Sergeant.
 Edward C. Thommess—to Corporal.
 Calvin W. Upton—to Corporal.
 Edward A. Vogelsang—to Corporal.
 Willie L. Wages—to Corporal.
 David Wasserman—to Corporal.
 Jack Well—to Corporal.
 Clarence E. Wilding—to Corporal.
 Willis L. Wilson—to Corporal.
 Donald R. Wolfe—to Corporal.

**NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS**

CHAUMONT—Leave NOB Norfolk, 29 March; arrive Guantanamo 2 April, leave 3 April; arrive Port au Prince 3 April, leave 3 April; arrive Canal Zone 6 April, leave 10 April; arrive San Diego 19 April, leave 20 April; arrive San Pedro 21 April, leave 22 April; arrive San Francisco 24 April, leave 5 May; arrive San Pedro 7 May, leave 8 May; arrive San Diego 9 May, leave 10 May; arrive Canal Zone 19 May, leave 23 May; arrive Port au Prince 25 May, leave 25 May; arrive Guantanamo 26 May, leave 26 May; arrive Pensacola 29 May, leave 29 May; arrive Annapolis 3 June, leave 4 June; arrive NOB Norfolk 4 June. Will depart NOB Norfolk about 10 June for the West Coast and the Asiatic Station.

HENDERSON—Leave Honolulu 30 March; arrive Guam 12 April, leave 13 April; arrive Manila 19 April, leave 24 April; arrive Shanghai 29 April, leave 9 May; arrive Chinghantow 12 May, leave 13 May; arrive Honolulu 31 May, leave 1 June; arrive Mare Island 9 June, leave 19 June; arrive San Pedro 21 June, leave 22 June; arrive San Diego 23 June, leave 24 June; arrive Canal Zone 4 July, leave 7 July; arrive Port au Prince 19 July, leave 19 July; arrive Guantanamo 10 July, leave 10 July; arrive Annapolis 15 July, leave 17 July; arrive Hampton Roads 18 July.

NITRO—Leave Mare Island 8 April; arrive San Pedro 9 April, leave 10 April; arrive San Diego 11 April, leave 12 April; arrive Canal Zone 21 April, leave 25 April; arrive Port au Prince 28 April, leave 28 April; arrive Guantanamo 29 April, leave 29 April; arrive Norfolk 3 May, leave 8 May; arrive Philadelphia 9 May, leave 11 May; arrive New York 12 May, leave 15 May; arrive Newport 16 May, leave 18 May; arrive Boston 19 May.

RAMAPO—Leave San Pedro 10 March; arr-

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ROSTER FOR PROMOTION

The following list will be used in filling vacancies occurring in the non-commissioned grades of the Marine Corps:

FIRST SERGEANT

Gunnery Sergeant Robert C. Wood (hand duty)

Sergeant George S. Talley
Sergeant Lloyd Marshall
Sergeant Russell Schoneberger
Pfc. Lewis E. Giffin (hand duty)
Gunnery Sergeant Sanford N. Young
Gunnery Sergeant (NNGD) Arthur E. Buckner
Gunnery Sergeant (Const) Charles E. Stuart
Gunnery Sergeant (Const) Frederick Belton
Sergeant Harry Cohen
Sergeant John J. Buckley
Sergeant Hoke S. Tyson
Sergeant Charles A. Pope
Sergeant Fred H. Kelley
Sergeant Carl Montgomery

GUNNERY SERGEANT

Sergeant John W. Russell (Ordnance)
Sergeant Angelo J. LoGindice (Ordnance)
Sergeant Carl F. Cain (Ordnance)
Sergeant Hannon W. Stagg (Ordnance)
Sergeant John G. Johnson (Ordnance)
Gunnery Sergeant (NNGD) Lawrence E. O'Neal (Ordnance)
Gunnery Sergeant (NNGD) Eugene M. Martin (Ordnance)
Sergeant James Courtney (Ordnance)
Sergeant John Lewis (Ordnance)
Sergeant Charlie A. James (Ordnance)
Sergeant Anton F. Wolf (Ordnance)
Sergeant Other O'Connor (Ordnance)

POSTAL RATES

Reprinted from *The Postal Bulletin* of 23 February, 1933:

"Some confusion appears to exist regarding the rates of postage applicable to matter addressed to United States Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and to the United States Marine Corps, Port au Prince, Haiti. Postmasters are, therefore, informed that the regular domestic rates apply to all matter, except air mail, addressed to the United States Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and to the United States Marine Corps, Port au Prince, Haiti.

The rate of postage on air mail addressed to the United States Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and on air mail addressed to the United States Marine Corps, Port au Prince, Haiti, is 10 cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof."

EXCESS BAGGAGE—ENLISTED MEN

The Commanding Officer, Marine Detachment, USS *Memphis*, has notified Headquarters Marine Corps that there is no space available for the storage of trunks belonging to the personnel of the detachment of that vessel. Enlisted men transferred to this ship will take only the baggage prescribed by regulations.

TRANSFERS

Recently a private transferred by rail to another post reported without rifle or personal effects, having left his rifle and luggage, including staff returns, in the day coach while he occupied a berth in the Pullman, the coach and Pullman being separated during the night.

Commanding officers should caution men traveling to exercise care in guarding Government property in their possession; and staff returns of men transferred, either individually or collectively, when not accompanied by a reliable non-commissioned officer, should ordinarily be forwarded by mail where time permits.

USE OF FULL NAMES IN CORRESPONDENCE

Attention is invited to Article 9-4, Marine Corps Manual, which directs that the full middle name must be used in correspondence where there is more than one man at the post having the same Christian and surname. The omission of the middle name causes delay and confusion in handling the correspondence.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

These questions concern the preparation of the Basic Training Record, Form 925-A&I:

Question: Private John Does is on furlough from 16 January, 1933, to 1 April, 1933. Should remarks "No instructions given" appear for this period?

Answer: The remarks "No instructions given" should be entered together with the reason therefore as "On furlough" with date.

Question: Lieutenant B. Jones is detached on 15 August, 1933. During the period 15 August to 31 December, the only instructions given were in "Patrolling, scouting." However, as this is a semi-annual marking, Captain Lewis marks the man as also satisfactory in "First Aid" and "Personal Hygiene," which markings are brought down from 15 August. Is this correct?

Answer: The satisfactory marks in First Aid and Personal Hygiene given by Lieutenant Jones on 15 August should not be included in the semi-annual markings of 31 December. Captain Lewis should sign only for those subjects satisfactorily

UNIFORM—OFFICERS'

Chapter II (50), Uniform Regulations, requires officers to provide themselves with the prescribed articles of uniform, among which is "Evening Dress."

It has come to the attention of The Major General Commandant that the requirements in regard to this uniform are not in all cases being observed. Officers should be able to appear in any uniform prescribed by regulations and those who are unable to do so should take immediate steps to provide themselves with the necessary uniforms.

DEPENDENTS—NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

A number of non-commissioned officers of the first three pay grades have still failed to report their dependents as required by Article 1-19, Marine Corps Manual. It is believed that some men consider that they have complied with the above instructions by submitting beneficiary slips. This is not the case—a separate letter giving all information required by the above article is necessary. All changes in the status of dependents, such as marriage, births, separations and

completed under his direction, in this case "Patrolling, scouting."

Question: Should promotions appear on this form?

Answer: The entry "Promoted" (with rank and date) is correct.

Question: Captain Black is detached on 15 December and signs for subjects taught since 30 June of same year. Is this correct?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Lieutenant White signs form for 31 December (semi-annual) repeating marks given by Captain Black on 15 December. Is this correct?

Answer: The markings shown by Captain Black on 15 December should not be repeated by Lieutenant White on 31 December. Lieutenant White should include marks only in subjects completed during the period for which he himself is responsible.

Question: No instructions were given during period 31 December, 1935, to 5 January, 1936. Should "no instructions given" appear?

Answer: The entry "No instructions completed" should be entered. The period here is so short as not to call for an explanation. Had three weeks or more elapsed it would be reasonable to expect an explanation for failure to complete one or more subjects.

Question: Instructions on this form state "an entry will be made across the face of the form directly under the last semi-annual markings denoting the year as "Second Year," etc. In case Lieutenant White is detached on 5 January, 1936, and the "Fourth Year" begins 16 January, 1936, should "Fourth Year" appear after the markings for 31 December, 1935, or after the markings for 5 January, 1936?

Answer: The instructions on the form state that "The first year will include the first two complete semi-annual periods. (The period of time covered for the first year will, in practically all cases, be actually more than a year, but not more than a year and a half)." In this case the period beginning 16 January, 1933, and ending 30 June, 1933, is not a complete semi-annual period. The two following semi-annual periods belong to the first year of instructions ending, accordingly, 30 June, 1934. The second year for John Doe begins 1 July, 1934, the third year 1 July, 1935, and the fourth year 1 July, 1936; the entries "Second Year," "Third Year," or "Fourth Year" should follow the last semi-annual marking of the preceding year.

Question: Should a final entry be made in cases other than when the book is closed for discharge, i. e., on retirement, death, desertion, etc.?

Answer: Yes, in order that the record may be complete.

Question: Should "semi-annual" appear on semi-annual markings?

Answer: No. The date of end of period covered indicates a semi-annual marking.

Question: If it is impossible to give any instructions during any period, by reason of the man being on furlough, sick in hospital, confined, expeditionary duty, etc., is it necessary to state these reasons on this form or would the notation "No instructions given" be sufficient, or should the line be left blank?

Answer: The reason for giving no instructions, or completing no instructions should be stated.

Question: Is it necessary to enter semi-annual markings while the man is on a transport or other Naval vessel en route to a new station?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Should semi-annual markings be in red ink?

Answer: Red ink for semi-annual markings is not necessary.

Contents Noted

THE LEGION OF THE LOST

DEAR EDITOR:

After your recent splendid issue of LEATHERNECK devoted to the San Diego Marine Base I wonder if it would be amiss to write a few lines about another interesting battalion of Marines, the "Lost Battalion" of the USS Arkansas. This battalion personnel nearly all from the East Coast, has made a name for Marines throughout the fleet and the entire West Coast.

Members of this battalion, many of them veterans of other sea-goin' days, carry on the work of sailors in addition to regular marine duties and the work is always highly commendable. Indeed the first turrets ever handled by Marines were operated so efficiently here, by Sergeant Lee, Corporal Pringle, et al, that the standard Naval policy has been adhered to—of taking them off the turrets. Well, maybe the secondary battery needs to make some records.

The recent earthquake in Long Beach (Ark's home port) is now history but not for many years will the people of Long Beach forget the amazing speed and decisiveness of the Arkansas Marines in taking a critical situation in hand. They brought order out of chaos within an hour after the first terrific shock. Their coolness did more than any other thing to restore the shaken confidence of the refugees. Many people here, veterans of other California earthquakes, were loud in their praise of the masterful handling of the situation.

As bad as it was, there were funny incidents to be told by every in-coming patrol and as it is un-

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doubtedly a boom to business we feel it was a much needed awakening for a community grown sluggish with depression—with the one regrettable feature—death.

To those in the East anxiously awaiting the "gigoloes" of the Battalion, we might add they had better reconcile themselves to another year of waiting as it is still "lost" from the East.

We are cheered with the thought of spending the month of June at the rifle range in San Diego. It will be quite a relief from scrubbing decks and give our "flat-feet" a chance to regain their spring. However, later on we are scheduled for a period of overhaul at the Navy Yard and the boys we hear are coming from East Coast boys who can't take advantage of it and go home on leave as those living nearby usually do while in the Navy Yard.

One wonders, strolling about the ship, if it is not misnamed, for every "rebel speaking" Marine seems to hail from our own "dea' ol' No'th C'line." Any wonder they want to go home!

We'll close with a request! You do not forget we're still Marines, though "lost."

Yours very truly,

PFC. FRED T. WILKINSON,
Company "B" First Battalion,
USS. Arkansas.

Questions and Answers

Q.—Would appreciate if you would publish in your column whether or not a man would be entitled to gratuity allowance by extending his enlistment before June 30, 1933, in a case where his enlistment expires in October, 1933.—PETER J. SCHMID.

Answer: No. In order to be eligible for the gratuity allowance it would be necessary for the extension to become effective before June 30, 1933.

Q.—Please give me any available information about the pay cut and shipping-over bonus.—EX-MARINE.

Answer: The reenlistment allowance has been discontinued, and the base pay of a Private under the Economy Act is \$17.85 per month. All grades were cut 15%.

Q.—Do I rate a Yangtze Service Medal for duty in China from January, 1927, to March, 1929?—ANTHONY POLOUSKY.

Answer: Yangtze Service Medal number 742 was forwarded to your commanding officer for delivery to you on April 10, 1933.

Q.—I served with the Marine Corps Expeditionary Force in Nicaragua from June 15, 1928, to January 24, 1929. Am I entitled to a Campaign Medal for this service? Thanks.—J. W. H.

Answer: Medal number 2743 has been forwarded to your commanding officer for delivery to you on April 10, 1933.

Q.—It is my belief that I am eligible for the award of the Order of the Purple Heart. If true, please advise the proper procedure to obtain this medal.—CHARLES N. SCHAVE.

Answer: You are eligible for the award of the Purple Heart, inasmuch, you were wounded in action with enemy on November 1, 1918. Application blank was forwarded to you, and when this is executed, you should return it to Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, for further transmittal to the War Department.

Q.—Can you please advise me as to the present



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address of Gunnery Sgt. Herbert C. Lerrick—
A. G. LOWDEN.

Answer: Gunnery Sgt. Herbert C. Lerrick,
FMCR, 1007 Rhode Island Ave., N. E., Washington,
D. C.

Q.—Will you kindly inform me as to when I
will have completed 16 years' service?—WALTER
SHUMAN.

Answer: You will be eligible for transfer to
Class II (b), Fleet Marine Corps Reserve (16
years' service), on or after October 18, 1933.

Q.—What is the present address or station of
Private William M. Bradfield, Jr.?—J. S. N.

Answer: Discharged November 15, 1932. Address
on discharge: General Delivery, Wilmington,
Del.

Q.—I served with the Fifth Marines, Second
Brigade, Managua, Nicaragua, from March 7,
1927, to May 1, 1929. Would you please advise
if I rate campaign or the expeditionary medal for
this service?—F. L. McDERMOTT.

Answer: Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal
awarded you.

Q.—I served with the Fourth Marines, Shanghai,
China, from February 16, 1928, to October
28, 1928. Philippine Islands from November 17,
1928, to March 6, 1929. Aboard the U. S. S.
Tulsa on Chinese Rivers from March 7, 1929, to
May 16, 1930. Do I rate any medals for this
service?—L. L. MIOTKE.

Answer: The Yangtze Service Medal is not au-
thorized for service on board the USS *Tulsa*,
therefore, you are not entitled to the award of
this medal.

Q.—Which of the following anti-aircraft mounts
for the Browning Machine Gun, calibre .30, model
1917, is authorized at present for use in the Ma-
rine Corps:

1. The Negrotto, all purpose anti-aircraft
mount, or
2. The Adapter, machine gun, A.A., T4-E2,
for the model 1917 tripod?—J. B. COOK.

Answer: Negrotto anti-aircraft sights and all-
purpose mounts have been issued to five (5) ma-
chine gun units of the Marine Corps. Eight (8)
adapters T4-E2 are at the MCB, NOB, San
Diego, Calif.

The above-mentioned types were issued for ex-
perimental and service use pending adoption of a
standard type. Other types are under consider-
ation.

Q.—What is the present address of Pfc. Robert
G. Threatt?—PAUL N. GARDNER.

Answer: He is now discharged; address: R. F.
D., Lancaster, Pa.

Q.—What is the present address of Cpl. Albert
LaChapelle? How long has he been stationed at
the present station? When does his enlistment
expire?—EDNA L. BANKS.

Answer: The address of Corporal Albert La-
Clapelle is Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Cavite,
P. I. He has served at that station since Novem-
ber 19, 1931, the normal tour of duty being two
years. His enlistment expires on May 29, 1933.

Q.—What chance has a sea-going Marine to be
transferred ashore for band duty? I have had
band duty on the outside of the Marine Corps.—
MEYER REAM.

Answer: You should make application for

transfer to band duty in the event you believe
that you are qualified for this duty.

Q.—What is the present address of Corporal
Harold D. Smith?—ESSIE MCORIE.

Answer: The present address of Corporal Har-
old D. Smith is M. D., N. P. Det., Portsmouth,
N. H.

Q.—What is the present address of Gunnery
Sergeant John J. McKenna?—J. J. M.

Answer: He is now stationed at the Sea School
Det., MB, NYd., Portsmouth, Va.

Q.—Will you please check my service as to the
time I will have completed 16 years' service for
transfer to the Marine Corps Reserve. Would also
like to know if I am entitled to an Expeditionary
Medal for my service in Haiti and when will I
receive my Nicaraguan Medal?—W. A. SIRA.

Answer: You will have completed exactly 16
years of Naval service on August 2, 1933. You
are entitled to an Expeditionary Medal for service
in Haiti. This medal and the Second Nicaraguan
Campaign Medal were forwarded to your com-
manding officer on March 23, 1933.

General Information

RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the
retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine
Corps on the dates set opposite their names:

Quartermaster Sergeant E. Lendstrom,

USMC, March 1, 1933.

First Sergeant Francis McLaughlin, FMCR,

April 1, 1933.

Sergeant Albert Hayes, FMCR, April 1,

1933.

TRANSFERS TO THE FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

Paymaster Sergeant Ager B. Goodwin,
USMC, March 20, 1933. Future address:
1635 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

First Sergeant James W. Scott, USMC,
March 1, 1933. Future address: General
Delivery, Sunnyvale, Calif.

Gunnery Sergeant William G. Mathews,
USMC, March 18, 1933. Future address:
3318 Mountain View Drive, San Diego,
Calif.

Sergeant Winfield H. Bell, USMC, March
27, 1933. Future address: 3700 Harris
Street, Mt. Rainier, Md.

Sergeant Wilbur L. Kunes, USMC, March
31, 1933. Future address: R. F. D. No. 1,
Derry, N. H.

Sergeant John LaGasse, USMC, March 31,
1933. Future address: 34 Belgard Street,
Rochester, N. Y.

Sergeant J. F. Turpin, USMC, March
31, 1933. Future address: General Delivery,
Clayton, Ga.

First Class Musician William H. Richner,
USMC, March 15, 1933. Future address:
5200 13th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

HEADQUARTERS CIRCULAR LETTERS

CIRCULAR LETTER NO. 133

From: The Major General Commandant.
To: All Officers.

Subject: Trophy Room of the Marine Barracks,
Quantico, Va.

1. The Commanding General, Marine Barracks,
Quantico, Va., has established a room for War
Trophies and other things of historical importance,
such as photographs, flags, firearms, swords, etc.

2. The object of this letter is to circulate this
information throughout the Marine Corps in order
that officers or men who have firearms, trophies,
etc., captured in our various expeditions, may have
the opportunity to donate or lend articles of this
nature so that they may be placed on display.

3. Each article sent in should have a short
description outlining its history.

4. Shipments which would result in expense
to the Government will not be made until specific
authority therefor is obtained from this Head-
quarters.

B. H. FULLER.

CIRCULAR LETTER NO. 132

From: The Major General Commandant.
To: All Officers.

Subject: Reenlistment furloughs.

1. Due to the shortage in personnel the three
months' reenlistment furlough is suspended for
all reenlistments between April 1, 1933, and Au-
gust 1, 1933, except in the cases of non-commis-
sioned officers of the first three pay grades. Short
furloughs may be given in accordance with existing
regulations within the discretion of the com-
manding officer.

B. H. FULLER.

DEATHS

Officers

FRANKLAND, Lawrence Arthur, Chief Pay
Clerk, died March 29, 1933, of carcinoma, at
the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Next of kin: Mrs. Jessie L. Frankland, wife,
314 Girault Avenue, Virginia Highlands, Va.

Enlisted Men (Active)

ALDRICH, Orlando, Private, died March 9, 1933,
of intestinal obstruction, at the Peiping Union
Medical College Hospital, Peiping, China. Next
of kin: Mrs. Elizabeth Davies, mother, Maunie,
Illinois.

BAEHR, Daniel Joseph, Private, died March 24, 1933, of phenol poisoning, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mr. John Bachr, brother, c/o Gas Company, LaMesa, Calif.

JOHNSON, Carl Henry, Staff Sergeant, died March 19, 1933, of asphyxiation, illuminating gas, at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Penna. Next of kin: Mr. Alfred Johnson, father, Box No. 55, Welch, Minn.

KING, Richard Edward, Private, died March 26, 1933, of intracranial injuries, automobile accident, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, California. Next of kin: Mrs. May Stephens, mother, Lost Hills, California.

MCKEEVER, John Joseph, Private, died March 29, 1933, of injuries received in an automobile accident, at Anna Jacques Hospital, Newburyport, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Josephine McKeever, mother, 49 Bickford Street, Boston, Mass.

REED, Clair Joseph, Corporal, died March 29, 1933, of injuries received in an automobile accident, at Anna Jacques Hospital, Newburyport, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Olive Booher, sister, Box No. 134, Wildwood, Penna.

ROBERTS, Carl Brandon, Quartermaster Sergeant, died March 2, 1933, of thrombosis, coronary, at San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Vera H. Roberts, wife, 1020 Law Street, Pacific Beach, Calif.

THACKER, Joel Garnet, Private, died March 23, 1933, of gunshot wounds, at Kittery, Maine. Next of kin: Mr. Marion F. Thacker, father, Route No. 1, Cartersville, Ga.

Enlisted Men (Inactive)

O'HARE, William James, First Sergeant, retired, died March 21, 1933, at San Diego, Calif. Executor of estate, Mr. William Hare, 5018 Cedar Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

MORONEY, William Thomas, Sergeant, retired, died February 10, 1933, of cystitis, senile, at Erie, Penna. Administrator of estate: Mr. Stanley J. Wallace, 704 Erie Trust Building, Erie, Pennsylvania.

SULLIVAN, Bartholomew Alphonse, Gunnery Sergeant, retired, drowned January 14, 1933, at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Geschwend, sister, 408 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

WISCHNACK, Emil, Gunnery Sergeant, retired, died March 4, 1933, of carcinoma, esophagus, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna. Next of kin: Mrs. Rose Wischnack, wife, Oakford, Penna.

SOLDENWAGNER, Joseph John, Private, inactive, MCR, died February 22, 1933, of burns, at Toledo, Ohio. Next of kin: Mr. Joe Lindinger, stepfather, 1216 Baker Street, Toledo, Ohio.

TAYLOR, Robert Clarence, Private First Class, inactive, MCR, died February 7, 1933, in an automobile accident, at Philadelphia, Penna. Next of kin: Mrs. Maude Tettner, mother, R. F. D. No. 2, Fortville, Indiana.

RECENT GRADUATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE (MARCH)

Captain Burwell, Edward L., Jr.—Spanish. 1st Lt. Bailey, Caleb T.—Post Exchange Book-keeping.

2nd Lt. Dodge, Wilson T.—Post Exchange Book-keeping.

ChPhM. Redfield, Charles H.—Pharmacy. Phmfc. Miller, Denny S.—Selected Subjects.

Staff Sergeant Brown, Harold F.—Business Correspondence.

Sergeant Harris, James A.—Salesmanship. Corporal Emberger, William S.—Auto Electric Equipment.

Corporal Emberger, William S.—Aviation Mechanics.

Corporal Kight, Eugene A.—Good English.

Corporal Levins, Herbert J.—Immigration Patrol Insp.

Corporal Long, Roy F.—Post Office Inspector.

Corporal Nestlerode, Harry B.—Auto Electric Equipment.

Corporal Smith, Virgil J.—Livestock.

Pfc. Cole, William L.—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Pfc. Gardner, Theodore J.—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Pfc. Jones, Harold L.—Selected Subjects.

Private Bailey, Albert N.—Good English.

Private Bell, Thomas H., Jr.—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Private Bohannon, Clinton N.—Selected Units.

Private Brewer, Virgil—Immigrant Inspector.

Private Gilbert, John P.—Airplane Maintenance.

Private Gold, James C.—Aviation Engines.

Private Goodspeed, Samuel S.—Salesmanship.

Private Homrichous, Milo R.—Pharmacy.

Private Jackson, Arthur L.—C. S. Bookkeeper.

Private Jackson, Arthur L.—Immigration Patrol Insp.

Private Jackson, Arthur L.—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Private Marvin, Lincoln K.—Aviation Engines.

Private Mayer, Joe W.—Soil Improvement.

Private Montwill, Joseph, Jr.—Traffic Management.

Private Sale, Otis D., Jr.—Principles of Surveying.

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Private Treadwell, Laurence E.—Aviation Mechanics.

Private Wiggins, Carl C.—Airplane Maintenance.

Private Wiggins, Carl C.—Aviation Mechanics.

Private Young, Hustus E.—C. S. Clerical.

TARGET PRACTICE

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)—Officers and enlisted men attaining a score of 325 or better over the regular qualification course according to reports of target practice received since publication of the February Bulletin:

Pvt. Salvatore J. Bartlett.....	339
Sgt. Claude N. Harris.....	338
Sgt. Vincent E. Boyle.....	334
Cpl. Henry Fulton.....	329
Pfc. George W. Walker.....	328
Sgt. Walter H. Eastham.....	327
1st Lt. Harold D. Harris.....	326
2nd Lt. Charles P. Popp.....	326
Cpl. Emmett B. McKinney.....	327
Sgt. James N. Crocker.....	326
Sgt. Emery M. Powell.....	326
Cpl. Gennaro Ruggiero.....	326
Pfc. Ralph L. Dickson.....	326
Pvt. Charles H. Withey.....	326
2nd Lt. Edw. H. Forney, Jr.....	325
Sgt. Ralph B. McKinley.....	325
Cpl. Alva M. Andrews.....	325
Pvt. David Crews.....	325
Pvt. Lewis Pierceall.....	325

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Pvt. Salvatore J. Bartlett..... 339

HIGH SCORE (Pistol)—Officers and enlisted men attaining a percentage score of 92 or better over the pistol qualification course according to reports of target practice received since publication of the February Bulletin:

2nd Lt. Chester R. Allen.....	97
1st Sgt. John D. Bellora.....	97
Capt. Harry E. LeLand.....	96
Gy-Sgt. Johnson B. Hill.....	96
Capt. Curtis W. Legette.....	95
Capt. Clinton W. McLeod.....	95
2nd Lt. James R. Hester.....	95
Pvt. Henry G. Grundner.....	95
1st Lt. Harold D. Harris.....	94
2nd Lt. Louis C. Plain.....	94
ChMGrn. Jesse E. Stamper.....	94
Pvt. Norman W. Hanby.....	94
2nd Lt. Charles Popp.....	93
1st Lt. Max D. Smith.....	92
2nd Lt. William R. Willams.....	92
Cpl. George T. Ramsey, Jr.....	92

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

2nd Lt. Chester R. Allen..... 97

1st Sgt. John D. Bellora..... 97

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COURTNEY RILEY COOPER, FAMOUS FOR HIS STORIES AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES WAS ONCE A CORPORAL OF MARINES SERVING ON THE STAFF OF THE LEATHERNECK

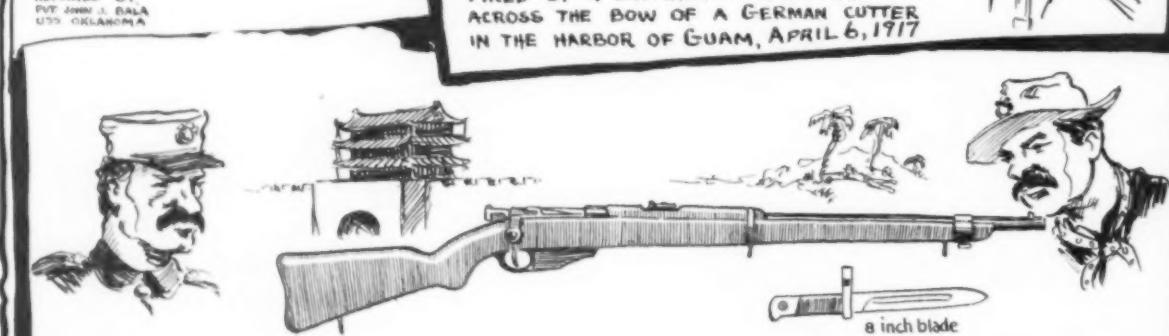


ROLL CALL ABOARD
U.S.S. OKLAHOMA
FIRST SET: R.F. SMITH
SGT. C.C. SMITH
CPL. E.O. SMITH
PFC. K.L. SMITH
PVT. U.G. SMITH

REPORTED BY
PUT ANN J. BALA
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THE FIRST SHOT BY AMERICA IN THE WORLD WAR WAS SAID TO HAVE BEEN FIRED BY A U.S. MARINE RIFLEMAN ACROSS THE BOW OF A GERMAN CUTTER IN THE HARBOR OF GUAM, APRIL 6, 1917



8 inch blade

AT ONE TIME MARINES WERE EQUIPPED WITH .22 CALIBRE RIFLES. THE DEFENSE OF PEKING WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY MARINES ARMED WITH THE LEE STRAIGHT-PULL RIFLE. THEY WERE ALSO USED IN THE PHILIPPINES AND AT GUANTANAMO, CUBA IN 1898.



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The first razor to number blade edges and hold one covered side protectively in reserve until the other has exhausted its keenness.

GEM RAZOR and BLADES

Gem Safety Razor Corporation, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BURNING OVEN

STEAKS COOK
BUT THE MAN LIVES..



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ILLUSION:

A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:

Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks above the fire, then dropped to the floor at the side, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

KEPT FRESH
IN THE WELDED
HUMIDOR PACK



IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

"The Burning Oven" is an old illusion which has played a leading rôle in cigarette advertising. Its modern name is "Heat Treatment."

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette was manufactured under the heat-treating process. Every one of the billions of Camels pro-

duced since has received the necessary heat treatment.

Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally *mild*, call for only a moderate application of heat.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Try Camels...always fresh, in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.



**NO TRICKS...
JUST COSTLIER
TOBACCO**

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

